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"BOB" EVANS STRIKES HIS CRITICS WITH NAVY FACTS

"Fighting" Admiral Charges His Report to the Department at Washington Has Been Grossly Distorted.

"There is no battleship in the United ates navy that would fill and sink in e hour because of the damage done three twelve-inch shells on her ater-line armor, no matter whether ey made a gateway or holes as big a door,' declares Rear Admiral Rob- D. Evans, replying in Hampton's agazine to critics of American bat- ship construction. Henry Reuter- hl and other critics have charged t all our ships, old and new and der construction, are faulty in de- n in the matter of water-line pro- ction and would crumple as did the g-shell Russian fleet under heavy "We are not in the condition of e Russian fleet in the Sea of Japan, her temporarily or permanently," as- rts Fighting Bob, adding:

"That our older battleships do not ffer from those of England or Japan the same date in the matter of de- n in this respect I am sure, because have personally inspected these ships hen deeply loaded and found their ater-line belt in the same position th reference to the surface of the ater as were our own. I am strongly the opinion that this condition was most cases the result of placing on ard unnecessary weights, and not a ult primarily of design."

Comparing the height of our main tteries, broadside guns and free- ards with those of foreign battle- ips, Admiral Evans says:

"All talk about the ships being able fight their bow guns when our ships ould be smothered in tons of water ming over their bows is pure non- nse, and must have been written in norance of the facts. Somebody has en 'pulling the leg' of Mr. Reuter- hl, if I may be allowed to use that pression—and pulling it badly, too."

"The Connecticut has nineteen feet eeboard—that is, her forward or fore- stle deck is nineteen feet above the ater. The King Edward VII has ghteen feet, and the Kashima nine- en feet. The British ship has one ot less, and the Japanese ship exactly e same as the American ship. Why ill the heavy sea punish the one so dly and not the other as well? The nnecticut carries her main battery ns, forward turret, twenty-six feet d five inches above the water, the ing Edward VII twenty-three feet and x inches—two feet six inches less— d the Kashima twenty-five feet—five ches less than the Connecticut. What en will be the ocndition of those reign ships when the forward turret ns of the Connecticut are silenced y the heavy sea? Either the com- entator did not know what he was riting about, or intended to deceive, hich cannot be supposed, or some mistake was made in setting up the type for this remarkable statement.

"When in command of the Atlantic fleet on the cruise to the Pacific, I made a report to the navy department concerning minor defects in the vessels of the fleet. In this I recommended, among other things, that the broadside guns be raised, if possible, to a higher level. I did this because, after watching the ships for many days, steaming in a trade wind sea, I was confident that in battle under these conditions the forward weather guns would lose their effectiveness because of the spray which was constantly thrown over them. I knew perfectly well that the ships of other nations would suffer in the same way, as our guns are quite as high as theirs, but I believed that if ours could be placed higher it would give us a distinct advantage. This report has been distorted and twisted by some critics in an effort to show that I believed our guns would be fought at a disadvantage because they were lower than those on foreign ships, which is not the case and never was in my mind.

"I fully appreciate the difficulties in the way of carrying out my recommendations, but hope that sooner or later the designers will overcome them. But if it is to be done at the cost of less protection to the ship I prefer that no change should be made, for I firmly believe that a low gun well protected is better than a higher gun with materially less protection.

"In view of the increased range of torpedoes, and, therefore, the difficulty of destroying the torpedo boats using them, the importance of well placed torpedo defense guns becomes very great, and this was my reason for criticising our present arrangement of them. I admit, to begin with, that I have no scheme myself for mounting such guns, nor have I heard any seagoing officer suggest a satisfactory one, but I do hope that the constructors, after hearing what we have to say on the subject, will solve the problem for us as successfully as they have others which at first sight seemed quite as difficult.

"Present conditions seem to demand that the torpedo defense battery should be mounted behind armor of sufficient thickness to protect it as far as possible from the destructive effect of heavy shells during action, for the main torpedo attack will come after the battleship has been practically disabled by gunfire, as was the case in the battle of the Sea of Japan; but how can we put so much weight so high up on the ship without too great a sacrifice in some otner direction? We demand that these guns shall be mounted higher than the others, but we must not forget that we may be called to use them at any moment before a general battle is fought as well as after some ships are helpless."

YOUNG NATURALIST PLANS REMARKABLE ARCTIC TRIP

Harry Vincent Radford, sportsman aturalist and writer upon subjects elating to natural history, particular- with reference to the Adirondacks, ill start from New York city about e middle of January for the Arctic. is trip, which will have the double urpose of geographical discovery and ological investigation, will probably ver from 5,000 to 6,000 miles rough northwestern British Colum- a, northern Alaska and the East ape of Asia, and will take about ree years. Mr. Radford starts out one and the only companions he will ave on the journey will be the na- ves with whom he will come in con- ct. Much of the ground he expects cover lies through territory which as rarely been traversed by white en and of which little or nothing is nown.

Mr. Radford is financing the trip imself and he has not yet determined what society or organization he will ender his report. He expects to turn ver whatever zoological specimens e collects to the United States Biolog- al survey. This is his first arctic xploration, though he has traveled nd hunted extensively in America and urope, and he is now in the city ad- ising with friends who have traveled orth and getting together his outfit.

Leaving New York about January 5 Mr. Radford goes first to Ottawa, here he will confer with the Cana- ian officials regarding the necessary ermits and formalities, and then he ill continue to Winnipeg and Edmon- n, Alberta, the most northerly rail- ay point in Canada. Four days' ive in a sleigh will bring him to ac la Biche, 175 miles almost due orth, and that is as far as it is pos- ble to go by road.

Indian Companions.

There he will engage one or two In- ans and a dog train of four huskies draw the sledge bearing his food nd instruments. At intervals of 200 iles there is a Hudson Bay post here new dogs and men will be taken these Indians are unwilling to go rther than 200 miles from their omes, and by these stages he will go rectly north to Fort Resolution.

Four hundred miles south of Fort esolution between the Peace and ave rivers lies a district which Mr. adford is very anxious to explore nd into which he will make a side ip if it is possible. This is the coun- y of the wood bison, which Mr. adford says is without exception e rarest and least known animal in e world. No sportsman has ever ot one, he declares, and it is thought at there are not more than 300 pecimens extant at the present time. ery few men have even seen them, nd it is Mr. Radford's intention ot to shoot them, but to observe their abits, make an examination of them nd attempt to discover the reasons r their diminution with a view of storing them to their former abund- nce. He will take a stereoscopic mera and hopes to be able to get me good photographs.

To Study Wood Bison.

Mr. Radford believes that this is the st serious effort which has ever een made to study carefully the wood ison. Other men who have made ex- editions into this country have se- cted the summer as the time of their ips. Warburton Pike was there in 890, Caspar Whitney in 1907. Mr. adford hopes that by being in the ountry in the winter when the bisons' acks may be found in the snow, he ill be able to get results where thers have failed. He will spend the onths of March and April in this re- ion.

From Fort Resolution Mr. Radford ill either go directly north across e barren lands, of which no accurate aps exist, or if he fails in this be- use of not being able to induce In- ians to go with him he will go down e Mackenzie river to its delta at ort McPherson. If he finds the for- er route possible it will bring him the shores of the Arctic Ocean at athurst Bay. Just what season of e year will find him at this point r. Radford cannot say. But he expects to spend two or three winters in this country, where 60 below zero is not uncommon, and he hopes to be able to make his home with the Eskimos in the severest portions of the year.

Skirting the shores of the Artic to the Alaskan boundary he will ascend the Yukon to its source and then descend it to its mouth. Then he will cross to Nome City, spending several weeks there recuperating.

Crossing Bering Straits on some Russian boat or junk he will spend some time on the East Cape of Asia studying any animals he may find of which little is known. The last lap of this extraordinary trip will be down the Pacific coast to San Francisco.

Although he is only 28 years old Mr. Radford is a member of many societies of naturalists, and he is a recognized authority on the sports and natural history of the Adirondacks. He has letters from many prominent scientists wishing him success in his undertaking and offering him their help in any way he may desire. Mr. Roosevelt is keenly interested in the trip. —New York Sun.

Traps Thief in Handbag.

New York Times.

Mrs. Mary Beck, of 253 Pulaski sreet, Brooklyn, was sitting in the women's room of the Grand Central station Saturday afternoon waiting for the train which was to bring her daughter's body from the Adirondacks. On her left arm swung a handbag. A man stopped near her and put his hand in the bag. This aroused Mrs. Beck. She closed the bag with a snap, holding the man's fingers.

Mrs. Beck's husband returned at that moment. Before the man could release himself Mr. Beck had called a policeman.

In the East Fifty-first street station the prisoner said he was Samuel Tittlebaum, of 553 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn.

In the handbag Mrs. Beck had a gold watch and chain, a diamond ring, and several other pieces of jewelry which had belonged to her daughter. The latter had gone to the Adirondacks to spend the holidays. She had died suddenly of pneumonia.

The police of the East Fifty-first street station say the prisoner is known to them as a pickpocket.

Yum!

The maple syrup
  And the buckwheat cake,
The bread like mother
  Used to make,
The chicken like
  My mother fried,
That used to line
  My small inside;
The pumpkin pie,
  The doughnuts brown,
The candy dad
  Brought out from town,
Don't very much
  Appeal to me.
But buttermilk
  Of those days! Gee!
I feel I wouldn't
  Give a durn
If I could stand
  Beside the churn
And drink again
  The way I did
When I was just
  A little kid.
If buttermilk
  Intoxicated,
I'd always be
  Inebriated.
—Houston Post.

OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Scientists Say Such Receptacles Are Full of Germs.

Washington (D. C.) Herald.

And now the doctors are after the old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket that hangs in well. It's germs, of course; everlastingly and inevitably, germs!

The bigwigs tell us we must never, never, never drink water hauled to the surface of the earth in this ancient and honorable receptacle. The bucket's usually damp condition—especially the moss-covered ones—is said to be very attractive to bacteria, bacilli and other bugs, varmints and things that go to make up united germdom. They are reported to flourish thereon like the proverbial green tree of glorious memory. It has been figured that as many as 6,000,000 germs may comfortably quarter themselves and wax fat on one square inch of old oaken bucket territory. Not only is that statement startling, but when coupled with the further assurance that there isn't a vacant square inch on any old bucket thus far known to science it becomes positively terrifying.

All the same, we shall not reject further friendship with the old oaken buckets of this land just because the germologists seek thus to cover it with dishonor. Our grandmothers and our grandfathers imbibed inspiration therefrom back yonder in the days before germs were patented and put on the market, and so did their sisters and their cousins and their aunts—and the man who denies that they were a fine and healthy lot of Americans doesn't know what he is talking about! And even if they did get an occasional ache and pain that might have been traced back to these sturdy old friends of their youth they got rid of them without an operation for appendicitis, or something else equally formidable and fashionable.

It has almost come to the point in this day and time when a person dare not stick his or her head out of doors for fear of the germs flying around or crawling about, anyhow! They mock our slumbers at night and they disturb our peace of mind during the daytime. They stare at us from every dish placed before us at meal time—every one from soup to ice cream! We are sick and tired hearing of germs—to the right of us, to the left of us, in front of us, it is always the same; "Look out, 23, skiddoo, beat it; here they come—the germs!"

Drat the germs that infest the old oaken buckets, and such localities, anyway, say we! We intend to patronize these true and tried friends, regularly and cheerfully, despite every microscopic undesirable citizen in creation!

Wed After Fourteen Years Apart.

Worcester Dispatch to New York Times.

After a lapse of fourteen years the threads of a romance begun in Maine seventeen years ago were picked up as the result of a chance meeting on the street in Boston within the past few weeks by M. Albert Alley, of New York, and Miss T. Hackett, of Boston, and the old love story was revived and terminated in their marriage here at the home of the Rev. Dr. Edward Parson Drew.

Sixteen years ago Mr. Alley, a prosperous insurance man of 48, and Miss Hackett, then only 19 years old, met at a Maine summer resort. Two years later they became engaged to be married.

Mr. Alley went to New York and engaged in business, and in some unaccountable way—that there was any serious breach or quarrel is denied—they drifted apart and did not meet again until by chance in Boston. This meeting resulted in several more. Mr. Alley urged a quick marriage, and Miss Hackett consented.

Birds That Do Not Migrate.

Baltimore American.

"It is a curious thing," said Prof. Henry Bird, an ornithologist, of Rye, N. Y., at the Rennert, "that birds of European origin do not adopt the migratory habits of our native birds. The English sparrow never seems to get wise to the advantages of going south in winter to avoid the rigors of a northern climate, though he might get the tip from our wild fowl or the robin family. Of late years we have had in Westchester county the starling, also an English importation, and I notice that this newcomer follows out the exact ways of his predecessor, the sparrow, in that he stays constantly in one place, regardless of the seasons."

REAL THRILL IN BATTLE PRACTICE OF OUR NAVY

"All hands clear ship for action," is the word today, preparing for the great day soon to come. The armored cruisers Maryland, Colorado, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and California fired today at battle practice. It was fine to watch their guns belch in a salvo all at the same moment, and in a few seconds hear the detonating roar. Then looking over by the target, 30x100 feet, the splash of eight of ten shots could be seen, and with a "glass" holes in the screen letting the sunlight through. The Colorado has the highest score at present, that of 58 per cent hits, with Maryland and Pennsylvania following close. We all hope the Pacific fleet will hold the highest scores again this year. Having all the trophies now, we must retain our record.

At night time it is beautiful to watch the torpedo-boat destroyers firing salvos; see the flash of their broadside guns and then follow the shooting, star-like cluster of projectiles as they fly through the air; watch their curved trajectory as they soar down and through the illuminated target, then away they go, all in different directions, high and wide or bouncing along the water's surface until they disappear beyond. Hardly have they gone when another group are on their way, and so it goes on night by night.

In the day, the big ship comes steaming from afar toward the small white screen miles away. All faces are tense and stern with determination. The division officers look sharply to their sights, breech-plugs, firing connections, ammunition supply and crew. "Now, boys, be steady and sure, and put your shots through!" And they wait the signal.

Suddenly the range officer signs out: "Six five hundred!" In the conning tower, the helm is put over. In two minutes the ship is steadied on her course and the firing begins. Now the fire control party get in their work, and each sight-setter receives the results by an "Up fifty, right two," or "Down thirty-five." The efficiency of the fire control party determines the percentage of hits, coupled, of course, with the accuracy of the pointer's aim.

It is inspiring to an American's mind to stand off on an observing ship and with a "glass" watch the spurt of flame as the broadside guns roar from the speeding ship, then turn your "glass" to the targets and see the several fountains of water leap into the air behind the screen. A loud simultaneous exclamation is heard from all observers: "Good shot!" each word slow and distinct, then someone as a side issue remarks, "Doggone, look 't the holes!" Again we all look out over the bay at that fine ship and as another salvo rolls forth "there's a kinder proud feelin' steals o'er the heart" as we realize that those are Americans out there behind those guns, and young fellows like us. Then perhaps a mist forms over our eyes when we recognize that we are all akin, all brothers of a great family, and that we, too, will be out there in a day or two firing and they observing, and we have a silent hope to do as well.—Army and Navy Life.

As A Man Lives

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER III.

Mr. Bruce Deville.

My father's first sermon was a great success. As usual, it was polished, eloquent and simple, and withal original. He preached without manuscript, almost without notes, and he took particular pains to keep within the comprehension of his tiny congregation. Lady Naselton, who waited for me in the aisle, whispered her warm approval.

"Whatever induced your father to come to such an out-of-the-way hole as this?" she exclaimed as we passed through the porch into the fresh, sunlit air. "Why, he's an orator! He should preach at cathedrals! I never heard any one whose style I like better. But all the same it is a pity to think of such a sermon being preached to such a congregation. Don't you think so yourself?"

I agreed with her heartily.

"I wonder that you girls let him come here and bury himself, with his talents," she continued.

"I had not much to do with it," I reminded her. "You forget that I have lived abroad all my life; I really have only been home for about eight or nine months."

"Well, I should have thought that your sister would have been more ambitious for him," she declared. "However, it's not my business, of course. Since you are here, I shall insist, positively insist, upon coming every Sunday. My husband says that it is such a drag for the horses. Men have such ridiculous ideas where horses are concerned. I am sure that they take more care of them than they do of their wives. Come and have tea with me tomorrow, will you?"

"If I can," I promised. "It all depends upon what Providence has in store for me in the shape of callers."

"There is no one left to call," Lady Naselton declared, with her foot upon the carriage step. "I looked through your card plate the other day whilst I was waiting for you. You will be left in peace for a little while now."

"You forget our neighbor," I answered, laughing. "He has not called yet, and I mean him to."

Lady Naselton leaned back amongst the soft cushions of her barouche, and smiled a pitying smile at me.

"You need not wait for him, at any rate," she said. "If you do you will suffer for want of fresh air."

The carriage drove off, and I skirted the church yard and made my round to the Vicarage gate. Away across the park I could see a huge knickerbockered figure leaning over a gate, with his back to me, smoking a pipe. It was not a graceful attitude, nor was it a particularly reputable way of spending a Sunday morning.

I was reminded of him again as I walked up the path towards the house. A few yards from our dining room window a dog was lying upon a flower-bed edge. As I approached, it limped up, whining, and looked at me with piteous brown eyes. I recognized the breed at once. It was a beagle—one of Mr. Deville's without a doubt. It lay at my feet with its front paw stretched out, and when I stooped down to pat it, it wagged its tail feebly, but made no effort to rise. Evidently its leg was broken.

I fetched some lint from the house, and commenced to bind up the limb as carefully as possible. The dog lay quite still, whining and licking my hand every now and then. Just as I was finishing off the bandage I became conscious that some one was approaching the garden—a firm, heavy tread was crossing the lane. In a moment or two a gruff voice sounded almost at my elbow.

"I beg pardon, but I think one of my dogs is here."

The words were civil enough, but the tone was brusque and repellant. I looked round without removing my hands from the lint. Our neighbor's appearance was certainly not encouraging. His great frame was carelessly clad in a very old shooting suit, which once might have been of good cut and style, but was now only fit for the rag dealer. He wore a gray flannel shirt with a turn-down collar of the same material. His face, whatever its natural expression might have been, was disfigured just then with a dark, almost ferocious, scowl. His hand was raised, as though unwillingly, to his cap, and a pair of piercing gray eyes were flashing down upon me from beneath his heavily marked eyebrows. He stood frowning down from his great height, a singularly powerful and forbidding object.

I resumed my task.

"No doubt it is your dog!" I said, calmly. "But you must wait until I have finished the bandage. You should take better care of your animals! Perhaps you don't know that its leg is broken."

He got down on his knees at once without glancing at me again. He seemed to have forgotten my very existence.

"Lawless," he exclaimed, softly—"little lady, what have you been up to? Oh, you silly little woman!"

The animal, with the rank ingratitude of its kind, wriggled frantically out of my grasp and fawned about its master in a paroxysm of delight. I was so completely forgotten that I was able to observe him at my ease. His face and voice had changed like magic. Then I saw that his features, though irregular, were powerful and not ill-shaped, and that his ugly flannel shirt was at any rate clean. He continued to ignore my presence, and, taking the dog up into his arms, tenderly examined the fracture.

"Poor little lady!" he murmured. "Poor little Lawless. One of those 6— traps of Harrison's, I suppose. I shall kill that fellow some day!" he added, savagely, under his breath.

I rose to my feet and shook out my skirts. There are limits to one's tolerance.

"You are perfectly welcome," I remarked quietly.

There was no doubt as to his having forgotten my presence. He looked up with darkened face. Lady Naselton was perfectly right. He was a very ugly man.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I had quite forgotten that you were here. In fact, I thought that you had gone away. Thank you for attending to the dog. That will do very nicely until I get it home," he added, touching the bandage.

"Until you get it home!" I repeated. "Thank you! Do you think that you can bandage better than that?"

I looked down with some scorn at his large, clumsy hands. After all, were they so very clumsy, though? They were large and brown, but they were not without a certain shapeliness. They looked strong, too. He bore the glance with perfect equanimity, and, taking the two ends of the lint into his hands, commenced to draw them tighter.

"Well, you see, I shall set the bone properly when I get back," he said. "This is fairly done, though, for an amateur. Thank you—and good morning."

He was turning brusquely away with the dog under his arm, but I stopped him.

"Who is Harrison?" I asked, "and why does he set traps?"

He frowned, evidently annoyed at having to stay and answer questions.

"Harrison is a small tenant farmer who objects to my crossing his land."

"Objects to your crossing his land?" I repeated, vaguely.

"Yes, yes. I take these dogs after hares, you know—beagling, we call it. Sometimes I am forced to cross his farm if a hare is running, although I never go there for one. He objects, and so he sets traps."

"Is he your tenant?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Why don't you get rid of him, then? I wouldn't have a man who would set traps on my land."

He frowned, and his tone was distinctly impatient. He was evidently weary of the discussion.

"I cannot. He has a long lease. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Deville."

He looked over his shoulder.

"You know my name!"

"Certainly. Don't you know mine?"

"No."

"Let me introduce myself, then. I am Miss Ffolliot—the pale-faced chit, you know!" I added, maliciously. "My father is the new vicar."

I was standing up before him with my hands clasped behind my back, and almost felt the flash of his dark, fiery eyes as they swept over me. I could not look away from him.

There was a distinct change in his whole appearance. At last he was looking at me with genuine interest. The lines of his mouth had come together sharply, and his face was as black as thunder.

"Ffolliot?" he repeated, slowly—"Ffolliot? How do you spell it?"

"Anyhow, so long as you remember the two F's!" I answered, suavely. "Generally, double F. O. double L. I. O. T. Rather a pretty name, we think, although I am afraid that you don't seem to like it. Oh! here's my father coming. Won't you stay, and make his acquaintance?"

My father, returning from the church, with his surplice under his arm, had been attracted by the sight of a strange man talking to me on the lawn, and was coming slowly over towards us. Mr. Deville turned round rather abruptly. The two men met face to face, my father dignified, correct, severe. Bruce Deville untidy, ill-clad, with sullen, darkened face, lit by the fire which flashed from his eyes. Yet there was a certain dignity about his bearing, and he met my father's eyes resolutely. The onus of speech seemed to rest with him, and he accepted it.

"I need no introduction to Mr. Ffolliot," he said, sternly. "I am afraid that I can offer you no welcome to Northshire. This is a surprise."

My father looked him up and down with stony severity.

"So far as I am concerned, sir," he said, "I desire no welcome from you. Had I known that you were to be amongst my near neighbors, I should not have taken up my abode here for however short a time."

"The sentiment," remarked Mr. Deville, "is altogether mutual. At any rate, we can see as little of each other as possible. I wish you a good morning."

He raised his cap presumably to me, although he did not glance in my direction, and went off across the lawn, taking huge strides, and crossing our flower beds with reckless unconcern. My father watched him go with a dark shadow resting upon his face. He laid his fingers upon my arm, and their touch through my thin gown was like the touch of fire. I looked into his still, calm face, and I wondered. It was marvelous that a man should wear such a mask.

"You have known him?" I murmured. "Where? Who is he?"

My father drew a long, inward breath through his clenched teeth.

"That man," he said, slowly, with his eyes still fixed upon the now distant figure, "was closely, very closely, associated with the most unhappy chapter in my life. It was all over and done with before you were old enough to understand. It is many, many years ago, but I felt in his presence as though it were but yesterday. It is many years ago—but it hurts still—like a knife it hurts."

He held his hand pressed convulsively to his side, and stood watching the gray, stalwart figure now almost out of sight. His face was white and strained—some symptoms of yesterday's faintness seemed to be suggested by those wan cheeks and over-bright eyes. Even I, naturally unsympathetic and callous, was moved. I laid my hand upon his shoulders.

"It is over and finished, you say, this dark chapter," I whispered, softly. "I would not think of it."

He looked at me for a moment in silence. The gray pallor still lingered in his thin, sunken cheeks, and his eyes were like cold fires. It was a face which might well guard its own secrets. I looked into it, and felt a vague sense of trouble stirring within me. Was that chapter of his life turned over and done with forever? Was that secret at which he had hinted, and the knowledge of which lay between these two, wholly of the past, or was it a live thing? I could not tell. My father was fast becoming the enigma of my life.

"I cannot cease to think about it," he said, slowly. "I shall never cease to think about it until—until——"

"Until the end," he cried, hoarsely—"until the end, and God grant that it may not be long."

CHAPTER IV.

Our Mysterious Neighbors.

This was a faithful and exact account of my meeting with the first of those two of our neighbors who seemed, according to Lady Naselton's report, to remain entirely outside the ordinary society of the place. Curiously enough, my meeting with the second one occurred on the very next afternoon.

We came face to face at a turning in the wood within a few yards of her odd little house, and the surprise of it almost took my breath away. Could this be the woman condemned to isolation by a whole neighborhood—the woman on whose shoulders lay the burden of Bruce Deville's profligacy? I looked into the clear, dark eyes which met mine without any shadow of embarrassment—returning in some measure the keen interest of my own scrutiny—and the thing seemed impossible.

She spoke to me graciously, and as though to do so were quite a matter of course. Her voice completed my subjugation. One may so often be deceived by faces, but the voice seems an infallible test.

"There is going to be a terrible storm," she said. "Won't you come in for a few minutes? You will scarcely be able to get home, and these trees are not safe."

Even while she was speaking the big raindrops began to fall. I gathered up my skirts, and hurried along by her side.

"It is very good of you," I said, breathlessly. "I am dreadfully afraid of a thunderstorm."

We crossed the trim little lawn, and in a moment I had passed the portals of the Yellow House. The front door opened into a low, square hall, hung with old-fashioned engravings against a background of dark oak. There were rugs upon the polished floor, and several easy chairs and lounges. By the side of one was a box from Mudie's, evidently just arrived, and a small wood fire was burning in the open grate. She laid her hand on the back of a low rocking chair.

"Shall we sit here?" she suggested. "We can keep the door open and watch the storm. Or perhaps you would rather see as little of it as possible?"

I took the easy chair opposite to her.

"I don't mind watching it from inside," I answered. "I am not really nervous, but those trees look horribly unsafe. One wants to be on the moor to enjoy a thunderstorm."

She looked at me with a faint smile, kindly but critically.

"No, you don't look particularly nervous," she said. "I wonder——"

A crash of thunder drowned the rest of her sentence.

In the silence which followed I found her studying my features intently. For some reason or other she seemed suddenly to have developed a new and strong interest in me. Her eyes were fastened upon my face. I began to feel almost uncomfortable.

She suddenly realized it, and broke into a little laugh.

"Forgive my staring at you so outrageously," she exclaimed. "You must think me a very rude person. It is odd to meet any one in the woods about here, you know; and I don't think that I have ever seen you before, have I?"

I shook my head.

"Probably not; unless you were at church yesterday," I said.

"Then I certainly have not, for I do not attend church," she answered. "But you don't live in church, do you?"

I laughed.

"Oh, no; but we have only been here a week or so," I told her. "My name is Kate Ffolliot. I am the daughter of the new vicar, or, rather, curate-in-charge."

Once more the hall was filled with white light.

There was a moment's breathless silence, and then the thunder came crashing over our heads. When it was over she was leaning forward with her face buried in her hands. She did not look up immediately.

"The thunder is awful!" I remarked. "I never heard it more directly overhead. I am afraid it is making you uncomfortable, is it not?"

She did not move her hands or answer me. I rose to my feet, frightened.

"What is the matter?" I cried. "Are you ill? Shall I call any one?"

She raised her head and looked at me, motioning me to sit down with a little wave of her hand. Evidently the storm had affected her nerves. Her face was paler than ever save where her clenched fingers seemed to have cut into her cheeks and left red livid marks on either side. Her dark eyes were unnaturally bright and dry. She had lost that dignified serenity of manner which had first impressed me.

"No; please sit down," she said, softly. "I am all right—only very foolish. That last crash was too awful. It was silly of me to mind, though. I have seen worse storms. It is a sign of advancing age, I suppose."

I laughed. She was still regarding me fixedly.

"So we are neighbors, Miss Ffolliot?" she remarked.

"Close ones," I answered. "There is only a little belt of trees between us."

"I might have guessed who you were," she said. "For the moment, though, it did not occur to me. You are not," she said, with a faint smile, "at all what one looks for in a country clergyman's daughter."

"I have lived abroad nearly all my life," I said. "I was at school in Berlin and Heidelberg. My sister has always been my father's helper. I am afraid that parish work does not appeal to me at all."

"I am not surprised at that," she answered. "One needs a special disposition to interest one's self in those things, and, without being a physiognomist, I can tell you that you have not got it."

"People in the country are so stupid, and they take so much for granted," I remarked. "If I were a philanthropist, I should certainly choose to work in a city."

"You are quite right," she answered, absently. "Work amongst people who have learned to think a little for themselves is more inspiring."

We were silent for a moment or two. She was evidently not interested in the discussion, so I did not attempt to carry it on. I turned a little in my chair to watch the storm outside, conscious all the time that her eyes scarcely left my face.

"I had grown so used," she said, presently, "to the rectory being empty, that I had quite forgotten the possibility of its being occupied again. The vicar used to live several miles away. I wonder that Mr. Deville did not know anything about you—that he did not know your name, at any rate."

Now I was sorry that she had mentioned Mr. Deville. I was doing my best to forget all that I had heard from Lady Naselton, and to form an independent judgment; but at her words the whole substance of it returned to me with a rush. I leaned back in my chair, and looked at her thoughtfully. She was a woman whose age might be anywhere between thirty-five and forty. She was plainly dressed, but with a quiet elegance which forbade any idea of a country dressmaker. She was too thin for her figure to be considered in any way good; but she was tall and graceful in all her movements. Her thick, brown hair, touched here and there with gray, was parted in the middle and vigorously brushed away from a low, thoughtful forehead, over which it showed a decided propensity to wave. Her features were good and strongly marked, and her skin was evidently perfect. Her eyes were bright and dark, her mouth piquant and humorous. She had no pretence to beauty, she was certainly a very attractive and a very well-bred woman. I had never in all my life seen anyone who suggested less those things at which Lady Naselton had hinted.

Perhaps she saw the slight change in my face at Mr. Deville's name. At any rate, she turned the conversation.

"Have you been living in the country before you came here, or near a large city?" she asked. "You will find it very quiet here!"

"We came from Belchester!" I answered. "My father had a church in the suburbs there. It was very horrid; I was not there long, but I hated it. I think the most desolate country region in the world is better than suburbanism."

"I don't thing that I agree with you," she smiled. "In a large community at any rate you are closer to the problems of life. I was at Belchester not long ago and I found it very interesting."

"You were at Belchester!" I repeated in surprise.

"Yes; I was electioneering. I came to help Mr. Densham."

"What! The Socialist!" I cried.

She nodded, and I could see that the corners of her mouth were twitching with amusement.

"Yes. I thought that Belchester was rather an enlightened place. We polled over four thousand votes. I think if we had another week or two, and a few less helpers, we might have got Mr. Densham in."

"A few less helpers?" I repeated, aimlessly.

"Yes. That is the worst of Labor and Socialist meetings. There is such a terrible craving amongst the working classes to become stump orators. You cannot teach them to hold their tongues. They make silly speeches, and of course the newspapers on the other side report them, and we get the discredit of their opinions. One always suffers most at the hands of one's friends."

I looked at her in silent wonder. I, too, had helped at that election—that is to say, I had driven about in the Countess of Applecorn's barouche with a great bunch of cornflower in my gown, and talked amiably to a lot of uninteresting people. I had a dim recollection of a one-horse wagonette which we had passed on the way preceded by a brass band and a lot of factory hands, and of Lady Applecorn raising her gold-rimmed eyeglass and saying something about the Socialist candidate.

"Did you make speeches—and that sort of thing?" I asked, hesitatingly.

She laughed outright.

"Of course I did! How else could I have helped? I am afraid that you are beginning to think that I am a very terrible person," she added, with a decided twinkle in her rich brown eyes.

"Please don't say that!" I begged. "Only I have been brought up always with people who shuddered at the very mention of the word both here and abroad, and I dare say that I have a wrong impression about it all. For one thing I thought it was only poor people who were Socialists."

For a moment she looked grave.

"True Socialism is the most fascinating of all doctrines for the rich and the poor, for all thoughtful men and women," she said quietly. "It is a religion as well as the very core of politics. But we will not talk about that now. Are you interested in the new books? You might like to see some of these."

She pointed at the box. "I get all the new novels, but I read very few of them."

I looked them over as she handed the volumes out to me. I had read a good many books in which she was interested. We began to discuss them, casually at first, and then eagerly. An hour or more must have slipped away. At last I looked at the clock and sprang up.

"You must have some tea," she said, with her hand on the bell. "Please do not hurry away."

I hesitated, but she seemed to take my consent for granted, and I suffered myself to be persuaded.

"Come and see my den while they bring it."

She opened a door on the left hand of the hall, and I passed by her side into a large room of irregular shape, from which French windows led out on to the trim little lawn. The walls were almost lined with books—my father's library did not hold so many. A writing-table drawn up to the window was covered with loose sheets of paper and works of reference turned upon their faces. For the rest the room was a marvel of delicate coloring and refined femininity. There were plenty of cosy chairs and three-legged tables, with their burden of dainty china, rare statuettes, and many vases of flowers, mostly clustering yellow roses. But what absorbed my attention after my rapid glance around was the fact that Mr. Bruce Deville was sitting in a very comfortable chair near the window, reading one of the loose sheets of paper which he had taken from the desk.

He rose from his feet at the sound of the opening of the door, but he did not immediately look up. He spoke to her, and I scarcely recognized his voice. His gruffness was gone! It was mellow and good-humored.

"Marcia! Marcia! Why can't you leave poor Harris alone?" he said. "You will drive him out of his senses if you sling Greek at him like this. You women are so vindictive!"

"If you will condescend to turn round," she answered, smiling, "I shall be glad to know how you got in here, and what are you doing with my manuscript?"

He looked up, and the sheet fluttered from his fingers. He regarded me with undiluted astonishment. "Well, I came in at the window," he answered. "I was in a hurry to escape getting wet through. I had no idea that you had a visitor!"

I glanced towards her. She was in no way discomposed or annoyed.

"I am not inclined to walk this afternoon," she said. "Will you come down after dinner, about nine? I want to see you, but not just now."

He nodded, and took up his cap. At the window he looked back at me curiously. For a moment he seemed about to speak. He contented himself, however, with a parting bow, to which I responded. Directly he got outside the garden he took his pipe from his pocket and lit it.

The incident did not seem to have troubled her in any way. She pointed out some of the treasures of her room, elegant little trifles, collected in many countries of the world, but I am afraid I was not very attentive.

"Is Mr. Deville a relation of yours?" I asked, rather abruptly.

She had just taken down a little Italian statuette for my inspection, and she replaced it carefully before she answered.

"No. We are friends. I have known him for a good many years."

A tiny Burmese gong rang out from the hall. She came across the room towards me, smiling pleasantly.

"Shall we go and have some tea? I always want tea so much after a thunderstorm. I will show you some more of my Penates, if you like, afterwards."

I followed her into the hall, and took my tea from the hands of a prim little maidservant. With the Dresden cup between my fingers a sudden thought flashed into my mind. If only Lady Naselton could see me. Unconsciously my lips parted, and I laughed outright.

"Do forgive me," I begged. "Something came into my mind. It was too funny. I could not help laughing."

"To be able to laugh at one's thoughts is a luxury," she answered. "I know a man who lived through a terrible illness solely because of his sense of humor. There are so many things to laugh at in the world, if only one sees them in the right light. Let me give you some more tea."

I set down my cup. "No more, thanks. That has been delicious. I wonder whether I might ask you a question?" I added. "I should like to if I might."

"Well, you certainly may," she answered, good-humoredly.

"Mr. Deville spoke of your work," I continued; "and of course I could see you had been writing. Do you write fiction? I think it is so delightful for women to do anything for themselves—any real work, I mean. Do you mind my asking?"

"I do not write fiction as a rule," she said, slowly. "I write for the newspapers. I was a correspondent for several years for one of the dailies. I write more now for a purpose. I am one of the 'abhorred tribe,' you know—a Socialist, or what people understand as a Socialist. Are you horrified?"

"Not in the least," I answered her: "only I should like to know more about it. From what I have heard about Socialism I should never have dreamed of associating it with—well, with Dresden cups and saucers, for instance," I laughed, motioning to her own.

Her eyes twinkled. "Poor child," she said, "you have all the old-fashioned ideas about us and our beliefs, I suppose. I am not sure that, if you were a properly regulated young lady, you would not get up and walk out of the house."

A shadow had fallen across the open doorway, and a familiar voice, stern, but tremulous with passion, took up her word.s

"That is precisely what my daughter will do, madam! At once, and without delay! Do you hear, Kate?"

I rose to my feet dumb with amazement. My father's tall figure, drawn to its utmost height, stood out with almost startling vividness against the sunlit space beyond. A deep red flush was on his pale cheeks. His eyes seemed on fire with anger. My hostess rose to her feet with dignity.

"Your daughter is at liberty to remain or go at any time," she said, coolly. "I presume that I am addressing Mr. Ffolliot?"

She looked over my shoulder towards my father, and their eyes met. I looked from one to the other, conscious that something was passing outside my knowledge—something between those two. Her eyes had become like dull stones. Her face had grown strangely hard and cold. There was a brief period of intense silence, broken only by a slow, monotonous ticking of the hall clock and the flutter of the birds' wings from amongst the elm trees outside. A breath of wind brought a shower of raindrops down on to the gravel path. A sparrow flew twittering into the hall and out again. Then it came to an end.

"Marcia!"

His single cry rang out like a pistol-shot upon the intense silence. He took a quick step across the threshold. She held out both her hands in front of her, and he stopped short.

"You had better go," she said. "You had better go quickly."

I went out and took my father's arm. He let me lead him away without a word; but he would have fallen several times if it had not been for my support. When we reached home he turned at once into the library.

"Go away, Kate," he said, wearily. "I must be alone. See that I am not disturbed."

I hesitated, but he insisted. I shut the door and left him. I, too, wanted to be alone. My brain was in a whirl. What was this past whose ghosts seemed rising up one by one to confront us? First there had been Mr. Deville, and now the woman whom my father had called Marcia. What were they to him? What had he to do with them? Where had their lives touched? I pressed my hot forehead against the window pane, and looked across at the Yellow House. The sunlight was flashing and glistening upon its damp, rain-soaked front. In the doorway a woman was standing, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking across the park. I followed her gaze, and saw for whom she was waiting. Bruce Deville was walking swiftly towards her. I saw him leap a fence to save a few yards, and he was taking huge and rapid strides. I turned away from my window and hid my face in my hands.

(To Be Continued.)

THE SLAVE of SILENCE

BY F. M. WHITE

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The request was a strange one, Berrington thought. Not that he failed to trust Mary Satoris. In spite of everything, he had faith in her. Whatever she was doing in that queer household, no shadow of shame or disgrace could possibly lie on her.

And yet what could she want that letter for? Again, what was the need to drag Beatrice Darryll into this black business? The more Berrington thought it over, the more puzzled he became. Only one thing was tolerably clear—Sir Charles Darryll had valuable interests somewhere, interests of which he had been in utter ignorance, and which these ruffians had determined to obtain and apply to their own ends.

Still, Berrington hesitated. He did not know what would be for the best. If he declined to write that letter it might be the worse for him and everybody else in the long run; if he did write the letter it might possibly prove harmful to Beatrice. Certainly Carl Satoris had that end in view. Then there was another thing to take into consideratinon. Had Inspector Field got safely away?

Berrington could not be absolutely certain, for the reason that there had been no attempt to rescue him which was Field's obvious duty when he escaped. Yet a great many hours had passed and there had been no attempt of the kind.

Very thoughtfully Berrington took paper and pen and ink from the drawer in the table. He was not surprised to see that the paper bore the address "100 Audley Place." So Beatrice was to be lured there for some reason, or other, and Berrington was to be used for the purpose. He threw the pen down and determined that he would do nothing in the matter. He had barely come to this conclusion when the whistle in the tube sounded very faintly. It might have been no more than the wind in the pipe, and yet on the other hand it might have been meant for a cautious message. Berrington crossed over and asked a question in a low voice. Immediately a reply came in the faintest possible whisper.

"It is I who speak," the voice said. "Mary, you know. By accident I have a chance of a few words with you again. My brother thinks that I am in ignorance of everything. He told me that you had left the house and that everybody had gone. At the same time he declined to have the servants back yet and that aroused my suspicions. You can hear me?"

"My dearest girl, I can hear you perfectly well," Berrington replied. "Where is your brother now? Can you speak freely to me for some time?"

"For a minute or two perhaps, certainly not more. Carl has gone into the conservatory for something; he may be back almost at once. He told me that you had gone. I did not believe it for a minute, so I watched and listened. Then I found out that you were a prisoner here; I found out all about the letter."

"The letter to Beatrice Darryll, you mean?"

"Yes, yes. Don't ask me why they desire to get her here, because I can't tell you,—I don't know. But there is something about Burmah and ruby mines that I fail to understand. It has something to do with Sir Charles Darryll and Miss Violet Decie's father."

"Shall we ever get to the bottom of this business!" Berrington exclaimed.

Can You Tell the Cause of Your Trouble?

Are you sometimes discouraged and think you'll never be any better?

Can you tell the cause of your trouble, or what makes you sick?

Do you know that about nine-tenths of all sickness is caused by kidney trouble?

Have you ever stopped to think that your kidneys may be the cause of your poor health?

Most people do not realize how much work the kidneys are required to do every day.

Every drop of blood in the body must pass through and be filtered by the kidneys thousands of times a day.

How can they do their work well if they are sick?

If your kidneys need treatment, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the wonderful kidney remedy, will prove to be just the medicine you need.

If you will write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., every reader of this paper, who has not already tried Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, may receive a sample bottle by mail, absolutely free. You can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

"But why should you particularly want me to write that letter?"

"Because I shall be chosen as the messenger," the girl said eagerly. "There are no servants here; the rest of my brother's friends are busy elsewhere. I gather that the letter is urgent; that being the case, I shall be chosen to take it. You see, I am supposed to know nothing whatever about it. I shall be able to see Miss Darryll myself."

Berrington expressed his appreciation of the suggestion. Perhaps Mary might find herself in a position to do more than that.

"Very well," he said. "Under the circumstances I am to write that letter with the understanding that you are going to convey it to its destination and warn Miss Darryll. But you must do more than that, Mary. It is impossible that I can remain a prisoner here like this. The thing is a daring outrage in the middle of London; it sounds more like a page from a romance than anything else. At all risks, even to the brother by whom you are standing so nobly, you must do this thing for me. After you have seen Miss Darryll you are to go down to Scotland Yard and ask for an interview with Inspector Field. Tell him where I am to be found and ——"

"Oh, I cannot, Philip, dearest," came the trembling whisper. "My own brother ——"

"Who has been the curse of your life and mine," Berrington said sternly. "What do you suppose you gain by standing by him in this fashion? Sooner or later he must come within grip of the law, and so all your sufferings will be futile. If there was anything to gain by this self-sacrifice I would say nothing. But to spoil your life for a scoundrel like that ——"

"Don't say it, Phil," Mary's voice pleaded. "Please don't say it. If you love me as you once seemed to do, have a little patience."

All the anger melted out of Berrington's heart. He had intended to be hard and stern, but that gentle, pleading voice softened him at once. Knowing Mary as he did, he could imagine what her life had been these last three years. Her sense of duty was a mistaken one, perhaps, but it was nobly carried out, all the same. Sooner or later the effort must be lost, and it occurred to Berrington that it would be cruel to hurry the end. Besides, there would be a greater satisfaction to him to feel that he had beaten Sartoris at his own game.

"I love you now as I loved you in the happy years gone by," he said. "Indeed, I love you more, for I know how you have suffered, dearest. Mind you, I am not afraid. I do not regard myself as being in any great danger here—that is not the point. So I will write the letter and you shall deliver it when you please. What is that?"

There was a sudden commotion at the far end of the speaking tube, and something like the sound of wheels. Berrington bent his head eagerly to listen.

"Is there anybody there?" he asked.

"My brother is coming back," Mary said in a voice so faint that Berrington could hardly catch the words. "I must fly. If he knows that I have been here he will have his suspicions. I will speak to you again as soon as possible."

The whistle was clapped to, and the conversation ended. There was nothing for it now but patience. Berrington took the pen and began to write the letter. He wondered if he could possibly warn Beatrice between the lines. There was yet a chance that Mary might not be the messenger.

Berrington racked his brains, but all to no purpose. He must leave the matter to chance, after all. The speaking tube was going again, for the whistle trilled shrilly. Sartoris was at the other end again; he seemed to be on good terms with himself.

"What about that letter?" he asked. "Have you changed your mind yet? Solitary confinement worked sufficiently on your nerves yet? Not that there's any hurry."

"What shall I gain if I write the letter?" Berrington asked.

"Gain! Why, nothing. The cards are all in my hands, and I play them as I please. 'Yours not to reason why, yours not to make reply,' as Tennyson says. For the present you are a prisoner, and for the present you stay where you are. But one thing for your comfort. The sooner that letter is written and dispatched, the sooner you will be free. We are not taking all these risks for nothing, and our reward is close at hand now, I may tell you. If you don't write that letter I shall have to forge it, and that takes time. Also a longer detention of your handsome person. If you consent to write that letter you will be free in eight and forty hours. Don't address the envelope."

Berrington checked a desire to fling the suggestion back in the speaker's teeth. It angered him to feel that he was in the power of this little cripple, and that events in which he should have taken a hand were proceeding without him. But it was no time for feeling of that kind.

"I admit the defeat of the moment," he said. "I will write that letter at once. But look to yourself when my time comes."

Sartoris laughed scornfully, as he could afford to do. Berrington could hear him humming as he clapped in the whistle, and then silence fell again. The letter was finished and sealed at length, and pushed under the door as Sartoris had directed. A little later and there came the sound of a footstep outside and a gentle scratching on the door panel.

"Is that you, Mary?" Berrington asked, instantly guessing who it was. "Have you come for the letter?"

"Yes, I have," was the whispered reply. "My brother could not manage to get up the stairs. He has one of his very bad attacks today. He has not the least idea that I know anything. He said he dropped an unaddressed letter on this landing last night, and he asked me to fetch it. I dare not stay a minute."

"Don't go quite yet," Berrington pleaded. "I have had a brilliant idea. I can't stop to tell you what it is just now. The switch of the electric light has been removed from here. Can you tell me where I can find it?"

"You want more light?" Mary asked. "Well, it is a little dreary in there with only a lamp. The switch was taken off some time ago when the walls were being done, and the electricians forgot to replace it. It is somewhere in the room, for I recollect seeing it. But unless you understand that kind of work——"

"Oh, soldiers understand something of everything," said Berrington cheerfully. "I shall be able to manage, no doubt. I won't detain you any longer."

Mary slipped away, and Berrington commenced to make a careful search of the room. He found what he wanted presently, in a little blue cup on the overmantel, and in a few minutes he had fixed the switch to the wall. As he pressed the little brass stud down, the room was flooded with a brilliant light.

"There's some comfort in being able to see, at any rate," Berrington reflected. "It's ten chances to one that my little scheme does not come off, yet the tenth chance may work in my favor. I'll wait till it gets dark—no use trying it before."

Berrington dozed off in his chair, and soon fell into a profound sleep. When he came to himself again, a clock somewhere was striking the hour of eleven. There was no stream of light through the little round ventilator in the shutter, so that Berrington did not need to be told that the hour was eleven o'clock at night.

"By Jove, what a time I've slept," the soldier muttered. "What's that?"

Loud voices downstairs, voices of men quarreling. Berrington pulled the whistle out of the tube and listened. Someone had removed the whistle from the other end, or else it had been left out by accident, for the sound came quite clear and distinct.

It was the voice of Sartoris that was speaking, a voice like a snarling dog.

"I tell you you are wrong," Sartoris said. "You tried to fool me, and when we make use of you and get the better of you, then you whine like a cur that is whipped. Don't imagine that you have your poor misguided wife to deal with."

"My wife has nothing to do with the case," the other man said, "so leave her out."

Berrington's heart was beating a little faster as he glued his ear to the tube. He did not want to miss a single word of the conversation.

"This grows interesting," he said softly. "A quarrel between Sartoris and Stephen Richford. Evidently I am going to learn something."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Every word of the conversation was quite plain and distinct. Richford seemed to be very vexed about something, but on the other hand Sartoris appeared to be on the best of terms with himself.

"You tried to get the better of us," he was saying. "You thought that clever people like ourselves were going to be mere puppets in the play, that we were going to pull your chestnuts for you. You with the brains of a rabbit, and the intelligence of a tom cat! That low cunning of yours is all very well in the city, but it is of no use with me. Where are those diamonds?"

"Those diamonds are so safe that we can't touch them," Richford sneered.

"Very well, my friend. Believe me, we shall know how to act when the time comes. But you are wasting time here. You should be in Edward street long ago. Edward street is the Borough; you know the place I mean. The others are there, Reggie and Cora and the rest, to say nothing of the object of our solicitous desires. You follow me?"

"Oh, yes, I follow everything, confound you," Richford growled. "You are trying to frighten me with your cry of danger. As if I were fool enough to believe that story."

"You can just please yourself whether you believe it or not," Sartoris replied. "But the danger is real enough. I have had the salt two days now in succession. It is true that it came by post and was not addressed to me here, but it is proof positive of the fact that our yellow friends are on the right track at last. They may even be outside now. That is why I want you to go as far as Edward street without delay."

Richford seemed to be convinced at last, for he made no reply.

"And you need not worry about your wife for the present," Sartoris went on. "So long as she is your wife you come in for your share of the plunder when the division takes place. Nor need you let her know that you married her for her fortune, and not for her pretty face. People will be surprised to discover what a rich man Sir Charles really was."

Berrington started with surprise. A great flood of light had been let in on the scene in the last few words of this overheard conversation. So there was a large fortune somewhere, and this was at the bottom of this dark conspiracy. The conversation trailed off presently, and Berrington heard no more. But his heart was beating now with fierce exultation, for he had heard enough. Without knowing it, Sir Charles Darryll had been a rich man. But those miscreants knew it, and that was the reason why they were working in this strange way. A door closed somewhere and then there was silence. It was quite evident that Richford had left the house.

A minute or two later and Berrington got his flash signal at work. He used it over and over again for an hour or so in the hope that the house was being watched. A great sigh of satisfaction broke from him presently when he knew the signal was being answered. Once more there was an irritating delay and then the quick tapping of the reply. Field was not far off, and Field had grasped the scheme. Also he had to send for somebody to translate the flashing signs. Berrington understood it now as well as if he had been outside with the police.

He sent his messages through quickly now, and received his replies as regularly. Nor did he forget to impart the information he had discovered relative to the house in Edward street, Borough. On the whole it had not been a bad night's work.

A restless desire to be up and doing something gripped Berrington. He wandered impatiently about the room, listening at the tube from time to time, in the hope of getting something fresh. Down below he could hear the sharp purring of the electric bell and the shuffle of Sartoris' chair over the floor of the hall. Then there was a quick cry which stopped with startling suddenness, as if a hand had gripped the throat of somebody who called out with fear.

For a little time after that, silence. Then voices began to boom downstairs, voices in strange accents that seemed to be demanding something. Evidently foreigners of some kind, Berrington thought, as he strained his ears to catch something definite. Sartoris seemed to be pleading for somebody, and the others were stern and determined. It was some time before Berrington began to understand what nationality the newcomers were. A liquid voice was upraised.

"Burmah," Berrington cried. "I thought I knew the tongue. Burmese beyond a doubt. I wish those fellows would not speak quite so thickly. I wish that I had learned a little more of the language when I had the opportunity. Ah, what was that?"

A familiar phrase had struck home to the old campaigner. One of the newcomers was saying something about rubies. There were ruby mines in Burmah, some of which had never been explored by white men. Sir Charles Darryll had been out there in his younger days and so had his friend, the Honorable Edward Decie. Suppose that rubies had something to do with the papers that Sartoris declared Sir Charles possessed. Berrington was feeling now that his weary hours of imprisonment had by no means been wasted. He heard Sartoris' sullen negative, a sound of a blow, and a moan of pain, then silence again.

Perhaps those strangers downstairs were applying torture. Berrington had heard blood-curdling stories of what the Burmese could do in that way. Bad as he was, Sartoris had never lacked pluck and courage, and he was not the man to cry out unless the pain was past endurance. The guttural language returned; it was quite evident that Sartoris was being forced to do something against his will.

"You shall have it," he said at last. "I'll ask my secretary to bring the papers down."

There was a shuffling of Sartoris' chair across the floor, and then a puff of wind came up the tube. Very quickly Berrington replaced the whistle. It flashed across him that Sartoris was going to call him to assist to get rid of those yellow friends downstairs. But how was that going to be done so long as the door was locked?

"Are you there?" Sartoris asked in French, and in a whisper, so low that Berrington could hardly hear. "Speak to me, Colonel, and use the same language that I am using."

"All right," Berrington replied. "Anything wrong downstairs? What can I do to help you?"

"Come down as quickly as possible. Take your boots off, and creep into my study. I am in the hands of two Burmese, members of a society to which I belonged at one time. They have come to have my life or certain information that I decline to give them. You know enough of the east to be able to appreciate my danger."

The story was more or less of a lie, as Berrington was perfectly well aware, but there was a large amount of truth in it, nevertheless. Berrington smiled to himself.

"There is one little hitch in the program," he said. "You seem to forget that I am a prisoner here, behind a door that is protected by steel."

"I had forgotten that for the moment," Sartoris proceeded rapidly. "But it is quite possible to open the door from the inside, if you know the secret. Turn the handle four times to the right quickly and firmly, and then three times to the left, and the door will open. I dare not say any more, as these fellows are beginning to look at me suspiciously. One minute more, and I have finished. There is an old Dutch bureau at the top of the stairs by your door. In the second drawer on the right is a loaded revolver. You may want to use it——"

The voice suddenly ceased, and a cry of pain floated up again. All the old fighting spirit raged in Berrington's veins now. He was going to be free, he would have a weapon that he well knew how to use in his hands, and he had obtained information of the most valuable kind. With his hand on the knob of the door he followed directions. Four times to the right and three to the left! A pull, and the door came open.

Berrington was free at last. As soon as he realized that fact his professional caution came back to him. He kicked off his boots, and finding the Webley revolver, loaded in all chambers, he crept like a cat down the stairs, and looked into the study.

Sartoris lay back in his chair with his hands bound to his sides. Round his head the two strangers had strung a piece of knotted whipcord which one of them was drawing tighter and tighter with the aid of a pen-knife twisted in the bandage. The face of the victim was ghastly white, his eyes rolled, and the great beads poured down his cheeks. Berrington had heard of that kind of torture before. His blood was boiling now, not that he had any cause for sympathy with the little man in the chair.

"My God, I can't stand this much longer," Sartoris moaned. "Will that fellow never come! Or has he failed to understand my instructions? My brain is blazing. Help, help."

Berrington strode into the room, resolutely but softly. The little yellow man who was administering the torture seemed to have his whole heart in his work; he graduated the torture to a nicety. He seemed to understand exactly how much the victim could stand without losing life and reason altogether. He was like a doctor with an interesting patient.

"I think you will tell me where to find what we desire?" he said smoothly.

"And then we can depart and trouble the gentleman no more," said the other man, who was looking on as coolly as if at some landscape. "Why put us to all this trouble?"

"I'll tell you," Sartoris moaned. "If you will look in the—— God be praised!"

The last words came with a yell, for the startled eyes had caught sight of Berrington standing grimly in the background. The latter's left hand shot out and the Burmese who held the penknife in the cord staggered across the room from the force of a blow on the temple, which, had it taken full effect, would have felled him like an ox.

Before he could recover from the full impact of the blow, Berrington was on the other man. Then the two closed on him as he backed to the wall and raised his revolver.

"You see that I am too many for you," he said. "Put down those knives."

For two long cutting knives were gleaming in the light of the electrics. Nothing daunted, the pair made a rush at Berrington, who fired right and left. He had no intention that the shots should be fatal, but they both took effect, one in the shoulder and the other in the arm. When the smoke cleared away Berrington and Sartoris were alone. A cold stream of air pouring into the room testified to the fact that the front door had not been closed by the miscreants in their escape. Berrington cut the cord around the victim's head and bathed his forehead with water. A little brandy seemed to effect something in the way of a cure.

"My God, that was awful," Cartoris moaned. "A second more and I should have died. Would you mind shutting the front door? The cold air makes me feel like death. That's better. I dare say you wonder what those fellows were doing here?"

There was just a touch of slyness in the question. Berrington smiled to himself. He wondered what Sartoris would say if he only new how much the listener had overheard.

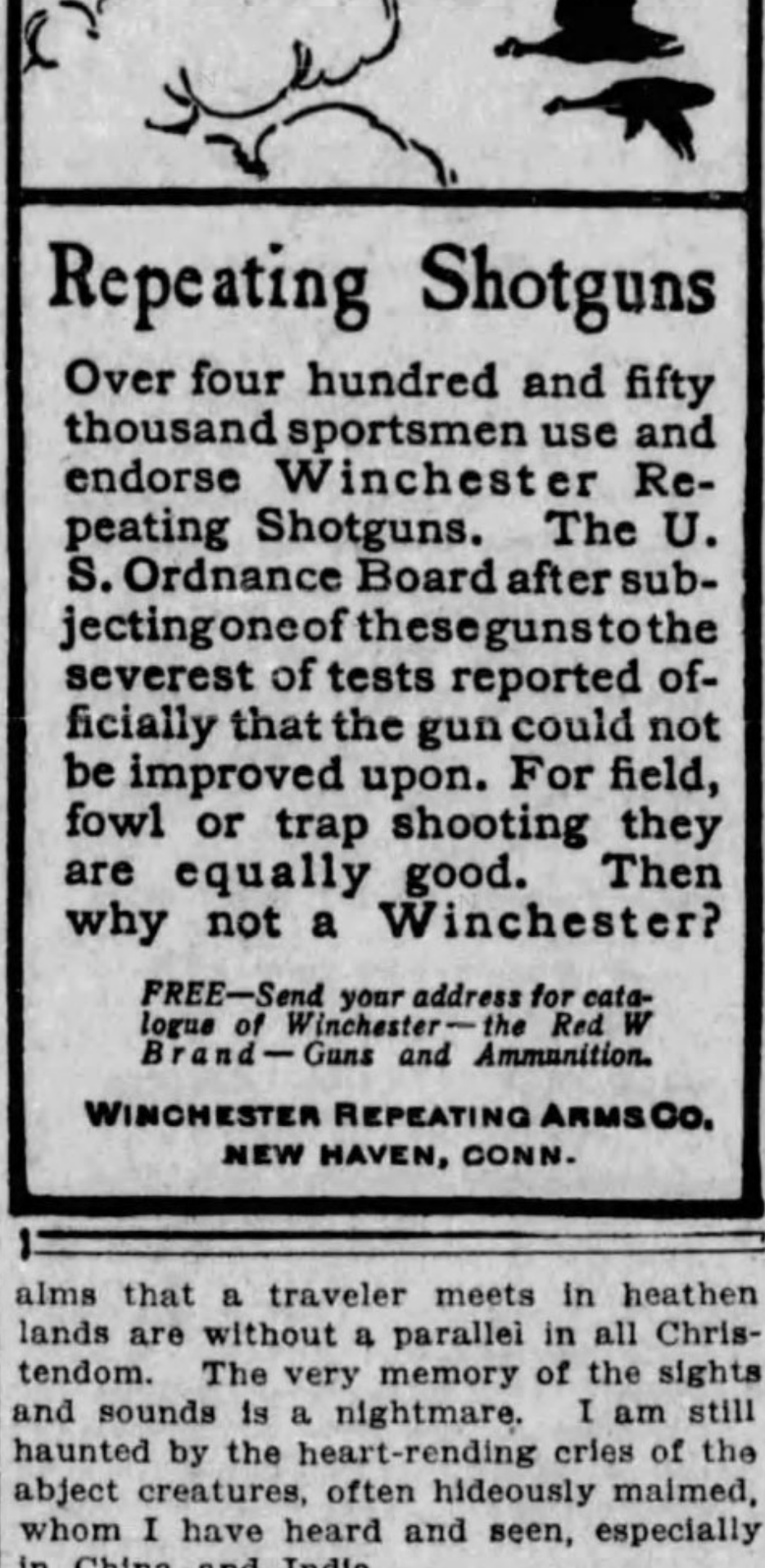
"I suppose your sins are finding you out," he said. "They generally do. Personally, I have no curiosity on the subject at all. And I have not the slightest doubt that your punishment, though pretty severe, was at the same time well deserved. And now, sir, as fate has given me the whip hand of you, have you any reason to urge why I should stay in this house any longer? I take it that you are not quite in a position to place your electric battery at work from this room as you did from the other. If you like to——"

Berrington paused, as there was a loud knocking at the door. Sartoris' pale face grew still paler as he listened. Then he forced a smile to his pallid lips.

"Don't take any heed," he said eagerly. "Let them go away again under the impression that nobody is at the house. Let them knock all night if they like."

But Berrington was already halfway to the door.

(To Be Continued.)



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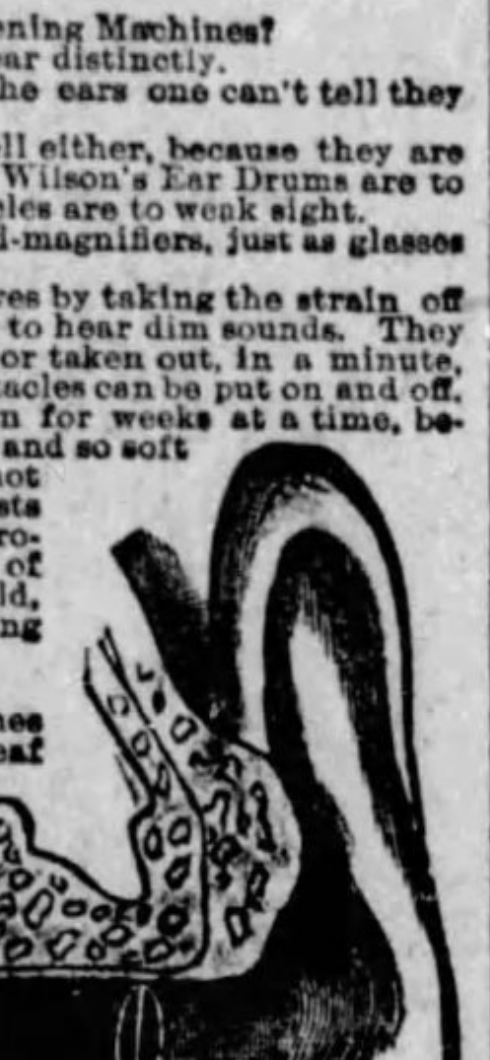

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

MAN AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE

The International Sunday School Lesson for January 24 Is, "The Lame Man Healed." Acts 3:1-26.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The practical banishment of the professional beggar is one of the seldom-noted achievements of Christianity. The occasional mendicant met upon the streets of a great city cannot be classed with the professional beggar whom the Orient knows. The distressing supplicants for alms that a traveler meets in heathen lands are without a parallel in all Christendom. The very memory of the sights and sounds is a nightmare. I am still haunted by the heart-rending cries of the abject creatures, often hideously maimed, whom I have heard and seen, especially in China and India.

These professional beggars are public characters, even as was the lame man by the beautiful gate of Solomon's Temple, who cried to Peter and John for aid. He was as familiar a spectacle to worshippers as the pillars of the magnificent colonnade itself. He lived by the small doles which were thrown to him; we in the West have no coin small enough to express the size of the average bit of money given to beggars in the Orient. Probably it never occurred to worshippers in the great temple that the contrast between this broken bit of humanity, and the gorgeous architecture, had aught to do with religion. It is a distinct evidence of the advance made in our own times that men shake their heads over the juxtaposition of stately cathedrals and squalid tenements. There is something wrong when religion can rear magnificent structures alongside of the abodes of direct suffering. Today it is the recognized business of the church to do for all the poor and suffering what Peter did for the lame man at the gate, when he stretched forth his hand and bade him arise.

Unemployed and Idle.

The beggar sat at the Beautiful Gate. Every door of ascent has alongside of it a waiting opportunity. There is need everywhere. The young persons who lament that they have "no chance," would more truly express the situation if they bemoaned their lack of wit and of impulse. No sphere is too narrow to afford a person an opportunity for the expression of his largest and highest powers. There is work on every hand, in the form of occasions for human ministry.

Great Britain is witnessing at present heart-sickening processions of the unemployed. The churches there are doing much to meet the exigencies of this extraordinary condition; and it is no palliation of the neglect of a Christian civilization, or of the inequalities of a social order which permits this state of affairs, to say that the unemployed should not also be wholly idle. There is work even when there are no wages. It is a strange fact that most men and women, when they lose positions, give themselves to idleness, except as they may seek work, instead of embracing the opportunity for self-improvement and altruistic usefulness. No matter how hard one's own lot, there is a neighbor whose lot is worse. The salvation of society is to come by everybody's having in his heart the impulse which prompted Peter to cure the lame beggar.

Religion for All of a Man.

Nowadays it is no new doctrine that the Church has business not only with all men, but with all of man. Her realm is no longer confined to the strictly spiritual. Whatever serves man's body or spirit is a legitimate office for religion. The problem of poverty is, it is true, a problem of the State; but before that it is a problem of the Church. That so much of the socialized thought of our day is outside of the realm of organized Christianity is a reflection upon the latter; even though the socialistic impulse is born directly of the new spirit which Christ has brought into the world.

Peter looked upon the lame man by the gate, and said, "Silver and gold have I none, but what I have, that give I thee." It is better to have pity in the heart than gold in the hand. A sense of fellowship with the suffering of the world is a heritage from the Christ who himself suffered. If Christianity is not compassionate it is not Christlike.

"You see, the church can no longer say like Peter, "Silver and gold have I none,' boasted Innocent IV to Thomas Aquinas, and that great philosopher remarked in his turn, 'Rise up and walk.'" The church today commands the wealth of the world. She is master of the resources of civilization. All the material needs of all the world she can do more to meet than any other agency. Whether she still has, to apostolic degree, the impulse of self-sacrifice and of concern for human weal which animated Peter is not so clear. Assuredly, the trend of the day is toward a fresh realization of the church's responsibility for the meeting of the world's needs. This responsibility is to be met both by gifts of gold and by the outstretched hand of brotherlinesss and helpfulness.

Asking Little and Getting Much.

After all, money is the least valuable thing that a man can give toward meeting the world's needs. The beggar who sought alms of the apostles wanted only such a trifling dole as the Orient is accustomed to give to professional mendicants. He knew full well that what men gave to him cost them little. There is seldom the throbbing heart of pity in the breast of those who give to the poor "to acquire merit," as the religious phrase of the Orient has it. The beggar asked little; he got much. He sought money; he found health and holiness and newness of life. Peter's hand was empty, but he gave the hand.

Like his Master, he reached out and touched the suffering one. Today the church is getting back her healing touch upon men's suffering bodies. All the skill of medical science is proper for her to use, but this has limitations which must be supplemented by the alleviating, ameliorating, soothing, confidence-restoring touch of the hand of religion. Of course, nobody wants the church to become merely a medical dispensary or a soup kitchen. She is more than that. Peter gave the lame man healing, but he also gave him a spiritual emancipation which set him to walking and leaping and praising God. It is the life, then, that strengthens the body without. It is not new arms or new legs or new eyes that humanity needs, so much as it is a new heart; and that is the offer which Christ makes through His church.

The World at Gaze.

The shop windows that attract most attention are those in which there is something moving. Any street faker who knows his business can get a crowd simply by doing things. When religion accomplishes real works, then the attention of mankind it attracted. Whenever Christianity sends a man or a community, healed and rejoicing, on his way, the world stands at gaze. A ministering church will never suffer from the indifference of its community.

One of the magazines told recently how a Catholic priest in a degenerate town in the coal regions had transformed the community into law-abiding and thrift. That incident attracted attention, not only through the adjacent region, but throughout the nation. The Baptist Commonwealth reported the other day the visit of a young Turk who, prior to the recent granting of constitutional government, had never been outside of Constantinople. As a devout Moslem, he would not go to a Christian church, but he was glad to spend Sunday morning in visiting a hospital. He said to his friend that he supposed that, after all the Christians who needed help had been cared for, then possibly the hospital would take in a Jew or a Turk. It was almost beyond his belief, when he found an Arab and a Turk in the hospital, no questions having been asked concerning their creed, and the men in receipt of the same treatment that was given to all other patients. That expression of Christianity moved him so deeply that when he left the hospital he stopped on the pavement, and in Mohammedan fashion, invoked the blessing of heaven upon such an institution. Incidents without number can be piled up from the mission field to show, similarily, that the Christlike ministry of the representatives of the Gospel challenges the attention and admiration of the most bigoted heathen. A ministering Christianity is a conquering Christianity.

New Ideas in Religion.

The excitement created by Peter's miracle when he healed the lame man caused the multitude to look to him for an explanation. They had never seen it on this wise before. Like many modern people, they were afraid of some new fashion in connection with the temple. Peter reassured them. It was simply the same God whom they had always known and worshipped, whose power had wrought the wonder. The God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob had chosen a new way of expressing himself. What that way was Peter explained as he presented to them Jesus.

It was a model sermon that Peter preached, especially in its happy linking of a great and general truth to an immediate incident. Much teaching and preaching misses the mark because it is not connected with life. It is possible to start from anywhere to go everywhere. Peter made the nearest event a text for preaching the one Gospel that was ever on his lips. A public speaker has been heard to say that he always reads the latest edition of the newspaper before going to the platform, and usually he finds some incident or event that will connect his main theme with the most recent present interest of his hearers. The lame man was merely a text and an illustration of the great message of Christianity, that God is revealing His love to mankind in new ways, and that he longs to serve and heal them.

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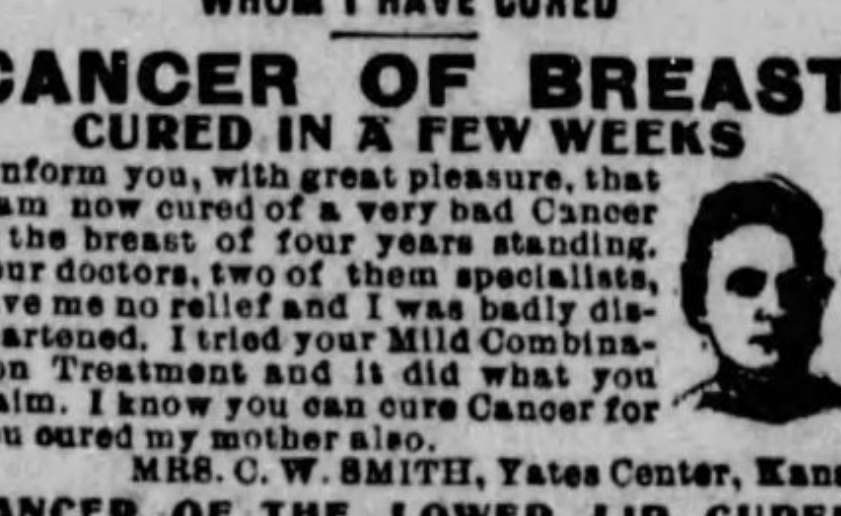

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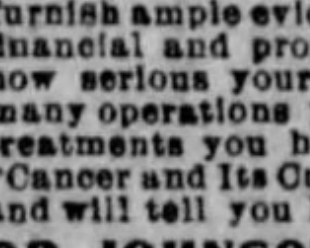

I suffered two years from cancer of lower lip. Tried everything. You cured me. I was discouraged for a long time, but when you cured Mr. Donnell, our postmaster, I decided you could cure me. You undoubtedly know your business. My advice to sufferers is to not wait, but commence your treatment at once.

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader of Farmstead kindly tell me how to prepare an asparagus bed and greatly oblige?—H., Portland, Ark.

Can any reader tell me how to tan horse and beef hides to use for leather? —M., Norton, O.

BUDDING PEACH TREES

In answer to H., Bureau, Ill., who is in search of information in reference to budding peach trees I will say that I put the peach pits in a hole in the ground and cover them up. This I do in the fall; the next spring I dig them up and those that have sprouted I plant in a row about a foot apart. In the following September, in the full of the moon, I proceed to bud them by slitting the bark lengthwise and crosswise, introduce the bud and fasten it by tying it with woolen yarn that has been raveled out of an old stocking leg, put it twice around before tying. The budding should be done on the south side. When you transplant them keep them in the same position, as regards north and south. The budding must be done before the moon begins to wane, as the bark sets up very quickly at this time of the year.—L., Masonville, N. Y.

MACARONI WHEAT

L. B., Lockport, Ill.: macaroni wheat is a spring variety. It grows quite extensively in North Dakota and yields as much or more than other kinds. It has a very hard kernel and would not be good to feed hogs unless ground. It is excellent for chickens. It has a long, slim kernel and a bearded head. Its common value is always a few cents less than other varieties. Taken alone it does not make a high grade of flour, the color being of a faint amber hue. It is largely mixed with other kinds for milling, but I have known families to use it exclusively, and it makes good, wholesome bread. Cannot tell how it would be in northern Illinois.—T., West Concord, Minn.

B., Lockport, Ill.: I have tried macaroni wheat on my farm, near Dayton, O., and have harvested as high as seventeen bushels per acre, but I do not think I gave it a fair test. Am satisfied it could be successfully raised in any part of the United States.—B., New Madison, O.

SCALY LEGS

Somebody asked for a remedy for scaly legs in fowls. Here it is: Mix coal oil and lard, equal portions, and bathe the legs and feet every few days, till the legs are smooth. I have tested this treatment and found it all I could wish.—B., Leavenworth, Kas.

THE ROUP

W., Plainview, Texas.: Your chickens have roup, which is a neglected cold that is brought about by roosting in damp quarters, cold draughts of air passing over them in their sleeping apartments, sleeping in brood coops on the ground where they are packed so close as to overheat so that when exposed to the cold in the early morning a severe cold is the result. If a remedy is not speedily applied and the cause removed roup will invariably follow. For colds nothing is better than kerosene oil. Bathe the head, pour some into the nostrils and mouth; repeat next day if necessary. For roup open fowl's mouth and with a small glass syringe insert into the throat as far as possible, a little finely pulverized alum.

Anoint the swollen parts with vaseline, also insert some of the vaseline into the nostrils with a small feather. Feed a liberal supply of bread and milk well seasoned with pepper. To one teaspoonful of soft food, such as bread or meal, mix one teaspoonful of castor oil; keep them in a dry, warm place. This will also answer.—L., Cambridge Springs, Pa.

THE MILKROOM

The room in which milk is kept in winter should not be allowed to get cold enough to freeze the milk and cream, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. A low temperature will do no injury to skimmed milk, yet it will injure cream in making it difficult to churn. Bacteria cause the ripening of cream, and they can grow and do their work only when the temperature of the room in which the cream is kept is mild. If the temperature rises too high harmful results follow.

The milk and cream house and room should be constructed on the most careful plan, with nonconducting walls, provision for ventilation, and means for maintaining a fairly mild and even temperature. The milkroom which is built so as to be mild in winter without artificial heat, will be cool in summer. If walls and ceilings are double and well lined with heavy paper or the spaces filled in with sawdust so that the room is frost proof, a small oil stove, or even a common lamp or lantern, will create a temperate atmosphere.

Where butter is made at home there is usually difficulty in handling the cream. In real cold weather ripening is checked, which not only makes churning tedious, but the quality of the butter is impaired. Instead of it being yellow and of high flavor it is white and tasteless. A room with mild and even temperature for keeping the cream will correct the evil.

WASTING FOOD

It is unprofitable to feed poultry and not get returns from the food and labor, but in all cases the fault is with the poultryman, not the birds. There are as many cases in which a flock is ruined by overkindness as there are with neglect. Too much food is wasted and a large quantity of expensive material is given the fowls from which no benefit is derived. The cheapest kind of food is that which brings the best results, says the St. Louis Weekly Star.

One must feed different kinds of food and change every day or two, so as to afford a variety; and if eggs are desired, the poultryman must feed for eggs, and not for fat. Bone meal, lean meat, green cut bone, table scraps, cut clover and a certain amount of grit are all elements necessary for the production of eggs.

There are many vegetables on the farm which are not salable, and are unfit for the farmer's table, which will be highly relished by the fowls, but if not made use of for them will be wasted. These are imperfect heads of cabbage, small potatoes, knotty carrots, turnips, etc., The cabbage may be thrown in the yard green, but the others must be cooked.

Too much corn is not good for poultry, unless they are to be made fat for market. Keep the fowls in warm houses, give them plenty of sunshine and a range and give them all the fresh water they can drink. Warm the water before putting it in the vessels, as a great many diseases are brought on by the fowls becoming chilled.

There are many ways of feeding poultry and not getting anything from the food, and these are through wasting, and overfeeding the fowls, causing the hens to become fat and out of condition, when they will cease to lay and also make them liable to all kinds of diseases. Kindness in overfeeding is one of the greatest difficulties to be encountered, for when a poultryman is fond of his fowls, which he should be, it is hard for him to understand that too little instead of too much will keep the fowls in better condition.

CONCRETE WALKS

With the cheapness of material and the ease with which they can be made, every farm ought to be equipped with concrete walks from the dwelling to the barn and all other outbuildings. In real wet weather in winter, when mud and slush are shoe mouth deep, one is willing to walk on a two by four scantling or even a crooked rail fence, in order to keep out of the mud.

Many farmers lay down narrow boards or wooden slabs from the house to the barn, and they are fairly good as long as they last, but they have several decided objections. Walking on a six-inch plank beats walking in the water and mud, but when the ground becomes very soft these single plank walks sink into the soft mud and become useless in places. Also, being of wood, thin and light, they soon get out of line, decay in places, and as a rule become useless after the first year's service.

An acquaintance of the writer has narrow concrete walks only fourteen inches wide from his back door to the barn, smokehouse, poultry house, well, and all places of daily use. These narrow walks are built right on top of the ground and are but three inches thick. They have no filling under them and hence need no drainage. Freezing does not injure them. They are very serviceable and, being small, were built with small cost.

Where the barn is located at a considerable distance from the dwelling house, a walk even of twelve inches wide is very serviceable. Such narrow walk should be raised two or three inches above the surface of the ground, so that water, snow, or mud would not easily collect upon it. Where it had to be crossed by team and wagon it could be made thicker and provided with sloping concrete approaches on either side. Where it terminates at the barn or other buildings a wide concrete platform can be built, so that opening and closing of doors can be done without having to step on the ground.

Concrete walks can be made on mild days in winter without injury to the concrete, providing the work is covered against freezing. This covering may consist of straw, sawdust, or stable manure, preferably that from the horse stables, as that generates heat, and hence less quantity need be used. To prevent the manure staining the concrete work, if that be an objection, first place on a layer of straw and then the stable manure over this. New concrete should always be covered at night after work in winter, even though the weather is mild. A change might come before morning, or before it hardens, and injury result. In south central and southern states concrete walks may safely be built at all times in the winter, except when the temperature is very low, by using warm water for mixing and covering the work as fast as it is completed.—Chicago Inter Ocean and Farmer.

STABLING IN WINTER

Where a number of horses are kept upon the farm during the winter that have but very little work to do it is a disputed question as to whether or not they should be stabled continually. Some farmers make a practice of turning all their horses out of doors during the night and claim that they are hardier and stronger because of such usage. On the other hand, others will allow them to run out of doors all day and house them closely during the night. There are objections to both systems, and it would seem that a happy medium between the two would prove most satisfactory. It must be remembered that the horses should have plenty of fresh air and exercise and that they will withstand cold beter than close confinement in illy ventilated stables. We suggest to the farmer who has mares that are to foal in the spring that they be allowed to take their exercise in the daytime and that they be stabled in well ventilated stalls during the night. If such horses are allowed outside all night some accidents are liable to occur that could easily be prevented in the daytime. Trouble is sometimes experienced from having strange dogs chase the horses and this is especially dangerous if the ground is at all slippery. Many cases of abortion or other injury could undoubtedly be traced to this source. When a number of young horses are being kept on the place the best means of housing is to allow them access to an open shed which faces the south. This will give them protection from the cold winds, but at the same time will allow them to take plenty of exercise and receive plenty of fresh air.

DRY FARMING

St. Louis Weekly Star.

Glowing reports are being made about the success of dry farming in the semi-arid regions. New Mexico has added more new postoffices to its list during the year than any other state or territory, and in regions where rational "dry farming" methods have been adhered to the new settlers are uniformly prosperous. This year's experience, in fact, has demonstrated beyond question the full efficacy of the new system of dry farming. Wherever it has been tried the results have been good, in spite of a drouth of almost unprecedented length and severity. It can no longer be predicted that "when a dry year comes the Campbell system will fail." The dry year is here, and the scientific farmers are reaping record crops. The result will be a p nomenal development in New Me Arizona and other regions in the se arid region within the next decade.

From New Mexico and Arizona h come widespread complaints of dam to crops and loss of live stock on count of the protracted drouth. Th sands of sheep have died of thirst the ranges, and many inexperien "dry farmers" have learned the co lesson that farming in the semi-a lands demands very different meth from those practiced in the older ag cultural communities. In one week July more than 1,000 farmers wh crops have been almost ruined by drouth secured leave of absence f their homesteads and went to Kan to obtain work as harvest hands in wheat fields. Moreover, practically of these will return when the Kan wheat harvest is over, and hereaf it is safe to say, they will put in pr tice methods better suited to succes plains farming. The drouth in N Mexico and Arizona has now b broken, and no further loss or suff ing is anticipated. In spite of th difficulties the influx of homestead into both the southwestern territor continues to grow in volume. Louis Weekly Star.

CURE FOR HOG MALADIE

Rheumatism, paralysis, blind stag thumps and scours as well as worms some of the things which afflict pigs. English swine raiser says it is useles use more than one medicine, no ma what the disease. His cure-all is n ing more than fresh new milk and turp tine. For a young pig, say six weeks administer a teaspoonful of turpentine say, half a pint of milk. Unless the is sick it will readily drink this. If sick to drink, it must be administe with a spoon. An older pig, howe will seldom refuse new milk, even w a tablespoonful is given in a quart more. Grade the dose from a teaspo ful at six weeks to a tablespoonful more for a mature hog.

OPEN FRONT HENHOUSE

There are a number of advocates of t open front henhouse. The adheren claim that the plan gives greater li and ventilation for the fowls than other mode of construction. With open front the house of course is c at nights, and in cold climates to keep fowls warm on the roosts a drop curt is provided to lower when the tempe ture is very low.

Chickens need an abundance of air direct sunlight for health and laying. T open front henhouse will give these, it has other objections. With the o front rain and snow can easily enter house when the storm is in that direct and moisture in the poultry house often do more damage than the e air and light will do good. Also in winter when the wind is in the right rection it will blow into the house mak it uncomfortably cool for the chick The drop curtain will protect at nig but its use necessitates regular e labor.

We prefer a henhouse with south openings, but the front closed with large number of glass windows. The jection to glass is that it allows the ho to chill rapidly on cold nights, but cold climates curtains to the windo will prevent this, and we think they better than the drop curtains immediat in front of the fowls, which, of necessi must make their sleeping quarters m or less close.

FREE TO FARMERS

By special arrangement Ratekin's big seed catalogue, with a sample of "Diamond J Big White" seed corn that made 153 bushels acre, will be mailed free to every reader of paper who are interested in the crops they gr This big book tells how to make the farm garden pay. It's worth dollars to all who pl or sow. Write for it and mention this pa The address is Ratekin's Seed House, She doah, Ia.

In Praise of Gravy.

New York Mail.

Every gravy has its merits and i partisans. We profess a prejudice i favor of a gravy thickened up wit milk and flour, although a childhood memory of plain, unadorned ham gravy trickled over the surface of buckwheat cakes already swimming in maple syrup, comes back to us with almost poignant sweetness. The best single dish of gravy we ever ate had dried beef as its basis, and was made with plenty of milk still warm from the cow; it happened on a morning in camp in the valley of an Ohio creek, after a torrential night's rain which had driven the party to seek higher ground. Well made beef gravy poured over bread or potatoes mashed in cream is also a powerful argument against ascetic living; somehow it makes one think of Sunday dinners anywhere in the sphere of Pennsylvania German influence which reaches straight west from Lancaster clear to the Mississippi river in a belt as broad as the smile of a Dutch farmer.

The gravy dish is no mere extra o the table of humble plenty. It has i philosophy—the philosophy of the hor d'oeuvre. The French housewife be gins the meal with a sardine, a stri of salt fish, an olive or a dab of chow chow, because it stimulates the appe tite and the diner proceeds to fill u on bread; when the more expensi meat comes along, he is unable to d much damage to it. In like manne every housewife who has three or fo children should learn how to mak good gravy—and if possible, good ap ple butter also. These things, spre on slices of bread and on potatoes, a so appetizing and filling that t youngsters largely prefer them to me with results fortunate to both the fa ily physique and purse.

A Farewell to the Gun.

Emerson Hough, in Outing Magazi

If one cannot carry a gun withou feeling self-conscious it is far bette that one do not carry a gun. Perhap it will be still better for the averag man not to carry a gun at all, self-con scious or not. Disillusionizing as th latter counsel is to the weapon-lovin Americans, it is the best advice in th world to follow today if one is lookin for a steady job, even at punching co There are a few sections of the w where a man may now and then ne a gun and need it bad; but the indu trial waste, measured in foot-pound of packing a six-shooter in provisi against that time is too great to w rant the expenditure of energy r quired. The inducements lessen ev year. The rustlers are mostly in state legislatures now, and the bad m are playing harps. The coyotes a being worked off by experts, and th prairie dogs are scientifically exter nated by specialists from agricultu colleges. The average cow-horse nowadays apt to be three parts Am ican, and frequently too amiable pitch; and if he does not drag his r by the foot there is no reason why rider should shoot him. The "Bar man is, likely enough, from Harva and maybe drinks kumyss and is pl gentle. Even that great nat enemy of the western cow-puncher, fretful tin can, is less abundant t of yore, and is oftentimes day-wra gled by the cook into a pile in back yard. Alas! that these thi should be. Alas! that glory sho so swiftly fade. Yet true it is in these modern days salaries a not cut wide enough to cover chu and ammunition both. In art, co merce, and polite society today, ea or west, the sandbag is mightier th the gun.

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*Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

HER MOTHER-IN-LAW

Proved a Wise, Good Friend.

A young woman out in Ia. found a wise, good friend in her mother-in-law, jokes notwithstanding. She writes:

"It is two years since we began using Postum in our house. I was greatly troubled with my stomach, complexion me it was the coffee I drank at meals. I often suffered sharp pains and would have to lie down. My mother often told me it was the coffee I drank at meals. But when I'd quit coffee I'd have a severe headache.

"While visiting my mother-in-law I remarked that she always made such good coffee and asked her to tell me how. She laughed and told me it was easy to make good 'coffee' when you use Postum.

"I began to use Postum as soon as I got home, and now we have the same good 'coffee' (Postum) every day, and I have no more trouble. Indigestion is a thing of the past, and my complexion has cleared up beautifully.

"My grandmother suffered a great deal with her stomach. Her doctor told her to leave off coffee. She then took tea but that was just as bad.

"She finally was induced to try Postum which she has used for over a year. She traveled during the winter over the greater part of Iowa, visiting, something she had not been able to do for years. She says she owes her present good health to Postum."

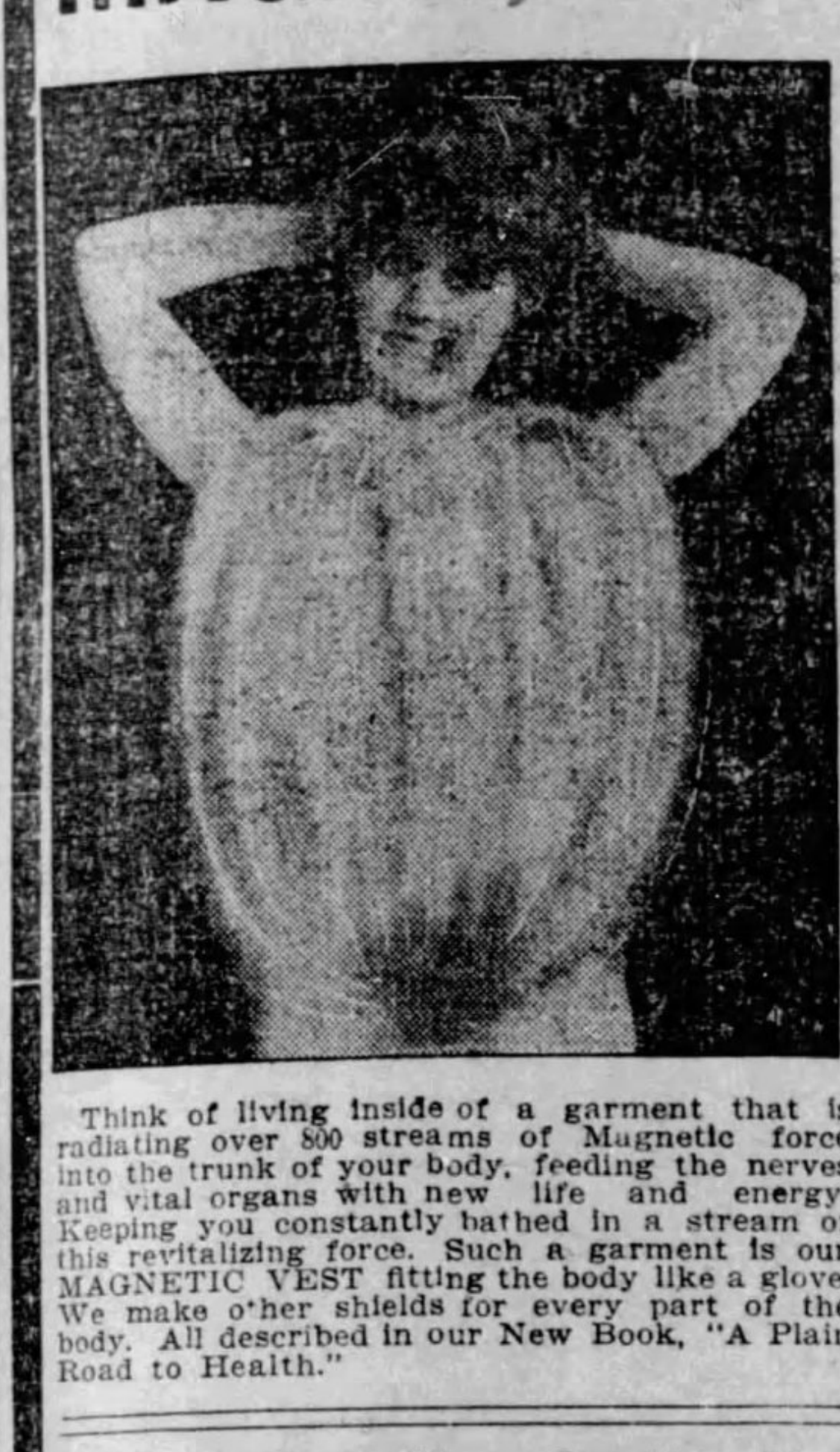
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SALESMEN WANTED!

Be a high grade Traveling Salesman and earn from $1,000 to $10,000 a year and expenses. We will prepare you by mail in 8 weeks to be one and assist you to secure a good position. Hundreds of our graduates now holding good positions we secured for them, with reliable firms. Many who had no former experience now earn $100 to $500 monthly and expenses. If you want to secure a good position and increase your earnings our Free Book, "A Knight of the Grip" will show you how. Send for it today. Address nearest office. Dept. 174, NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.

MAGNETIC SHIELDS CURE DISEASE



Think of living inside of a garment that is radiating over 800 streams of Magnetic force into the trunk of your body, feeding the nerves and vital organs with new life and energy. Keeping you constantly bathed in a stream of this revitalizing force. Such a garment is our MAGNETIC VEST fitting the body like a glove. We make other shields for every part of the body. All described in our New Book, "A Plain Road to Health."

THEY MAKE THE BLOOD CIRCULATE—THEY GIVE HEALTH AND STRENGTH

WE PROVE IT!

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT. WE FURNISH YOU ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU WANT. WE PROVE IT NOT ONLY IN FIFTY OR A HUNDRED CASES, BUT IN THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF CASES, WHERE MAGNETIC SHIELDS HAVE CURED PARALYSIS, KIDNEY DISEASE, STOMACH TROUBLE, LIVER AND BOWEL TROUBLE, DIABETES HEART DISEASE, SPINAL DISEASE, RHEUMATISM, FITS, WEAK CIRCULATION, DELUSIONS, MELANCHOLIA, NERVOUS DISEASES AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER TROUBLES THAT MEDICINE HAD FAILED TO CURE.

ALL WE ASK IS FOR YOU TO SEND US A FULL DESCRIPTION OF YOUR CASE, AND WE WILL WRITE YOU AND ADVISE YOU FULLY ALL ABOUT IT, TELLING WHAT CAN BE DONE, AND HOW IT CAN BE DONE.

INVESTIGATE OUR CLAIMS—IT MEANS HEALTH AND STRENGTH FOR YOU. IT IS A DUTY YOU OWE YOURSELF, AND IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO MAKE A THOROUGH INQUIRY AND INVESTIGATION. OUR BOOK, "A PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH," IS FREE TO ALL WHO SEND STATEMENTS OF THEIR CASES.

Read the Truth More Forcibly Given in These Letters than any Statement We Could Make

Catarrh of Stomach and Bowels and Bordering on Paralysis Completely Cured After All Hope of Cure Had Been Given Up.

Jan. 16, 1906.

For the benefit of the sick and suffering I wish to make the following statement:

I had been afflicted with catarrh of the stomach and bowels and general disability, bordering on paralysis, for the past fifteen years. For two years I lived altogether on fresh fish and dry bread and milk. After a while I had to quit fish, and for three months I lived on toasted bread and milk, and kept getting worse until I had to quit work, having no strength left. Myself and friends thought that my time in this world was short, having all this time been in the hands of at least twelve doctors, some noted specialists, and the doctors all diagnosed my case as catarrh of the bowels and stomach. After I had given up all hope of getting well again, a friend of mine who had taken Dr. Thacher's treatment, advised me to consult the doctor. I wrote him and he advised me he would greatly benefit me. I made up my mind to make one more effort and give him a trial, and the result was that today I am as well and sound as ever I was, am attending to my business, which requires from sixteen to twenty hours a day, I eat anything that is set before me, having perfect digestion, and I think Dr. Thacher's treatment is a blessing to suffering humanity, and would advise persons with chronic diseases to consult him, as I honestly believe he can do for others what he has done for me. Very truly,

J. Y. KECK, 17 E. Third St., Pottstown, Pa.

A Wonderful Cure of Spinal Disease—Helpless for Many Years—Now Completely Restored.

Dear Doctor Thacher:—My experience has convinced me that there is no other healing agent like Magnetic Shields. I used them for spinal trouble and the Shields did the work of lifting me from a chronic invalid to a well and busy woman, at the same time reducing my weight from 250 pounds to 180 pounds.

Obey nature's laws, wear Dr. Tracher's Shields, and you do not need to be sick. May the light of truth dawn on the intelligent minds and teach them the way to be healthy and happy. May God's blessing rest on your good work.

Very truly yours,
MISS ADA DICKINSON, Farmdale, Ohio.

We have thousands of such letters, every one a voluntary statement, showing the gratitude of those who have been cured by Magnetic Shields after their cases had been given up as incurable. Do not give up hope; your case is no worse than others that have been cured. Write us today, and let us give you free advice that will be of great value to you. We will advise you the same as if you called at our office and saw us in person.

If you must see with your own eyes and must have proof on your own body before you can believe,

Try These Foot Warmers They Will Convince You

They will convince the most doubting skeptic that MAGNETIC SHIELDS MAKE THE BLOOD CIRCULATE. They are regular little blood pumpers. They do what all the medicine on earth cannot do. They WARM THE FEET and keep them warm. They are the greatest comfort and luxury of modern days, though they are the smallest MAGNETIC SHIELDS WE MAKE. The Single Power FOOT BATTERIES are $1.00 a pair, or three pairs for $2.00, and the Compound, or Double Power FOOT BATTERIES are $2.00 a pair, or three pairs for $4.00, postage paid. Send size of shoe when ordering FOOT BATTERIES.

Thacher Magnetic Shield Co., Suite 264, 169 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THROUGH A SIDE WINDOW

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

The Dreamer chose the back room because it was apart from the rest of the house and gave him the sense of isolation he enjoyed. The Dreamer was not an unsociable man, though he spent most of his life with his books and his thoughts for company. He did not shun human society, but he liked to slip away by himself into his kingdom of one room, where he was surrounded by objects dear to him from long possession.

It was an effort for the Dreamer to move from the place which for years he had called home. It was an old house that had once been a pretentious residence, but it shared the fate of most old houses in a growing city, when they stand in the way of business progress. When he learned it was to be abandoned and torn down, it was a real grief to the Dreamer. It mattered not to him that it lacked modern improvements and had fallen into disrepair. He was attached to the place, and it suited him to live there. He did not leave until the roof was being torn away; then he set himself to the distasteful task of moving, and transferred his belongings to a house in another part of the city where he arranged them in the back room he had chosen. It was a cheery sort of a back room. It had the western sunshine and its walls were covered with a light paper, whose pattern was a riot of large pink roses. The Dreamer frowned a little at this paper. It was not an effective background for his pictures, but after all, the furnishings of a room did not affect him particularly, so long as they were kept clean and in order.

One of his pictures was a portrait in black and white of Bismarck, dressed as a civilian, and wearing a wide brimmed hat. Bismarck's stern, strong face, and impenetrable eyes did not accord with floral decorations, and the Dreamer smiled at the incongruity when he hung him up amid the roses. Bismarck had come to him from a friend who was a German and a staunch admirer of the chancellor. The Dreamer rather liked him because he was so decided a contrast to the gentle character of his other pictures.

The house in which the Dreamer lived stood close to its neighbor on one side. The windows faced, and at night when the lights were on, if the shades were raised, one could see from the rooms of one house into those of the other. The Dreamer did not quite approve when he made this discovery. Having a side window so closely neighbored seemed to rob him of his privacy, and he decided that when he was in his room this window should be always curtained. Feeling sure he should never spy upon his neighbors, it did not matter to him how they conducted their windows.

He had been in his new quarters for several days before he noticed who lived in the opposite room. It was in the early dark of a fall evening, after a warm day which had been like the return of summer. His windows were open, and his attention was attracted by the sound of a woman's singing coming through the open windows of the house next door. The singing was so near that he could hear the words distinctly, though the tones of the voice were soft and low. The song came from the opposite room, where the light, though dim, was sufficient to show him its occupants.

A young woman was sitting in a rocking chair, swaying it to and fro, and holding in her arms a child she was hushing to sleep. They made a pretty picture, and the Dreamer thought he had never heard a sweeter cradle song than the old tune she was singing. Over and over she crooned:

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear an old gray coat,
All buttoned up before."

"Sonny, you must go to sleep," he heard her say, when the little one suddenly interrupted her song by sitting up very straight and looking at his mother out of wide-open bright eyes, in which there were no signs of slumber.

Sonny was evidently in a docile mood, and, after patting his mother's cheek with the soft pink palm of his baby hand, he obediently laid his head against her shoulder. Apparently it suited him to be rocked and told that Old Grimes was dead, and he kept very quiet. The Dreamer heard the song gradually trail away into silence, and as gradually the young woman ceased swaying her chair. Sonny had gone to sleep. She gathered him up in her arms and carried him to a part of the room the Dreamer could not see. With the vanishing of the picture that absorbed him, the Dreamer came to himself and felt he had taken an unwarranted liberty in watching a scene not intended for his eyes. He pulled down the shade of his side window with a vigorous jerk and turned away, resolving never again to be guilty of such unmannerly behavior.

When his room was lighted his glance happened to meet the eyes of Bismarck. He fancied they gazed at him scornfully.

"I suppose you think it's small business for a man to be watching his neighbor," he said guiltily, "but that's a fine little chap over there," he went on, as if seeking an excuse for his intrusion.

Like many of those who are much alone, the Dreamer had fallen into the habit of sometimes talking to himself.

The next morning he kept the shade of his side window lowered until he was ready to leave his room. He had opened the door but he turned back to raise the shade. He was glad he obeyed his impulse, for there was Sonny, still in his night clothes, standing close to the window and busily engaged in putting a toy horse through its paces. He looked inquiringly across the space dividing the two houses when he heard the Dreamer at the window, and seeing him there, he smiled an engaging friendly smile. The Dreamer waved his hand. Sonny waved his in return. The Dreamer said, "Good morning." Sonny, tense with excitement at having found a new acquaintance, broke into a gurgle of laughter and threw himself back so violently that he lost his balance and sat down on the floor. The Dreamer waited until Sonny's head reappeared above the window ledge, then he waved his hand and repeated his "good morning," whereupon Sonny held out his toy horse and wanted it admired. At this moment, Sonny's mother came to her window. The Dreamer quickly stepped aside from his and went out of his room, closing the door softly, as if wishing to escape detection.

After this, he continued his acquaintance with Sonny, surreptitiously. He watched and waited for him to be at the window in the morning, and when he came there were hand wavings, and nods, and smiles and much showing off of infantile accomplishments on the part of Sonny. The child had learned the use of his feet, but as yet he was not a fluent talker, so his conversations with the Dreamer were conducted in the language of signs and smiles.

If Sonny did not come to the window in the morning the Dreamer was troubled, fearing he might be ill, and he went away feeling that the day was not well begun. In the evening, when he returned to his room, he sat in the dark and shamelessly watched the life going on through the opposite window, until its shade was drawn, and his gaze was excluded. He discovered that Sonny was especially wide awake and active when his bedtime was approaching. He had so many things to do, they kept him constantly trotting around the room, and he never seemed to come to a stopping place. Every night his mother had to capture him against his will. Even when sleep drooped his eyelids, his arms and legs were rebellious, and resisted being undressed.

There was one thing about Sonny; he was seldom fretful. When his night clothes were on he submitted to the inevitable with good grace and became in his mother's arms just a little "cuddly" baby.

Night after night, the Dreamer sat in his dark room watching the good-night play and listening to the sweet voice of the young woman singing the old Grimes song. He wondered who she was and what were her circumstances. He had never seen any other in the room except Sonny and his mother, and he was too reserved to ask questions of those who might have given him information. He preferred to dream about them and to fit them to different stories.

One time he went out of the city and was gone for several days. When he returned to his room, he went at once to the side window in hopes of seeing Sonny. The child was not there. The lace curtains were gone from the window, and it had an unused, deserted look, as if the room behind it were forsaken. It was morning then and the Dreamer hoped that when night came things would be as they were before. At night the window was dark and faced his blankly, as if it had gone blind. It continued to be dark for so many nights the Dreamer was forced to think Sonny and his mother had moved away.

They never came back, and now, at nightfall, the Dreamer sits in his room with the lights turned on and the shade drawn down at the side window. There is something gone from his life which he misses sorely. He reads a good deal, but sometimes he forgets his books and sits thinking and thinking. Once in a while he sighs, though not often. He fancies Bismarck's stern eyes are watching and are scornful.

Dog Saved Family.

New York American.

Members of the family of Charles Hess, of 40 Eastern avenue, New Brunswick, N. J., believe they owe their lives to the sagacity of Topsy, a diminutive fox terrier.

About 2 a. m. Wednesday, Charles Hess, Jr., who was sleeping in the front of the house, was awakened by the barking of the dog in his room. He threw a shoe at the intruder, and finally got out of bed and ejected the dog from his room.

Topsy continued to bark, and eventually found her way into Mrs. Hess' room. So persistent was the dog that Mrs. Hess arose. Going downstairs she was horrified to find the rooms reeking with escaping gas from a wide-open jet in the kitchen stove. None of the family felt any ill effects from their narrow escapes, but all considered themselves lucky that the dog discovered the leak.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

GOVERNMENT OF MEXICO

Will you tell something concerning the government of Mexico?—W. A. H., Clinton, Mich.

Mexico is a federal republic modeled on the United States, its states being internally supreme. The president is elected every four years by electors who are mere registrars as with our electors. There is no vice president, temporary absences or disabilities are filled by the secretary of state. For permanent ones congress elects a provisional president till an election can be held. The legislative body is composed of a senate and a chamber of deputies. Two senators are elected from each state for a term of four years; one-half of them are chosen every two. The deputies are indirectly elected, one for every 40,000 inhabitants or fraction over 20,000. Their term is two years, and each has an alternate.

NEW MEXICO

Please tell something of the agricultural products and climate of New Mexico.—A. L. C., Greenview, W. Va.

The agricultural products of New Mexico are corn, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, forage, beans, peas, onions and orchard fruits. The climate of New Mexico is very dry and healthful. The greatest rainfall occurs between May and August, the least between February and April. The prevailing winds are southwest, west, southeast and east. The summer temperature is sometimes high, especially in the southern part, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere the heat is never oppressive and the nights are always cool.

CEMENTS

Will the Question Bureau tell how to make a cement to mend china and earthenware?—B. S., Cherry Creek, N. Y.

A good process for mending broken glass, china or earthenware is to dissolve shellac in alcohol until it is about the consistency of molasses. Take a piece of wood or brush and touch the edges of the broken ware. It will stand every contingency, except a heat equal to boiling water. Another method is to mix some egg and lime. Apply this quickly to the edges and place firmly together. It will soon become set and strong. You must be careful to mix only a small quantity at once, as it hardens very soon, so that it cannot be used.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Will you give a short sketch of the life of Helen H. Jackson? Where was Michigan.—O. J. V., Moultrie, O.

Helen Maria Fiske was the daughter of Prof. N. W. Fiske, of Amherst college. She was born in Amherst, Mass., Oct. 18, 1831, and died in San Francisco, August 12, 1885. In October, 1852, she was married to Capt. Edward B. Hunt, an officer of the engineer corps of the regular army. He was killed while experimenting with a submarine battery, at the navy yard in Brooklyn, in 1863. Mrs. Hunt became known as a writer over the signature "H. H." In 1875 she married William S. Jackson, and spent much of her time theafter in Colorado Springs, where her husband was a banker. She became actively interested in the treatment of the Indians by the United States government, and strove to better their condition. In 1883 she was appointed special commissioner to examine into the condition of the Mission Indians in California, and while thus engaged she studied the history of the early Spanish missions. From her deathbed she wrote a pathetic appeal to the President with reference to "righting the wrongs of the Indian race." She was buried near the summit of Cheyenne mountain, four miles from Colorado Springs, in a place of her own choosing, but the reckless vandalism of tourists were such that the body was removed to a grave in Evergreen cemetery, Colorado Springs, where it now rests.

DETROIT

Please give a history of Detroit, Michigan.—O. J. V., Moultri, O.

Detroit was first visited by the white man about 1655, and the first map of the region was published in 1656. The first settlement was made in 1701, by Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac. He built Fort Pontchartrain and settled it with fifty soldiers and fifty colonists. At the close of the French and Indian war, about 1760, Major Robert Rogers took the place from the French commandant, Captain Beletre. In 1763 Pontiac besieged Detroit for several months, but was driven off by a British force sent to relieve Major Gladwyn. In 1778 there were 300 inhabitants living, mostly in log cabins. In 1802 Detroit was incorporated as a town, but in 1805 was obliterated by fire except two buildings. It was rebuilt and became the capital of Michigan Territory. In the war of 1812 William Hull surrendered it to the British under Isaac Brock on threat of a general massacre of the inhabitants by Brock's Indians. The British evacuated the next year and the Americans reoccupied it. It was incorporated as a village in 1815 and as a city in 1824. It remained capital of the territory until 1837, when Michigan became a state; then of the new state until 1847.

CALIFORNIA

Please tell something of the soil and products of California.—C. P., Daylight, Tenn.

In the lower valleys of California there are alluvial soils. Along the foothills the soil is mostly gravel. These gravel beds are rich in all the elements of plant food. Some of the finest oranges and other citrus fruits come from this soil. Wheat, barley, wool, grapes and other fruit, wine, brandy, honey and timber are some of the important products of California.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE

Will you tell something of the purchase of Louisiana?—R. U. D., Pearl, W. Va.

The province of Louisiana was purchased by the United States from France for the sum of $15,000,000, April 30, 1803. The area of the land was 875,000 square miles. Its limits extend from the Mississippi river on the east (including the New Orleans district east of the Mississippi) to the main divide of the Rocky mountains, and to the Arkansas, the Red and the Sabine rivers on the west; and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian line. President Jefferson wanted the city of New Orleans so that he could control the mouth of the Mississippi on the east side. He even offered to guarantee to Napoleon all the territory west of the Mississippi if this inducement became necessary in order to get the town. But Napoleon was engaged in warfare and needed funds. Therefore all the land was sold to the United States. The states lying within the boundaries of this purchase are Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Oklahoma.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Will you please tell all you can of St. Valentine's Day?"—E. R., Hillsdale, Mich.

St. Valentine's Day is on the 14th of February. It is called after a Christian martyr of the Roman period. The custom of exchanging missives of love and affection was handed down from the Roman festival of Supercalia, celebrated in February, when the names of young women were put into a box and drawn out by the young men as chance directed. For many centuries St. Valentine's Eve has been celebrated in a manner similar to the fashion of the Romans. The sending of valentines through the mails is an outgrowth of this custom.

GEO. B. M'CLELLAN

Will you please give a sketch of George B. McClellan?—H. H. B., Stroh, Ind.

George Brinton McClellan was born December 3, 1826, and died October 29, 1885. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania and at West Point, from where he graduated in 1846. He was in service during the Mexican war. Following this war he was engaged as instructor in the Military academy. McClellan was connected with the Illinois Central railroad for a while. At the beginning of the civil war he was appointed major general. After the battle of Bull Run he returned to Washington. In August, 1861, McClellan became commander of the Army of the Potomac, and in November he succeeded General Scott as commander-in-chief. There was friction between the authorities at Washington and himself which led to disappointments in his achievements against the enemy. He commanded through the Peninsula campaign, but was relieved, though afterwards appointed September 7, 1862. He commanded the Antietam campaign. On November 7 he was removed and placed on waiting orders. In 1864 McClellan resigned from the army, running for President the same year on the Democratic ticket. He received 21 electoral votes. From 1878 to 1881 McClellan was governor of New Jersey.

EXTRADITION.

Please explain extradition. With how many countries has the United States extradition treaties?—C. A. G., Boone, N. C.

Extradition is the surrender of a criminal who has escaped from the territory of one country and has taken refuge in the territory of another country. The United States has extradition treaties with some 24 countries. Some of the crimes for which they are surrendered are persons charged with robbery, burglary, arson, rape, embezzelment, and the making and circulation of counterfeit money. In order to justify a claim for extradition, it is necessary that the supreme political authority in the country where the crime has been committed has made a demand for the criminal's surrender; that an inquiry into the facts of the case has been made by a judge or United States commissioner, under the direction of the president, in cases where the demand comes to the United States government from abroad; that a complaint be made on oath before the judge or commissioner; that a warrant be issued by the judge or commissioner for the apprehension of the party charged; that the charge be supported by suitable evidence; that a certificate be sent to the president of the United States signed by the commissioner, and stating that the charges are sufficiently well grounded to warrant a surrender; that such certificate so satisfy the president that he grant the writ of surrender.

W. B. COCKRAN

Please give a sketch of Bourke Cockran?—C. C. Whitsett, N. C.

William Bourke Cockran, an American lawyer, was born in County Sligo, Ireland, February 28, 1854. In 1871 he came to America and began teaching school and studying for the bar. He soon became prominent as a lawyer, and entered actively into New York politics, his eloquence causing him to be much in demand as a Democratic public speaker. He was a member of congress from 1891 to 1895. In 1896 he refused to follow his party on the silver question, campaigned for McKinley and advocated the gold-standard in effective addresses. Cockran was re-elected in 1904 and 1906.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

What is meant by the Army of the Potomac? What generals were in command?—C. H. N., Tidioute, Pa.

The Army of the Potomac was a federal army which fought during the civil war in the Virginias. Four generals commanded it in succession. They were George B. McClellan, A. E. Burnside, Joseph Hooker and G. G. Meade. The latter was for part of the time under U. S. Grant.

BIG HORN RIVER

Please tell what you can of the Big Horn river in Wyoming?—C. W., Saline, Mo.

The Big Horn river is a river of Wyoming and Montana. It rises in the Rocky mountains near Fremont's Peak, and flows northeast into the Yellowstone. Along its course is some of the grandest mountain scenery in the world. It is navigable in its lower course, and has a total length of 400 miles. At its junction with the Little Big Horn is Fort Custer.

SHEEP SKINS

Will you please tell how to tan a goat or sheepskin?—S. R. F., Vevay, Ind.

A good method to tan sheep's skins is to wash the pelts in warm water and remove all the fleshy matter from the inner surface; then clean the wool with soft soap and wash clean. When the pelt is perfectly free from all oily and fatty mattr apply the following mixture to the flesh side: For each pelt take common salt and ground alum, ¼ pound each and ½ ounce of borax; dissolve the whole in one quart of hot water, and, when sufficiently cool to bear the hand, add rye meal to make it like thick paste, and spread the mixture on the flesh side of the pelt. Fold the pelt lengthwise, and let it remain two weeks in an airy and shady place; then remove the paste from the surface, wash and dry. When nearly dry scrape the flesh side with a crescent-shaped knife. The softness of the pelt depends much on the amount of the working it receives.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE

Please give a sketch of Charles J. Bonaparte. What relation is he to Napoleon?—E. P., Huntington, W. Va.

Charles Joseph Bonaparte was born at Baltimore, June 9, 1851. He is the son of Jerome Napoleon and Susan May (Williams) Bonaparte. He is the grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon I., and Elizabeth Patterson. In 1803 Jerome Bonaparte came to America and was married to the daughter of William Patterson. Napoleon bitterly opposed this marriage. A decree of divorce was finally issued by the imperial council. But by this marriage Jerome had a son, Jerome Napoleon. This son married a Miss Williams, of Baltimore. They had two sons, Jerome Napoleon and Charles Joseph. The latter was educated at Harvard college, graduating in 1871. In 1874 he was admitted to the bar, beginning to practice in Baltimore. Until 1905, when he was appointed secretary of the navy, he avoided all political prominence. On September 1, 1875, Bonaparte was married to Ellen Channing Day of Newport, Rhode Island. Mr. Bonaparte is now attorney-general in President Roosevelt's cabinet.

POMPEII.

Please give short history of Pompeii?—P. H. R., Burnhams, N. Y.

Pompeii was an ancient city of Italy, near the Gulf of Naples, and 12 miles southeast of Naples, lying on the southern base of Vesuvius, and important as being preserved almost intact to our time by a shower of ashes and pumice from Vesuvius, August 24, 79 A. D., which also covered Herculaneum. Strabo says that the city was founded by the Oscans. It was held by the Semnites from 420 B. C. to the end of the Semnite war in 290. Pompeii then became dependent on Rome, and two years later at the close of the Social war the city which had sided with the Italian allied forces was captured by Sulla, and was forced to cede a third of its territory for a Roman military colony. During the years that immediately followed the rich people of Rome visited it as a resort, it being near the sea. In 63 A. D. an earthquake nearly destroyed the city. It was rebuilt according to Roman architecture and not Greek. The eruption of Vesuvius destroyed it in 79 A. D. Few of the inhabitants escaped but the better class of buildings was scarcely injured by the fall of the ashes and pumice. The depth of this covering of ashes, pumice and earth now amounts to about 20 feet. On the site a village was built which was also destroyed in 472 by another eruption of Vesuvius. In 1748 valuable finds were made by a peasant while digging a well. In 1775 Charles III became interested and a few buildings were discovered but nothing systematic was then done for 50 years. Under Murat, from 1808 to 1815, the work of excavating was carried on systematically by the government. The streets are now nearly half exposed. The completion of the work may take 50 years more. Some fear that an eruption of Vesuvius might destroy all of this work.

Everything in the city at the time of the eruption has been preserved in a wonderful degree. The city is neither typical of Rome nor of Greece since it was subjected to Greek influence and hastily rebuilt after the earthquake of 63 A. D. according to Roman architecture. The city was an irregular oval, the length being east and west, surrounded by a wall with a circuit of little more than 2,925 yards, which is pierced by eight gates. At each gate there were sentry boxes. Dead bodies have been found in many of the houses. The streets are straight and narrow, and are paved with lava blocks. The streets are deeply worn with ruts. On the walls are many inscriptions. Many different buildings have been uncovered which stand in good condition. One house was in such a good condition that it was left standing instead of being carried to the Museum of Naples.

UNITED STATES NAVY

Will you please name the battleships in the United States navy? How many cruisers are there in the navy?—C. J., Norwalk, O.

The battleships of our navy are the Alabama, Connecticut, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kearsarge, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Vermont, Virginia and Wisconsin. The Delaware, Michigan and North Dakota are being constructed. The Florida and the Utah have not yet been contracted for. Ther are 8 armored cruisers, 5 first class cruisers, 7 second clas cruisers, and 16 third class cruisers in the navy.

EDWARD TIFFIN

Will you please give a sketch of Edward TiffinZ—R. N., West Union, O.

Edward Tiffin, the first governor of Ohio under the state constitution, was born in Carlisle, England, June 19, 1766, and died August 9, 1829. When young Tiffin was 18 years of age his family came to America. He studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. He began practicing in Charleston, Va., in 1786. In 1796 Tiffin went to Chillicothe, O., where there were few settlers at that time. In 1799 he was unanimously chosen speaker of the territorial legislature at Cincinnati. He represented Ross county in the constitutional convention of which he became president, and on the conclusion of their proceedings in 1803 was elected governor without opposition. He was re-elected two years later, and was influential in accomplishing the destruction of the Burr-Blennerhasset expedition. For this Tiffin was highly complimented by President Jefferson. In 1807 he was elected to the United States senate, but resigned, and the next year was again elected a member to the legislature. In 1789 Tiffin married Mary Worthington, who died nine years later. His second wife was Mary Porter, who survived him. He had one son, who died in 1853, and three daughters.

MISCELLANEOUS

L. R., Morenci, Mich.: The Bureau is unable to answer your question.

L. A. C., Los Angeles, Cal.: There is no such thing as a national holiday.

T. E. W., Creston, Ia.: You will find an answer to your inquiry in the Question Bureau of December 31.

G. G. S., Andrews, Ind.: We cannot give the population of Salem in 1689 or 1702.

C. A. S., Bryan, O.: We do not know who was the best farmer of New England.

W. M., Lylerly, Ga.: The United States senators and representatives receive $7,500 per year. The associate judges of the supreme court receive $12,500, and the chief justice receives $13,000.

B. F. M., Williamsfield, O.; We can give no sketch of the person you desire.

E. S. L., St. John's Mich.: We do not know how long a banana tree lives.

C. D. L., Spraytown, Ind.: Write to the publishers.

H. R. C., Rinard, Ill.: Pennsylvania leads in the production of coal and limestone.

F. K. D., Strawberry Point, Ia.: Your question was answered in these columns a few weeks ago.

G. F. R., Alliance, O.: It is too early to reply to your question in regard to the census.

J. R. C.: Welford, W. Va.: There is more than one General Armistead. You will have to tell us which one you want a sketch of.

E. D. C., Hasbrouck, N. Y.: The Blade is not in a position to give you the information you desire.

An Eccentric Russian Doctor.

London Standard.

The famous Russian Dr. Zaharin, who has died in Moscow and left over £200,000, was noted for his eccentric methods. When summoned to attend Czar Alexander III. in his last illness, Dr. Zaharin required the same preparation for his visit to the palace as to any of his patients' houses. That is to say, all dogs had to be kept out of the way, all clocks stopped, and every door thrown wide open. He left his furs in the hall, his overcoat in the next room, his goloshes in the third, and continuing, arrived at the bedside in ordinary indoor costume. He sat down after walking every few yards, and every eight steps in going upstairs. From the patients' relatives and every one else in the house he required absolute silence until he spoke to them, when his questions had to be answered by "Yes" or "No," and nothing more.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-four years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of them. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased membranes and makes a radical cure, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser 254 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

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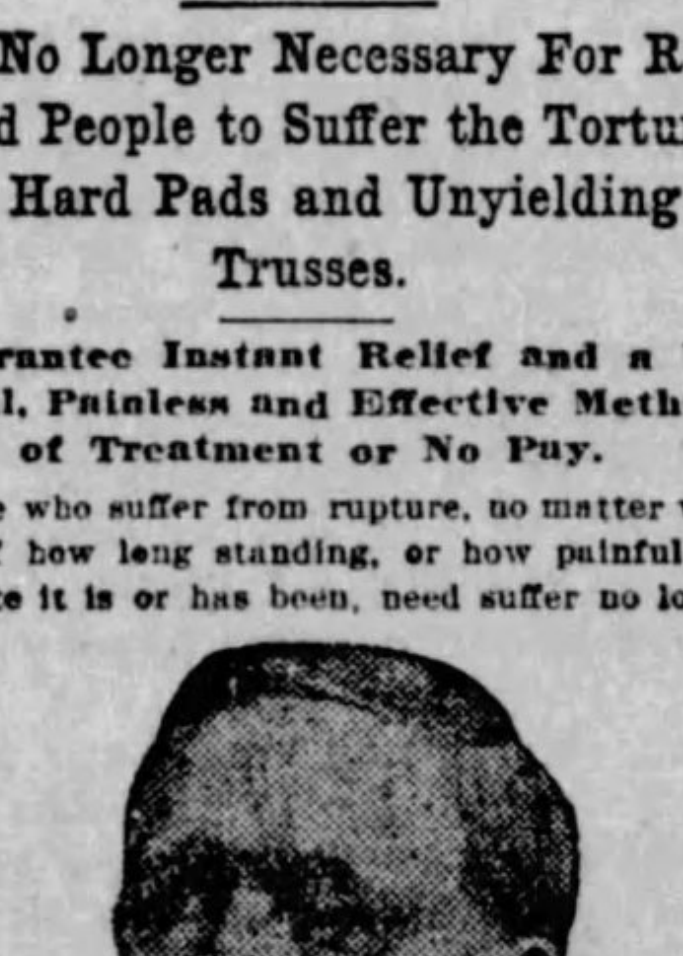
It Is No Longer Necessary For Ruptured People to Suffer the Torture of Hard Pads and Unyielding Trusses.

I Guarantee Instant Relief and a Rational, Painless and Effective Method of Treatment or No Pay.

People who suffer from rupture, no matter what kind, of how long standing, or how painful and obstinate it is or has been, need suffer no longer



I Want No Man's Money If I Cannot Benefit Him.—C. E. Brooks.

from the pain and torture of hard, unyielding trusses and pads. The treatment I have discovered and used successfully for years gives instant relief and often cures in the first few months. This is not a course of treatment that costs you money month after month. I send you for a reasonable price (less than you usually pay for a truss) my treatment, with the distinct understanding and guarantee that if, after using it, you are not entirely satisfied with it, you return it and every cent of your money will be refunded without question or quibble. I have done business on this plan until now there are thousands of people all over the United States who are glad to tell you about my treatment and that I keep my word always. Any banker or business men in my home town will tell you the same. If you are a sufferer from rupture, no matter what kind, or how old or how young you are, I can help you, and it will not cost you a cent if my help is not entirely satisfactory. You take no risk. Write today. Let me tell you all about my success and my method of business.

C. E. Brooks, 5854 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

INFLAMED KIDNEYS

If Any of Your Family in This or Past Generations Has Had Kidney Disease Lose No Time in Finding Out if You Have Any Trace of It in Your System.

Mrs. Alice Hutsenpiller, of Lawn, W. Va., praises Warner's Safe Cure for curing her of a severe case of inflammation of the kidneys after the doctor failed to give her relief.

Recently Mrs. Hutsenpiller wrote: "It has been a long time since you heard from me. I want to tell you I am alive today, well and hearty. Warner's Safe Cure has saved my life.

"I was taken sick two years ago on the 13th of March. I doctored seven weeks and two days with our family doctor, and it seemed that he could not do me so very much good. I had inflammation of the kidneys and also suffered from constipation and inaction of the liver. I had to take salts every day to move my bowels, and at last they gave out.

"When I commenced on May 6 taking the sample bottle of your medicine and pills I could not get my right arm to my head. I have used twenty bottles of the large size Safe Cure and five boxes of Safe Pills. I described my case to you long ago. It was about a year before I could do any work, but now I can do any kind of housework.

"I can recommend your Safe Cure and Safe Pills to cure Kidney and Liver Trouble, for they have cured me."

IF IN DOUBT MAKE THIS TEST: Put some morning urine in a glass or bottle, let it stand 24 hours. If there is a reddish sediment in the bottom of the glass, or if the urine is cloudy or milky or if you see particles or germs floating about in it, your kidneys are diseased and you should get a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure at once. **Analysis Free.** If after making this test you have any doubt as to the development of the disease in your system, send a sample of your urine, putting your name and address on the package, to our Medical Department, and our doctors will analyze it and send you a report, with advice, and medical booklet free.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE is purely vegetable and contains no harmful drugs; it does not constipate; it is a most valuable and effective tonic; it is a stimulant to digestion and awakens the torpid liver. It repairs the tissues, soothes inflammation and irritation, stimulates the enfeebled organs and heals at the same time.

In kidney disease the bowels are often constipated and the liver torpid. Warner's Safe Pills quickly relieve this condition, and no ill after effect is experienced.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE is put up in two regular sizes and sold by all druggists, at 50c and $1.00 A BOTTLE.

It is prescribed by doctors and used in the leading hospitals for rheumatism. Refuse substitutes.

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE To convince every sufferer from disease of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood that WARNER'S SAFE CURE will absolutely cure, a trial bottle will be sent FREE OF CHARGE, post paid, to any one who will write WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO., Rochester, N. Y., and mention having seen this liberal offer in the Toledo Weekly Blade. The genuineness of this offer is fully guaranteed by the publisher.

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CHANGES IN THE MASS

Past Practices in the Catholic Church.

The Rosary Magazine.

In the early days every one who remained through the mass received holy communion; but even in the time of St. Chrysostom this practice was lasping, as we find him complaining that many were content to receive the Eucharist once a year.

The Council of Autun, 670, declared that no one was to be held a Catholic who did not receive at Christmas, Easter and Pentecost. The Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century, desired that all who assist at mass should communicate sacramentally, and required that every Catholic should at least communicate at Easter-time.

Up to 1414 the faithful received from the chalice also at special times. The primitive Christian customs in Rome and elsewhere, however, and the oldest traditions also prove that communion in one kind was always common, and from the very first reservation in one kind was made not only for communion for the laity but also as "fermentum," sent as a pledge of unity and love from one bishop to another. In all these instances it was the Host only which was reserved.

When it was first objected that the eucharist in one kind was not a complete eucharist, the Council of Constance made it a universal discipline of the Church to communicate people, whether at mass or not, in one kind only; the celebrant of the mass alone receiving both the Host and the chalice. It is therefore a question of discipline whether the eucharist be received in one or both kinds.

Communion in both kinds was more or less practiced up to the fifteenth century—that is, it was permitted, and in many places was almost universal. The host was dipped in the chalice, as is still done in the east, though this practice was condemned by the council of Clermont and by Paschal II.

For about six hundred years the eucharist was received in the hands. An order was soon established in regard to precedence of communicants, and then the deacons, widows and others in the sanctuary received first after the celebrant: then deaconesses and consecrated virgins, children and laymen and women last.

A synod of Auxerre, about 578, decreed that the women should not take the Host in the uncovered hand; also that women must not touch the altar cloth when communicating. In Gaul, in the sixth century, people still communicated at the altar, not outside the sanctuary; they consumed the particle with their hand resting on the altar.

YOUR CHILDREN

Hints That May Prevent Some Constant Wrongs.

Children at play become warm, then sit down anywhere on a chair, bench, or even a stone step, to rest and cool off. How uncomfortable it must be for them to have their little bare legs between the stockings and drawers touching anything they happen to sit upon! To overcome this difficulty, make your children new drawers, cut them three inches (or even more) longer in the legs, than you intend, but make them just the same as usual. When finished, sew a piece of beading, or lace insertion on the top of the hem, run narrow ribbon through it, after the drawers are on, draw in the ribbon to fit the leg above the knee, over the stocking, of course, to sort of represent the old-fashioned bloomers. These have the advantage over real bloomers because they are let out to iron.

Tie the ribbon in a very pretty little bow and you have no idea how comfortable they are. Narrow tape can be used to draw them in; but it is not as dainty as ribbon.

Children have a way of getting their shoes wet very often, and it might assist some to know that wet leather should never be put near the fire to dry. It will invariably become hard, dry, and then crack; shoes should be dried at a safe distance, but if in a hurry, try filling them with dry oats. Oats absorb moisture quickly. After the shoes are dry shake out all the oats, dry them on paper and put away for future use. A little plain vaseline rubbed well into the leather will aid in keeping it soft and pliable, as well as help to restore the original shine.

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The Cheapness of Life.

Boston Post.

During this year labor in the United States lost nearly 35,000 lives in the course of employment. There were also about 2,000,000 accidents. Most industries involve risks, some greater than others. The accident rate of electricians is excessive. That of coal miners is 3.10 per 1,000 in the United States to 1.29 per 1,000 in the United Kingdom. This proportion holds among the railroad employes. We lost 2.50 per 1,000 to Germany's .98 per 1,000. In other words, we slaughtered on the average 915 more coal miners than England, and 1,735 more railroad employes than Germany.

Two conditions account for this excessive death rate that runs throughout our departments of labor. First, the reckless indifference and carelessness, united with an inherent dislike to obedience, that characterize our American workmen. Second, the unwillingness of employers to install accident-saving devices, and to compel military obedience to preventive orders.

Germany has a permanent exposition of accident-saving devices which has been productive of great benefit to life. This feature England is copying.

Builds a Chicken Hospital.

New York Press.

Visions of a Nobel award are flitting through the mind of George Reynolds, manager of a poultry farm in Westhampton Beach, Long Island. He is trying to find out why hens decline to lay when eggs are selling at 60 cents a dozen. He is planning for a series of experiments that may solve the problem. And if he solves it he will give the secret to the world.

The first step is to build a hospital for the chickens. That he is now doing, and the building is well under way. It will have wards and private rooms, just like a hospital for persons. There will be an operating room and a sterilizing device for instruments where surgery is necessary. All forms of disease to which chickens are heir will be treated in the hospital. Reynolds considers the investigation into the reason why hens will not lay when their product is most desired, to be the most interesting part of his experiment.

QUEEN INCUBATORS and BROODERS

hatch and raise chickens, better than other kinds. Nearly 90,000 of our Machines are proving this right along. They will do the same for you. Write me for proof. With the Queen it is easy to have early "friers" and "broilers" when prices are the highest. Five sizes, from 80 to 300 eggs. $8.00 to $18.50 and I pay the freight. Binding 5-Year Guaranty and 90 days Free Trial. Send today for my free catalog.

Wickstrum, Box 66, Queen Incubator Co., Lincoln, Nebr.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO........Publishers
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Circulation Last Week 216,000

The man who is found out never has a good opinion of detectives.

Instead of winning the south, Mr. Taft admits that the south has won him.

Mr. Bryan hopes the next time the electoral college meets it will do better.

It would certainly be worth going miles to see a $500,000,000 Panama canal.

The worst of it is, there is not now any office in sight for which John W. Kern can run.

It hurts the diginity of the senate when one of the brethren allows himself to be caught.

Denver has a three-weeks-old baby that can talk. Let us hope she will grow up to be a useful woman.

"Always get up from the table hungry," says an Indiana man. That's good advice for the other fellow.

Simply because he is going to retire March 4, President Roosevelt is not inclined to loaf on his job.

"Club women are talking too much," said a Chicago lecturer. What does he think a woman's club is for?

When congress raised its own salary it must have had in mind the wear and tear of fighting the President.

The children of a wealthy old man always feel outraged when he marries a woman younger than himself.

Harry Thaw cannot be blamed for wanting another hearing. He feels that he has been insane long enough.

Having succeeded in getting herself sent to prison, Aunt Carrie Nation will regard her visit to Europe as a success.

Senator Foraker has taken a shot at both Roosevelt and Taft, but nobody has noticed either one of them dodge.

There is reason to believe that 1909 will show a remarkable falling off in the practice of night riding in Tennessee.

That woman who wants a divorce because her husband has not taken a bath in thirteen years must be superstitious.

Oklahoma is legalizing the water wagon, but she won't be paying damages to the man who falls off and gets hurt.

As you read the many alleged new Lincoln stories that will soon be told you'll wonder where you heard them before.

How dull and uninteresting the inaugural address of a governor seems when compared with recent presidential messages.

The President took a little canter of ninety-eight miles on horseback, Tuesday, just to show how easily it could be done.

People may continue to preach about honesty being the best policy without fear of hurting the business of the cash register manufacturers.

We're inclined to have a pretty good opinion of the Cleveland judge who has ruled that a girl has a perfect right to sit on her sweetheart's knee.

When California gets all of her proposed anti-Japanese laws in working order Congressman Hobson should locate in that state and feel at home.

There are times, no doubt, when congress feels like engaging the government's secret service men to find out if the President's conscience hurts him.

John W. Kern, late candidate for vice president, has lost the Indiana senatorship. This puts him ahead of William Jennings Bryan in the matter of defeats.

The Rosebud settlers are calling for girls who are willing to become wives. Before going the girls should be given to understand that Rosebud isn't a flower garden.

If President Roosevelt could only get the members of the senate to take a ninety-eight-mile horseback ride with him the spectacle would add to the gayety of nations.

As the time for the inauguration approaches Mr. Bryan is no doubt frequently reminded of his campaign declaration, that he would be in Washington March 4.

"The man who once spanked President Harrison has just died." It is not probable that the Sixtieth congress will ever acquire much of a reputation for spanking a president.

The Rev. Mr. Carmichael made it easy for the medical fraternity to disover that he was insane. Had his case been left to expert witnesses there would always have remained some doubt.

A Kentucky woman wants a divorce because her husband whistled and sang while she scolded him. The poor fellow's name should be sent to the Carnegie hero commission at once.

The Rev. Carmichael wrote that his conscience hurt him. Having killed his man, cut him up and put the pieces in a stove, it was quite natural that he didn't feel soothed and comforted.

There is something significant in the fact that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has said it is a disgrace to die rich, and Mrs. Russell Sage, who is giving away the wealth left by her husband, are listed as the heaviest taxpayers in New York.

JUSTICE IN FRANCE.

The courts have a way abroad, which, it has often been remarked, should be adopted in this country. Wrongdoing does not go unpunished, rich malefactors cannot take refuge behind their money bags, persons of family and influence are just as liable to punishment as others.

Consider the case of Harold S. Vanderbilt who ran down a peasant while driving an automobile near Nice. Was he permitted to escape, as he might have done in this country, to our great shame and the lasting infamy of the courts of justice? Not at all. He was brought before the magistrates. The case was tried with a wealth of detail. All the circumstances were brought out, how Mr. Vanderbilt was careless with his steering gear, how he was running at a speed clearly beyond that laid down by the law, how the poor native was struck by the motor car and how he was hurried to the hospital. The outlook was certainly bad for Mr. Vanderbilt. Upon this side of the Atlantic he might have arranged a postponement, might indeed have done a score of things to prevent his getting what was coming to him.

But they do things differently abroad. The civil court of the Seine pronounced Mr. Vanderbilt guilty and immediately ordered him to pay a fine of $100!

The eye of imagination can see Mr. Vanderbilt as he stood before his august judges. It was a dramatic moment. The blanched face, the bowed head of the young New York millionaire would have struck pity to the very hearts of an American jury; his trembling figure, the betrayal of thoughts which all his stocism could not repress. Anyone could have read his anxiety, the questions which drove insurgent across his harassed mind, whether he should fall upon his knees and plead for a stay of execution, whether he should appeal to the State Department at Washington for a gunboat and interference, whether he should have to sell his motoring furs, his diamond scarf pin, the very car itself, in order to meet the outrageous assessment upon his fortune. The dispatch fails to state if the fine was paid. Probably the correspondent could stand no more of the sight of the tortured prisoner, and left the courtroom to bring his nerves under control.

They do things differently abroad.

A RECORD OF 1908.

The panic year 1908 made many queer records—records that suggest a certain paradox in affixing the descriptive term "panic" to the year. There were great crops, unusual prosperity in a number of lines of business, a presidential campaign lacking largely in the virulence of other campaigns at periods of hard times, a swift recovery from tremendous monetary losses and the continuance of constructive work in spite of tight money and hesitant investors.

That admirably edited periodical, Railroad Age Gazette, points out another record. In the twelvemonth the number of railway receiverships amounted to just twenty-four, with a mileage of 8,009, covered by a stock and bond issue of $596,359,000. In 1893 there were seventy-four such receiverships, having under their charge 29,340 miles of trackage and bearing the burden of stock and bond issues reaching the sum of $1,781,046,000. As far back as 1876 there were forty-two receiverships in control of roads having securities out amounting to $467,000,000. In all the years that might be called years of depression between 1876 and 1908 there were only three when the receiverships fell to so small a number as they did in 1908.

It is not often that the staid and cautious editor of the Railroad Age Gazette will permit himself moments of enthusiasm. Yet the study of the receivership tables has moved him to drop into such a mood. We take pleasure in reprinting his words:

> Add to abnormal speculation state railway baiting and to that federal interference and a presidential election to both and the revision of the tariff to the three one finds such a combination of sinister forces as challenged the most exalted mood of the optimist. Yet that optimist is still atop and promises to remain there, and his reasonings why acute conditions of railway calamity have been but sub-acute in the sequel are proving sound. When he tells us of solid underlying bases of American industry, of the massed capital that resists the harder impacts and onsets of panic, of the consolidated railway interests and organizations which protect their weaker lines we begin to believe him—even in the face of revived Wall street speculation—and to understand why the panic harvests of 1908 fell so far, in terms of railway receiverships, below the dismal reapings of the decades before.

AERONAUTS AND THE LAW.

At a meeting in London this week the International Association of Aeronauts is arranging what it terms the "rules of the air." While such regulations as may be laid down are those of a private organization and binding on the members thereof only, they will probably be of extreme importance in fixing custom and moulding law. For aeronautics has been advancing with great leaps in the last year or two, and it will shortly be the duty of state and nation to consider the new methods of transportation and bring under their control the various airships and flying machines for the safety alike of those who drive them and those who dwell beneath them.

Many curious modifications of the law will come about when aeroplanes are developed to the point where they will have come into general use. Upon the surface of the earth travel is kept to certain roads and highways giving directions and holding traffic within fixed bounds. Even ocean and lake navigation follows lanes, sometimes prescribed by statute. But in the air barriers of fence, of shore lines, of ditch and shoal, are given no thought. The traveler will journey in whatever way it shall please him and at whatever altitude his machine and his courage allow. Careless steering, thoughtless maneuvering, and any lack of watchfulness might bring disaster to a score of craft. The federal government might be called upon to define areas of transportation, to regulate the height at which certain types of vessels shall move, and it may be compelled to police the air in places where traffic concentrates.

One of the great problems which the art of flying will create is the enforcement of tariff laws. With aeroplanes smuggling would become a thing of great ease. These machines could cross back and forth across the borders of Canada and the United States with such speed and with such secrecy that the entire customs service, if mobolized upon our northern frontier, could not break up the practice. Steamers at sea might dispatch by night aeroplanes with a few hundred pounds of costly goods. To distinguish these flying machines from lawful aeroplanes might prove an impossibility. Landing far inland the aeronauts would be in a position to defy all the tariff laws, however severe, that this country might lay down.

What should be the rule of the road among the clouds? Must the dirigible balloon slow down and whistle a warning blast to the aeroplane shooting out of a bank of fog? What should be the procedure of the heliocepter, which rises straight from the ground, when it enters an area of heavy traffic? Perhaps the International Association of Aeronauts will decide these points—or maybe it will postpone decision and leave the thousand and one queries for time and fate to answer.

AN ADMIRAL MUZZLED.

The declaration has been made in Washington from time to time that the naval bureaus would be able to combat any pressure brought against them, however high the power that sought their extinction. As long ago as the Grant administration efforts were made to reform the navy department, but the bureaucrats possessed such influence with congress that the movement failed. Again when Grover Cleveland was president the attacks were renewed. They died an early death.

It might be thought that such a bluff and brave old salt as Rear Admiral "Bob" Evans might be of a fibre strong enough to stand up against the naval bureaus. He did defy them at one time. He did dare to criticise them. He did have sufficient nerve to point out structural defects and recommend alterations in the face of the opinions of the bureau chiefs. But his opposition has faded. He merely does not longer disagree with the departments, but he has recently come to their defense. He pronounces the criticisms of battleship design "un-American and unpatriotic." At a public banquet he declared that no words could tell how unjust and misleading and silly the imputations were.

Someone has been digging among the letter files at Washington and has discovered documents which appear to make the admiral out to be himself "un-American and unpatriotic." In the matter of the armor belt which has been discussed at great length in the magazines and newspapers Evans said in March of last year:

> Judging from the figures contained in the several replies from the commanding officers which relate to the subject it would appear that better protection might have been afforded had these belts been originally placed between six inches and a foot higher.

An earlier report says:

> In case of armored ships (battleships) their armor plate belt is practically at load draught, which leaves them, as far as protection goes, little better than armored cruisers.

But in the December issue of Hampton's Magazine the admiral regrets, he says, that he must differ with a well known critic if he meant to say "the battleships of our fleets are permanently overloaded so that the water line armor is beneath the water."

It is hard to believe there is lacking such staunchness in Evans, the most popular of naval officers for a generation, that he cannot maintain a fixed position before the bureaucrats and their friends in house and senate. It is sad to learn that any public institution in America may acquire such authority that it can silence its official opponents and defy public opinion.

WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT.

Jealousy, it is charged in Washington, is hampering the work of the governmental department most productive of good and most promising of ultimate wealth to the nation. Secretary Wilson appeared before the House committee on agriculture the other day and complained that the scientists of the state colleges and of the experiment stations are interfering seriously with his labors, and that they threaten to bring about a decided paring of the annual appropriation.

An association made up of the staffs of the experiment stations has made it a practice, so the secretary declares, to dispatch committees to Washington for the purpose of delivering advise to the department and to suggest that it drop entirely certain lines of research work. A Georgia agricultural scientist told the committee that the importance of the soil survey carried on by the department had been "grossly exaggerated" by those engaged upon it and by the farmers. A counter charge was entered by the head of the bureau of animal industry, who said the federal government could get no aid from the state of Georgia in the enforcement of quarantine. The authorities there, he said, allowed diseased cattle to roam at large because interference threatened injury politically. A representative from Louisiana complained that there is a lack of co-operation between his state and the department in combating the boll weevil. Between charges and accusations, the trifling envies and jealousies, a blockade to progress in the department is feared. It is thought that the secretary's budget for 1909 will be trimmed to mere running expenses.

It is not improbable that the experiment station folk have much over which to feel hurt. There have been stories afloat for years that the credit for discoveries and for improvements made elsewhere, had been seized by the agricultural department. At the same time the secretary has not had the heartiest support from the states, and much of his work has been to keep the people with whom he has had to deal in good temper. But surely the department and the state colleges and the experiment stations ought to be able to get together, if they really wish it. There is enough for all to do, heaven knows, without their wasting effort and time over duplicating experiments. By dividing the work greater speed is made and more additions given the fund of knowledge with which the farmer may increase production and maintain the prosperity of America.

It is imperative that the agricultural department receive a liberal appropriation. It is just as imperative that scientists who unselfishly devote their energies to the cause of agriculture be not robbed of their just dues.

OUT OF THE DARK AGES.

There is a touch of the mediaeval in the scenes which have attended the death of Father John of Cronstadt. His home, it is reported, was robbed of money and jewels. An abbess is said to have guided the hand of the great Russian as he signed a will leaving his property to her institution. Furniture was stolen, clothing and tapestries stripped away to be disposed of as holy relics. Crowds thronged the streets awaiting the news of the dissolution. Cronstadt is fearful lest it will lose the income from pilgrims should the shrine of Father John, whose canonization is forecast, be placed in St. Petersburg.

So were there scenes of the sort when a great personage of the Dark Ages died. Jewels that he had worn, clothing that had protected him, household furniture, his drinking glass, his knife, the very keys he wore at his girdle, were thought to be possessed of properties that would bring fortune to the possessor; if not that, would ward off ill luck. At times Russia appears to be only the Fourteenth century with a little coating of the Twentieth.

WOULD BAR THE LOBBYIST.

Governor Warner, of Michigan, will bring about the extinction of the professional lobbyist in his state if he can have his way. This is a measure which many states could adopt with profit and benefit to themselves. The creature would be missed only by the relief his absence would create.

Probably four-fifths of the legislation now upon the statute books which has been cause of political upheavals, of charges and countercharges between rival officeseekers, of endless discussion in press and pulpit, of privilege which has harmed the unprivileged, owes its origin to the lobbyists. Their work has been of the most brazen nature. But, fortunately, their power is waning. They are passing because the general public has discovered them and their questionable motives and practices. If Michigan can rid itself of the pest then Ohio can do as well.

TAFT IN THE SOUTH.

The hospitality of the south has been famous ever since travelers braved the terrors of the seas and the hardships of the wilds to visit the homemakers in the colony of Virginia. The reputation for good cheer, for kindliness to the guest and thoughtfulness toward the stranger has lingered unsullied throughout all the years. War could not crush it or poverty make it fade.

But we would like to believe that the reception given to the president-elect in Atlanta, the feast of 'possum and taters, the sweet music of the plantations, were not merely the formal maintenance of the institution of hospitality. Every one in the north will feel certain that Mr. Taft was flattered by the cordiality of those who greeted him and of those who spoke of him in praise before his blushing face. They will feel confident that he enjoyed the 'possum in spite of the fact that Texas declares they raise nothing but skeleton 'possums in the vicinity of Atlanta. The soft tunefulness of Georgia has been famous for many a year; in fact, the name was introduced into a song of purely northern manufacture which was a great favorite for a long time—on this side of the Ohio. If the banquet can mean more than an expression of respect for the office of the president and more than an expression of the hospitality of the south, then a great step has been taken in breaking up sectional lines.

Not the least of the things which the progressive citizens of the south have had to contend with have been the stubborn retention of prejudice, the opening of old wounds and the nursing of a bitterness that might, in the natural order of things, have been forgotten before the last century had been waked. The south has asked for preferment and has sought capital and help, though showing, year in and year out, by its habit of vote casting, that it wishes to remain a land apart. True, the desire is dying. The last election showed this. But the same people who leaped to offer a pleasure to the president-elect could bury it forever, not perhaps at the polls—to ask them to do it that way would be absurd—but by the cessation of a hundred little habits of thought and word that betray the old resentment and dislike.

TILLMAN'S POOR DEFENSE.

Senator Tillman's defense of the documentary evidence of his official immoralities was such an answer as the schoolboy makes when he is called a liar. "You're another," he says.

Analysis of the reply indicates that the distinguished senator from South Carolina seeks to escape under a cloud of dust of invective, a kind that he knows so well how to raise. He begins by charging the President with attempting to avenge himself for certain criticisms past and forgotten. He closes with an effort to gain revenge for the present disclosures by declaring that the President's action in the merger of the Tennessee Coal & Iron company was a brazen illegality.

It was, of course, hardly to be expected that Senator Tillman would avoid bitterness and inflammatory accusation in his retort. He was on the defensive and it became him to recover his position if he possibly could. But he has gone to the extreme in the language he uses. He has given more time to attacking the honor of his accuser than he has to trying to prove himself guiltless. In so far as he declares he has committed no crime he is right, but he has not made out a case for his probity as a United States senator. It was he himself who instigated the inquiry. The blame for being caught in the meshes of the investigation rests upon himself. After charging the executive with whatsoever crimes and wrongdoings as suggest themselves to his mind he declares that he was indiscreet in saying upon the floor of the senate that he had "undertaken" to obtain no land in Oregon when he really meant he had "contracted" for no such land.

It is pitiful that a man who has kept his reputation clean, in spite of great temptation and the sight about him of profits made by special privilege, should fall after years of honest labor in the public cause. He has permitted himself to be assoiled along with Senators Bailey and Foraker and Fulton.

GERMANY ANGRY AGAIN.

The war lord of Germany is under fire once more. Lese majeste is again an offense impossible of punishment because of the numbers committing the misdemeanor. The press, the tireless letter writers and the quite as tireless orators are saying things which a few months ago spelled criminal action and sequestration in fortress or jail.

It appears that the Deutsche Revue published an article recently in which the international political situation was studied in detail. Austria and Germany were declared to be surrounded with enemies. The great factor was pronounced to be British hostility. In addition there were comments upon the result of the latest army maneuvers. At a meeting of the staff generals the day after New Year's the Kaiser read the article to the assemblage. He declared that he wholly agreed with it. The story reached the public, arousing a new tempest of criticisms which has stung the Kaiser into making an explanation. He says that his endorsement was with the views expressed upon the military maneuvers and had no relation with the political questions discussed. Furthermore, he declared that as the remarks he made were before a private company there was no excuse for the criticisms. He was clearly within his rights, he said, and he had not broken a pledge not to meddle in international affairs. The answer has not satisfied the German public. The newspapers continue to rail against what they term a most dangerous policy. The letter writers insist that their emperor is determined upon involving Germany in a war of great magnitude. The speakers are seizing the opportunity to advance their own political power.

It will seem to those on this side that the latest imprudence of the Kaiser has raised more noise than the occasion warrants. But it is, nevertheless, a reassurance that the German people are not friendly to the agitation which has for its aim the breaking of all bonds, except enforced alliances, with the rest of Europe. There is no such hatred of England in the empire which enjoys attacks upon that nation threatening to bring about war. While the martial spirit of the Germans is strong, the love of peace is stronger.

VENISON FROM THE FARM.

The old-fashioned farmer must frequently be astonished by the bulletins which come to his mail box from the department of agriculture. One of these documents recently issued will surprise even those who have applauded the department's suggestions as inspired advice. This is a proposal that an attempt be made to domesticate the deer and thus place venison, at present a rarity and a tit-bit for the wealthy, within the reach of the most moderately packed pocketbook.

The idea has probably been born in the fact that the deer of the New England forests are often seen grazing with cattle in the fields and, in times of heavy snow or when the streams are frozen tight, come into the farmyards in search of food and approach the watering troughs to quench their thirst. It is known that deer which are given protection in reserves become quite tame and may even be petted by those persons whom they recognize as friends. Unlike many other wild animals they will breed while in captivity. If guarded against the hunters and given sufficient room in which to feed and run they might reasonably be counted upon to thrive and multiply even though bounds were placed upon their grazing grounds.

There are tracts of uncultivated land in this country upon which deer might be profitably raised, mountain sides and areas which will not produce vegetation that would pay for plowing and harvesting. It might be necessary to modify the game laws in order that the deer raiser should not be restricted in the matter of marketing the venison. Of this the department says:

> Instead of hampering breeders by restrictions as at present, state laws should be so modified as to encourage the raising of deer, elk and other animals as a source of profit to the individual and to the state. Safeguards against the destruction and sale of wild deer in place of domesticated deer are not difficult to enforce. For this purpose a system of licensing private parks and of tagging deer or carcasses sold or shipped so that they may be easily identified is recommended. It is believed that with favorable legislation much otherwise waste land in the United States may be so utilized for the production of venison as to yield profitable returns, and also that this excellent and nutritious meat instead of being denied to 99 per cent of the population of the country may become as common and as cheap in our markets as mutton.

SOCIALIST VICTORIES.

Australia is the home of brotherly love. It is idyllic, a spot of true happiness; life there is a dream of youth and poetry and uninterupted sunshine. If you do not agree with this then you cannot be a follower of the tenets of Socialism and no loyal and unbiased subscriber to its press.

Nine years ago, directly after the federation of the Australian states, the new commonwealth started out to select a capital for itself. Existing cities would not do, because those who had failed of selection would be left out in the cold and would have reason to feel hurt. Inasmuch as this was a land where jealousy could not exist—the state being socialistic—the task of deciding upon a spot for a new city ought to have been easy. The first choice of importance was Tumut. It wouldn't do. The tumult raised was too deafening. Then came Dalgetty. At this New South Wales rose upon its combined hind legs and yelped, snorted and swore. So time has fled. Men bound to each other by all those sweet ties which Socialism weaves charged up and down the halls of their temporary parliament house, vowing everything from the banished crime of vengeance to the archaic principle of injunction. There were public meetings at which remarks were made that only unsocialistic Ben Tillman would dare to employ. And the years sped on. At last all was cheerful once more. True happiness reigned, poetry flowed like water at a fire and the sun broke through the clouds of descension. Yaas Canberra was fixed upon, all states and parties and socialistic societies agreeing.

But sighs of relief were drawn too soon. Yaas Canberra, it was admitted, was a good deal of a name and exactly suited to the nasal tone affected by Australians, but it lacked elegance and ease and rhythm. So the citizens set about to choose a new name and the war is on again. Musketry and cannonading, the sharp explosion of hand grenades and the stampeding of mule trains, echo among the lovely coves of Jackson Bay and through the dust-swept streets of Melbourne. Will hostilities last nine years also?

Who can tell? In Australia the inhabitants hold one another in the warm affection of brothers. Utopia and Altruria are as unspeakable slums compared to the country, a dream of youth and poetry and sunshine-made so, out of hand, by the noble philosophy of Socialism.

MORE LIVES SNUFFED OUT.

The disaster at the Lick Branch mine in West Virginia serves to keep that state to the fore in the number and fatal results of mining accidents. This latest explosion seems all the more terrible because the men who were killed on Monday were working in a mine which had been partially wrecked but two weeks before.

Statistics are not at hand listing the accidents of 1908, but it is thought that last year came very close to the record of 1907, in which more fatal accidents occurred than in any previous twelvemonth in the history of the coal mining industry. In 1907 twelve men out of every 1,000 employed in West Virginia collieries were killed and the state also reported the smallest production for each life lost—65.969 tons. In New Mexico for every seventy-seven tons brought to the surface one life was sacrificed. Alabama gave up seven souls in every 1,000 workers. The following table lists the most deadly of the coal fields accidents of the last seven years:

	Lives lost.
1902—Fraterville, Tenn.	200
1902—Rolling Mill Mine, Pennsylvania.	105
1903—Hanna, Wyo.	175
1904—Tercio, Cal.	21
1905—Virginia City, Ala.	152
1905—Ziegler, Ill.	35
1905—Coal mine in Prussia	55
1905—Kurtsisk, Russia	300
1905—Welsh coal mine	120
1905—Wilcox, W. Va.	35
1906—The Courriere mine, Calais, France	1,060
1906—Japan	250
1906—West Fork, Va.	75
1907—Fayetteville, W. Va.	80
1907—Saarbruck, Russia	200
1907—Las Esperanzas, Mexico	123
1907—Forbach, Germany	75
1907—Toyoka, Japan	470
1907—Tsing Tau, China	112
1907—Monongahela, W. Va.	398
1907—Yolande, Ala.	81
1908—Hanna, Wyo.	120
1908—McAlester, Okla.	30
1908—Hamm, Germany	339
1908—Monongahela, Pa.	125
Total	4,616

Several of the states have undertaken to discover the cause of the increase in accidents. The federal government has appropriated $150,000 for the purpose of studying the subject. There is a fairly general suspicion that politics must be blamed for many of the disasters, both where employers have made it worth while for inspectors to ignore violations of the law and where inspectors have been afraid to anger labor organizations by enforcing rules which would increase individual labor and possibly affect earning capacity. West Virginia, because it has suffered the most, should lead all the states in the introduction of methods which will reduce casualties to the minimum.

ROJESTVENSKY.

Renown is not a matter of laurels and achievements. Sometimes the vanquished flies from a battlefield to be remembered for centuries, though the name of the victor may die with his generation. The one who set fire to the Temple of Diana is described to every schoolboy. Teachers have often forgotten to mention him who built it. Robert E. Lee has been elected to the Hall of Fame, as well as Grant and Sherman.

Thursday, Vice Admiral Rojestvensky joined his sailors who were slain and drowned in the Sea of Japan on the morning of May 27, 1906. It was the most terrific naval engagement ever fought. For the first time a decisive test was made of the modern type of ironclad. Rojestvensky was wounded and taken prisoner. Later he was tried by court-martial, and though he himself was acquitted of disloyalty to the czar in surrendering, several of his fellow officers were condemned to death.

Togo's name is gloriously inscribed in history. But it would be the idiosyncrasy of fate to maintain the name of him he defeated quite as bright and shining.

THE SOUTH OF 1888.

In a new volume of the orations of Americans appears an address delivered in Boston, nearly twenty years ago by Henry W. Grady, at that time editor of the Atlanta Constitution. So much has been accomplished in the south since then, so many alterations have been made in its economic position, and so many forces have arisen to banish the doctrine of pessimistic resignation, that the following sorrowing has a touch of quaintness in it that seems ages old:

> You want to know about the south. I just want to say that we have had a hard time down there. I attended a funeral once in Pickens county in my state. A funeral is not usually a cheerful object to me unless I could select the subject. I think I could, perhaps, without going a hundred miles from here, find the material for one or two cheerful funerals. Still, this funeral was peculiarly sad. It was a poor "one-gallus" fellow, whose breeches struck him from under the armpits and hit him at the other end about the knee. They buried him in the midst of a marble quarry—they cut through solid marble to make his grave—and yet a little tombstone they put above him was from Vermont. They buried him in the heart of a pine forest, and yet the pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. They buried him within touch of an iron mine, and yet the nails in his coffin and the shovel that dug his grave were imported from Pittsburg. They buried him by the side of the best sheep-grazing country on the earth, and yet the wool in the coffin bands and the coffin bands themselves were brought from the north. The south didn't furnish a thing on earth for that funeral but the corpse and the hole in the ground.

Had Mr. Grady lived to this day—he died the year after the delivery of this speech—he could have revised entirely the story of that "one-gallus" funeral.

A man who posed as a British nobleman has been sent to the Leavenworth jail for three years. We must protect our heiresses.

Middle Age.

When youth's desire of pleasure cloys
And life has reached a wider stage
'Tis sweet to count the placid joys
Of middle age.

No more the love of frenzied sport,
No more the thirst to do and dare;
With mild philosophy I court
My easy chair.

There with my soothing pipe I sit
And watch its graceful rings arise,
Feeling my vision and my wit
Grow ripe and wise.

No more I join the weary wights
Who dangle in a maiden's trail,
Giving their daytime and their nights
To woful wail.

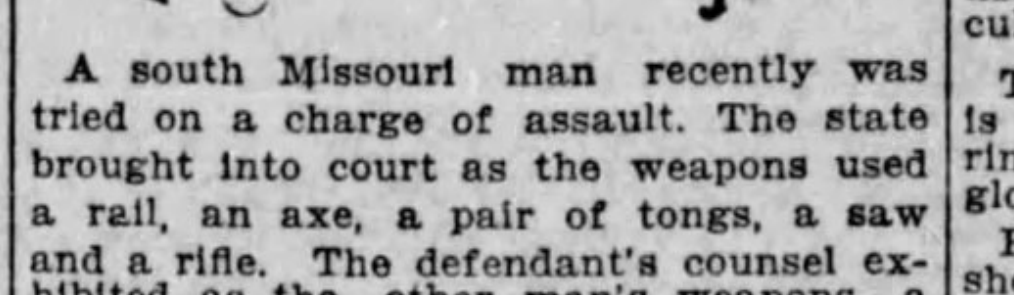
I seek no mad emprise to jog
And goad me in a parlous way,
But meditate that every dog
Must have his day.

I note the price of stock and share
With cautious speculative ends,
And to the credit side I bear
Life's dividends.

Perchance to golfing fields I fare,
To enterprise with putt and tees—
And scorn the caddie's furtive stare
At what he sees.

I never ask of life too much;
And she rewards with ample wage
Of peaceful joys that are in touch
With middle age.

—Pall Mall Gazette.



A south Missouri man recently was tried on a charge of assault. The state brought into court as the weapons used a rail, an axe, a pair of tongs, a saw and a rifle. The defendant's counsel exhibited as the other man's weapons a scythe blade, a pitchfork, a pistol and a hoe. The jury's verdict is said to have been:

"Resolved, That we the jury would have given $1 to have seen the fight."

Harper's Weekly.

A youth in Trenton whose devotion to the young woman of his choice has encountered many obstacles during his long courtship recently sought her out with this apparently encouraging statement.

"I think it's all right now, Alice. I managed to get access to your father the other day, and while he wouldn't exactly give his consent I rather imagine I've made some headway. He borrowed $40 of me. Surely he can't stand me off much longer after that!"

The young woman sighed. "Yes, I've heard about it," she said, "and I think you've made an awful mess of it. Father mentioned the $40 and remarked that I'd better give you up—you were too easy."

Harper's Weekly.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Subbubs, sternly, "breakfast is half an hour late again."

"Yis, mim," returned Bridget meekly.

"What excuse have you to offer? You know I told you that Mr. Subbubs must catch that early train, and punctuality at breakfast is absolutely necessary," said the lady.

"Sure an' Oi overshlep' messilf," said Bridget.

"That is no excuse," said the mistress. "I gave you an alarm clock only yesterday."

"Oi know that, mim."

"Did you wind it up?"

"Oi did."

"And didn't it go off?"

"Sure an' it did that. It made a tarrible n'ise."

"Then why didn't you get up?"

"Sure, miss," responded Bridget, tearfully, "it was that t'ing that's made all the trouble. Oi niver shlep' a wink all night waitin' for it to go off, an'whin it did Oi was that toired Oi couldn't move."

The late Bishop Potter once, in his early days, had occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village. The proud father, a young fisherman, awkwardly holding his first-born daughter, was visibly embarrassed under the scrutiny of the many eyes in the congregation, and his nervousness was not decreased by the sudden wailing of the infant as they stood at the font.

When the time for the baptism arrived, the bishop noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat legs pointed toward the font.

"Turn her this way,' he whispered. But the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand.

"Turn her feet around," the bishop whispered again. But still there was no response.

The situation was fast becoming critical, when an ancient mariner at the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather-beaten hand to his mouth, he roared across the room:

"Head her up into the wind, Jack!"

And she was headed.

"Anything I can show you, sir?"

"Yes; I want to get some kind of a toy for my 3-year-old boy. Have you anything that's indestructible? Something he can't break the first time he plays with it?"

"I think so. We have some toy flatirons."

"Have they got handles on 'em?"

"Of course."

"Well, they won't last him five minutes. Show me something else.'

The secretary of one of the college classes at Princeton, is sending out each year a list of questions to be answered by members of the class, in order that the results may be duly tabulated and so forth in the university annual, and he always includes in his list this question: "Are you engaged?"

It would seem that one of the members was cursed with doubt in this respect, for in the blank space given over to the query mentioned he made his return as follows:

"Do not know. Am awaiting letter."

The minister of a large parish in a certain western diocese had for some time been much troubled by the scandalous gossip that seemed to be occupying the minds of a portion of his flock, and after exercising a great amount of tact and perseverance, at last succeeded in running to earth the originator of most of the settlement's society slander. The guilty one was a regular attendant at the schoolhouse services and the minister knew that should he take him to task personally and individually he would inevitably lose a sheep—albeit a black one; so he decided to sermonize him. Accordingly, a special discourse was prepared and, the following Sunday afternoon, literally hurled at the offending member as he sat on a desk in the corner of the schoolroom. Everybody present appeared to fully appreciate the situation, and, at the close of the service, departed quietly and thoughtfully for home. All except the black sheep, who lingered to assist "parson" to hitch up his team and to remark: "That wer' a fine sermon, sir; I'll bet that hit some on 'em pretty hard."

George Ade was introducing guests at a dinner in Chicago once by making plays on their names, going back to the alleged derivations and poking fun at the names. He was getting along famously until it came time for him to be introduced.

"Gentlemen," said the man on Ade's right. "This is George Ade—aid—assistance—help—relief—support —succor—"

That ended that.

Senator Beveridge was speaking to an early morning crowd in Huntington, Ind., says the Saturday Evening Post. School had not been called because of the senator's visit, and the school children were there with the grown-ups.

Two or three disgusted Democrats walked by, scorning to stop and listen to the arguments.

"Huh!" sniffed one. "Now what do you think of that? They had to let out school to get a crowd."

Lippincott's.

The visitors in the historical museum gazed curiously at a small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case.

"I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked one of the visitors, turning to the guide.

"It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."

Varieties

Ten thousand gross of steel pens may be made from a ton of the metal.

A works at Hyogo has just completed the first modern locomotive ever built in Japan.

An electric light socket that locks with a key has been devised to prevent theft of bulbs.

A long series of experiments has demonstrated that hollow copper rods make the best lightning rods.

The second white rhinoceros ever captured alive in Africa has been brought to a museum near Brussels.

The chief ingredient in a new secret prepartion for filling life preservers is said to be common soot.

A new musical instrument, known as the dolcette, is a harp played by a keyboard similar to that of a piano.

Although much gold, copper and lead is produced in the Philippines, there is but one notable deposit of silver.

Santos-Dumont's newest flying machine is so light and compact that he carries it about with him in his automobile.

Failing to produce any suitable building lumber herself, Cuba imports 150,000,000 feet of yellow and white pine a year.

An electric attachment for rural free delivery boxes rings a bell in the owner's house when mail is deposited in the box.

An experiment station to investigate the resources of Guam will be established there by the department of agriculture.

The latest Parisian novelty in watches is one set in a ring to be worn on the ring finger of the left hand over the glove.

Figures gathered by the government show tht the average American consumes half his weight, or 82.6 pounds of sugar a year.

Experts in the federal bureau of entomology have stated that more than 95 per cent of the flies of a city are bred in stables.

The Dutch will celebrate the centenary of the re-establishment of national independence by a World's Fair at The Hague in 1913.

A savings bank with a clock attached, which cannot be wound unless a coin be dropped in the slot in the bank, has appeared in the stores.

Detroit's medicine factories last year produced enough pills to girdle the earth three times, if placed together in a single line.

Over 300,000 pounds of peppermint oil are prepared annually from the product of the peppermint farms in the vicinity of Kalamazoo, Mich.

A German gunsmith has patented an expanding bullet adapted to the destruction of dirigible balloons, which may be fired from an ordinary rifle.

Though apples in storage remain sound and firm, they lose more than 3 per cent of weight each six months by respiration of carbon dioxide.

A gold mine has been discovered in the old Chilean gold field from which has been taken ore containing more than 200 ounces of pure gold to the ton.

The wireless telegraphy plant which is nearing completion near Newport, R. I., at a cost of $40,000, will have a radius of action of 1,250 miles.

A knife, the blade of which curves to one side at the end and is cut into prongs to form a fork, has been invented for the use of one-armed persons.

The navy department maintains two schools for the instruction of its enlisted electricians at the navy yards at Mare Island, Cal., and Brooklyn, N. Y.

Japan exported isinglass worth $152,063 to the United States the first eight months in 1908, nearly seven times as much as in the corresponding period in 1907.

A patent has been granted on a pool table in which all the balls roll into a receptacle at one end, from which they are released only when a coin is dropped in a slot.

More than one-third of the persons admitted to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind in the last eight years owe their affliction to neglect soon after their birth.

Memphis board of health will deliver lectures on tuberculosis, telling how to avoid it and how to combat it if contracted by means of phonographs on street corners.

The addition of a teaspoonful of saltpeter to a pot of glue will deodorize it and at the same time help the glue to dry faster and become harder without impairing its strength.

A new machine in a large eastern sewing machine factory takes in a sheet of metal at one end, and, after twenty-eight operations, ejects finished bed plates, saving the work of thirty men.

Excesses in the use of alcohol, dancing and automobiling are declared to aid in the breeding of tuberculosis germs in man by State Health Commissioner Dixon, of Pennsylvania.

Sulphide pitch, obtained in the process of manufacturing sulphide cellulose, is proving a successful binder in the making of coal briquets in the Rhenish Westphalian coal field.

A church organ with bamboo pipes, built by a priest near Manila in 1793, still is in daily use, the bamboo having been preserved by a process, the secret of which died with the priest.

A solution of four ounces each of hyposulphite of soda and sugar of lead to a gallon of water, used boiling hot, will impart a blue color, similar to that of blued steel, to most metals.

A London medical authority gives the credit for the decrease in the death rate of that city to the fumes of gasoline from automobiles, which he says are antiseptic and act as a health tonic.

A Glasgow ferryboat practically is a floating elevator as its deck with a full load of sixteen wagons may be raised or lowered seventeen feet to reach the different landings at which the boat touches.

There is nearing completion for the government at Newport News, Va., a vessel, the sole purpose of which will be to destroy derelicts and other menaces to navigation along the Atlantic coast.

Apparatus for the inhalation of oxygen will play an important part in the equipment of the aeronaut whom the Aero club of France plans to send in a balloon to a height of more than six miles.

The 7,500 square miles of phosphate lands in Utah, Idaho and Wyoming, recently withdrawn from entry by the President's order, are said to constitute the greatest known deposit of phosphate rock in the world.

Chinese incense includes the following ingredients: Elm bark, cloves, olibanus, putchuck, sandalwood dust, garoo, laka, aniseed, muck, orange peel, galango, ginger, sapanwood, rhubarb, myrrh, cassia and camphor.

Experiments in Sweden with using buoys lighted with dissolved acetylene, stored in stel tanks, have proved a great success, the lights being both brilliant and constant and needing no attention for months at a time.

Thirty-five men are kept constantly employed cleaning and painting the great Forth bridge in Scotland, which presents twenty-five acres of surface to the action of the elements. Two hundred and fifty tons of paint are required to cover it.

From present indications the projected all-Russian railroad through Eastern Siberia will not be opened for traffic before 1912. It will tap five cities on the way east from Moscow and develop vast tracts of agricultural land.

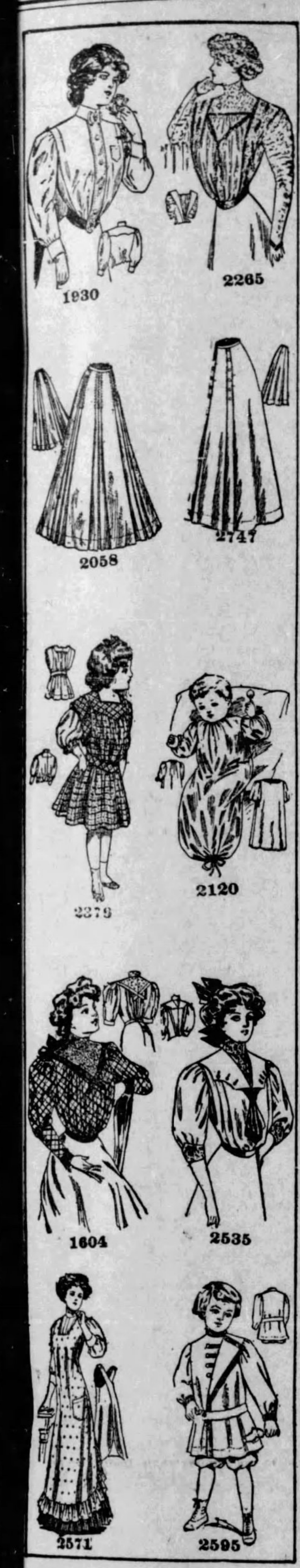
According to a French authority, 20 per cent of the cannibals eat their dead to honor them, 19 per cent eat their warriors to obtain their courage, 29 eat human flesh to punish their enemies, and only 32 per cent because they enjoy its flavor.

A German army physician, who has been experimenting with balloons, denies the often repeated statement that germs do not exist in the upper atmosphere, and claims that he has found thriving bacteria at elevations of more than 13,000 feet.

Dr. G. A. Dorsey, of Chicago, who recently returned from a trip through the Orient, found in one of the Solomon islands a tribe of hitherto unknown natives, so uncivilized that they wear no clothing and live in hollow tree trunks and holes in the ground.

An examination of nearly 2,000 pupils in London's elementary schools showed 1.1 per cent more or less seriously afflicted with pulmonary tuberculosis. Should this percentage be carried out through all the schools, London has over 7,000 tuberculosis children.

The Bavarian government has discontinued the construction of self-contained motor cars on its state railroads, and is building instead light but powerful four-wheeled locomotives to haul single cars to obviate the difficulty of the entire car being idle when its motor needs repairs.



TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also. Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

1930—Ladies' Shirtwaist, with or without Back Yoke-Facing. The model here illustrated was developed in heavy linen, although it is adaptable to madras, pongee or taffetas. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2265—Ladies' Waist, with High or Low Neck, Long or Elbow Sleeves and Body Lining. A pretty evening waist if developed in chiffon, messaline or crepe de chine, trimmed with all-over lace and velvet ribbon, according to the material used in its development. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2058—Misses' Nine-Gored Double Box-Plaited Skirt. Serge, cheviot, broadcloth or voile are good materials for this neat little skirt. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2747—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt Closing Under an Inverted Box-Plait at Centre-Back Seam and Having a Double Box-Plait at Front. A very good model for the separate skirt of broadcloth, serge, cheviot or tweed. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2376—Girls' Dress, with a Separate Guimpe Having High or Low Neck and Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. For the everyday frock this little model was developed in Scotch plaid worsted. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2120—Infants' Cold Feet Gown. Canton or French flannel or flannelette develop well in this little gown. One size.

1604—Misses' Yoke Waist, with Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. A pretty model for taffetas, cashmere, voile or Liberty satin. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2535—Misses' Tucked Shirtwaist, Closed at Back, with Three-Quarter Sleeves and a Removable Shield. Tan chiffon broadcloth was used for this pretty model, which may be worn as a separate garment or part of a costume. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2571—Ladies' One-Piece Work Apron, with or without ruffle. A good model for heavy linen, chambray, or gingham, 3 sizes—Small, medium and large.

2595—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse with sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands; and knickerbockers. The model here illustrated was developed in brown serge, with trimming bands of silk braid. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2724—Ladies' Dressing Sack. French or viyella flannel, flannelette, challis or cashmere are excellent materials for this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2173—Ladies' Corset Cover, with or without shield sleeves. Nainsook, jaconet, batiste or fine lawn with trimming of embroidery or lace insertion and edging. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2070—Girls' Three-Quarter Length Coat. Cheviot, broadcloth or tweed develop well in this jaunty little model. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2210—Child's Apron and Bloomers. A very good model for chambray, heavy linen or gingham. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

2465—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with a removable chemisette and long or three-quarter length sleeves. A charming model for afternoon wear developed in any pretty shade of taffeta. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

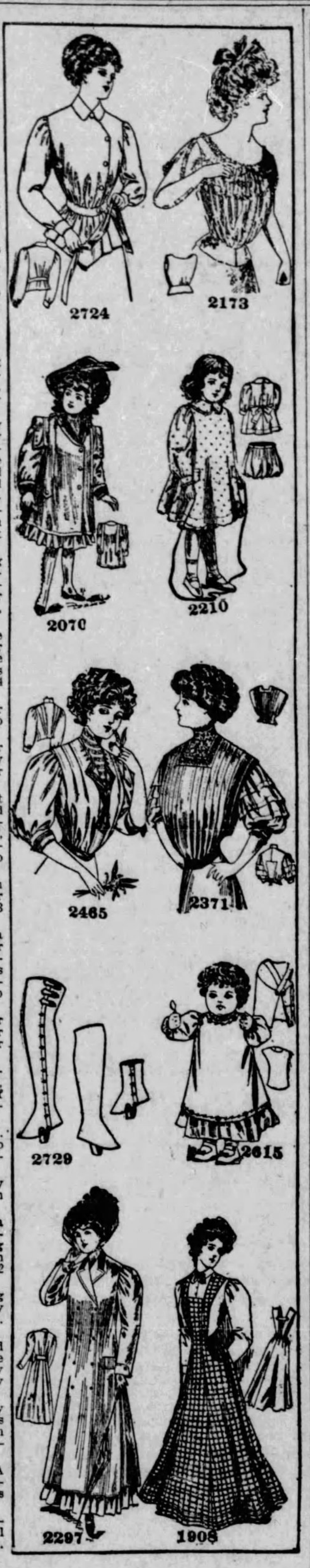
2371—Ladies' Jumper, with guimpe having three-quarter length sleeves. A very charming model for taffetas or voile. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2729—Misses' and Children's Leggins and Over Gaiters. Developed in any of the heavy cloths these over-gaiters are very easy to make if directions are carefully carried out. 7 sizes—4 to 16 years.

2615—Child's Eating Apron and Bib, heavy linen or nainsook are the best mediums for this style and may be trimmed with motifs of hand embroidery. 3 sizes—1 to 3 years.

2297—Ladies' Coat, with butcher back. A very good model for waterproof material or in fact any of the season's coatings. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1908—Ladies' Work Apron. A very serviceable garment which will develop well in gingham, chambray or heavy linen. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.



WATCHES We offer again this season the line of Waltham and Elgin watches that proved popular last year, at prices lower than elsewhere retailed.

The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold fillled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

We guarantee everything we offer you to be JUST EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED.

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set.

ALL WATCHES ARE SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantages of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel idex; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

No. 101—18 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works	$11.50
No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$15.00
No. 103—16 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works	$12.25
No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$15.50
No. 105—18 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$12.50
No 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$17.00
No 107—16 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$14.50
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No. 113—18 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$10.50
No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$15.00
No. 115— 16 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$12.50

NICKEL SILVER CASES.

No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works	$5.30
No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works	$6.60
No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works	$8.75

LADIES' 6 SIZE.

No. 121—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$13.50
No. 123—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$12.25

LADIES' 0 SIZE.

No. 124—25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$14.00
No. 125—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$17.50
No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$13.00

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THE BLADE Toledo, O.

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 846, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay. Write at once.

FIVE BURN TO DEATH

Mother and Four Small Children Perish.

Ashland, Wis., Jan. 15.—Mrs. Nathan Sherrard and four children, aged 1 to 9 years, burned to death today when fire destroyed their cabin at Echlins' lumber camp, twenty miles south of Ashland.

Nathan Sherrard is the camp cook. The entire crew of 100 lumber jacks will escort the burned bodies to Odanah.

BISHOP M'QUAID DEAD

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 18.—The Rt. Rev. Bernard H. McQuaid, bishop of the Roman Catholic diocese of Rochester, died early today, aged 85 years, months duration. Yesterday was the sixty-first anniversary of the bishop's priesthood.

FREE BOOK ABOUT CANCER.

CANCEROL has proved its merits in the treatment of cancer. It is not in an experimental stage. Records of undisputed cures of cancer in nearly every part of the body are contained in Dr. Leach's new 100-page book. This book also tells the cause of cancer and instructs in the care of the patient; tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc. A valuable guide in the treatment of any case. A copy of this valuable book free to those interested. Address DR. L. T. LEACH, Box 145, Indianapolis, Ind.

CHECK FOR $100,000 HIGH FINANCE AS PHILANTHROPY

Chicago, Jan. 13.—Whether a check for $100,000 which enabled Phil Chancellor to establish the Globe Packing company at Cleveland was high finance or philanthrophy on the part of A. Booth & Company, could not be established, definitely, at the master in chancery's hearing yesterday.

Receiver Chalmers, who has charge of A. Booth & Company's business, is endeavoring to discover what became of $690,000 shown to have been paid by A. Booth & Company to their attorneys, Thornton & Chancellor. Mr. Justus, of the law firm, a brother of Chancellor, who established the Globe Packing company, occupied the witness stand.

Phil Chancellor, a law clerk, according to the testimony, received $100,000 with which to buy several struggling fish houses, which were combined into the Globe Packing company. Chancellor received a salary as manager of $15,000. The $100,000 became sixty per cent of the capital stock of the new concern. Three years later this stock was turned over to A. Booth & Company as security for the loan. Witness denied that the Globe concern became a part of A. Booth & Company's alleged monoply.

TENNESSEE TO BE DRY

Success of the Prohibition Measure Is Assured.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 13.—The passage of the state-wide prohibition bill in the senate yesterday afternoon by the decisive vote of 20 to 13, practically insures the final success of the measure. The house committee having the bill in charge has recommended its passage by a vote of 12 to 4.

The state-widers planned to call the bill up in the lower house today for final action and expected no difficulty in putting it through. The bill will then go to the governor, and it is generally understood that he will veto it. Should he do so, it will only require a majority of the members-elect in the house in which the bill originated to pass it over his veto.

WOMAN IS FOUND

Miss Charlesworth, Plunger in Stocks, Located.

London, Jan. 18.—Miss Violet Gordon Charlesworth, whose mysterious disappearance a short time ago caused much excitement because of her remarkable career and her extensive stock deals, has been found at Oban, Scotland.

It was reported Miss Charlesworth, who lived with her parents in Bogera, St. Asaph, Wales, was killed while automobiling in the neighborhood of Penmaenmawr, with her sister and the chauffeur, about two weeks ago.

Much was published of Miss Charlesworth's alleged speculation in stocks and an endeavor was made to show that she was in desperate financial straits.

BIG OIL FINE IS AFFIRMED

Washington, Jan. 18.—The supreme court of the United States today affirmed the decree of the state courts of Texas imposing a fine of $1,623,000 on the Waters-Pierce Oil company of St. Louis, and ousting it from the state, on the charge of violating the Texas anti-trust law.

HEAD HUNTERS RAID

Manila, Jan. 18.—Word has been received here that a party of Igorrote head hunters have raided the Iliocano village and have succeeded in carrying away three heads. A detachment of constabulary was at once dispatched in pursuit.

The government has assisted in eliminating head hunting among the Igorrotes and raids like the one on the Iliocano village are becoming rarer each year.

A Big Farm Paper Will Be Sent Free

We will send you our great farm paper absolutely free for three months if you will do us a small favor. Just send us names and addresses of five good farmers and inclose 2-cent stamp. The Valley Farmer is a handsomely printed farm journal, established 15 years, edited by the ablest agricultural writers of the country, published on its own $20,000 rotary magazine press by the largest publishing house in the West, and read by over a quarter of a million people, its circulation reaching every state in the Union. Address, with stamp, Valley Farmer, 520 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

ELECT BURTON SENATOR

In Speech of Acceptance He Warns Assemblymen to Beware of Selfish Lobbyists.

Columbus, Jan. 13.—In his speech of acceptance before the Ohio general assembly at noon today Theodore E. Burton, of Cleveland, just elected senator to succeed Senator Joseph Benson Foraker, outlined the policies of his future action. He declared for party peace, repeated his warnings of two weeks ago against the lobbyists, admonished the legislators to guard against an attempted repeal of the primary elections law and federal plan of city government, and treated a number of important questions.

His reference to the lobby was a striking feature of his address. He said that while he would not assume to dictate because of the close relation between the legislature and himself as a United States senator, he could not stand idly by and see outsiders seeking to promote their private advantage at the expense of the welfare of the state.

The two branches of the legislature met in joint session at noon. Lieutenant Governor Treadway presided. The journals of the two houses were read, showing that Burton had received a majority in each on the separate ballot. The presiding officer then declared Burton elected.

By resolution the doors of the house, where the joint session was held, were thrown open immediately after this declaration. The galleries were packed with persons interested in the formal making of a senator. Senator Burton's appearance was greeted with cheers.

Mr. Burton in his speech of acceptance spoke in part as follows:

Mr. Burton's Address.

In accepting the very distinguished honor which you, members of the legislature, have conferred upon me, I desire to express my most heartfelt thanks. In expressing my gratitude I am disposed to include the Democratic members of this assembly, whose action, in voting for another candidate, I trust has been prompted by motives of party fealty and compliance with the instructions of a party convention rather than by any vestige of personal opposition.

In the exercise of whatever influence may belong to me in shaping the policy of the party to which I belong, it is my first desire to act as a peacemaker between contending factions and to remove asperities and sources of discord.

No Higher Ambition.

I have no ambition for any other position, and trust that if life and health shall be spared I may again deserve that friendly support of the people which shall justify my continuance in this great office. It is my absorbing wish to serve the state of Ohio with an ever-increasing usefulness.

In some remarks made a few days since, before the caucus of Republican members, attention was called to the relation created between the members of this body and myself, a relation which I trust may always be one of friendship, of co-operation and of mutual good will. I shall maintain an eager interest in your deliberations, indeed, in every agency of this government.

For Primary Reform.

Let there be no disregard of the demands of an enlightened and sane public opinion; and on the other hand, no yielding to superficial yet insistent demands for ill-digested projects for changes in existing conditions. Perhaps efforts will be made for the repeal of measures passed by the last legislature, such as the primary election law and the law establishing the so-called federal plan in the government of cities. Every consideration which looks towards stability should stand in the way of so sudden a change; these laws should at least be tried.

In the government of cities, one of the most perplexing phases of our national life, the better tendency in recent years has been toward centralization of authority, the doing away with the clashing and inharmonious action of numerous boards and independent agencies and the adoption in their stead of forms of municipal government which make it easy to trace evils to their responsible sources. This so-called federal plan was in vogue for a decade in the most populous city of the state and it was I think the almost universal judgment that a great improvement was manifest in comparison with the looser methods which gave less authority and responsibility to both the executive and legislative departments of the municipality.

Good Roads a State Question.

I cannot omit to say a word in regard to a question upon which there is a widespread discussion relating to the relative spheres of state and national governments. I mean the pending proposition for improvement of highways—the good roads movement. Better highways confer a social and economic benefit in creating readier communication and cheapening the cost of transportation. It is not merely the greater convenience and agreeableness of travel which they confer, but substantial benefits in dollars and cents will accrue from the improvement and development of the roads of the state. There is no subject which more deserves your careful attention.

Warning Against Lobbyists.

I repeat the warnings uttered a few days ago against any and all lobbies on behalf of personal or private interests. The great difficulty of the legislator today is to resist the importunity of special interests ably and insidiously pursued while the great mass of the population is inert and inattentive. I can make no more important appeal to the electorate than to ask them to stand by the man who labors only for the general weal and who courageously resists the demands of those who have only personal interests to serve.

Give your ear to all who may seek to approach you in a proper and orderly manner, but let all your communications be in the open.

Other states of this magnificent union look to Ohio for an example and for leadership. The people rule in Ohio. Party organization is necessary, but its field of action should ever be subordinate to the assertion of the people's right to control their affairs. The political boss or ring can gain control only when that vigilance, so necessary to good government, is lacking. Those who take an active part in politics can never be so dangerous to the body politic as those who do not and who by reason of callous indifference or absorption in other pursuits make possible existing evils in public life.

CATTLE PLAGUE OVER

But Quarantine Will Not Be Lifted Completely.

Washington, Jan. 14.—The foot and mouth disease in cattle effectually has been eradicated in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Michigan, but to guard against the possibility of another outbreak, the federal quarantine will not be completely lifted over those states at present.

This was, in effect, the conviction expressed at a conference at the department of agriculture yesterday between Dr. Melvin, chief of the bureau of animal industry and the inspectors who have had charge of the foot and mouth situation.

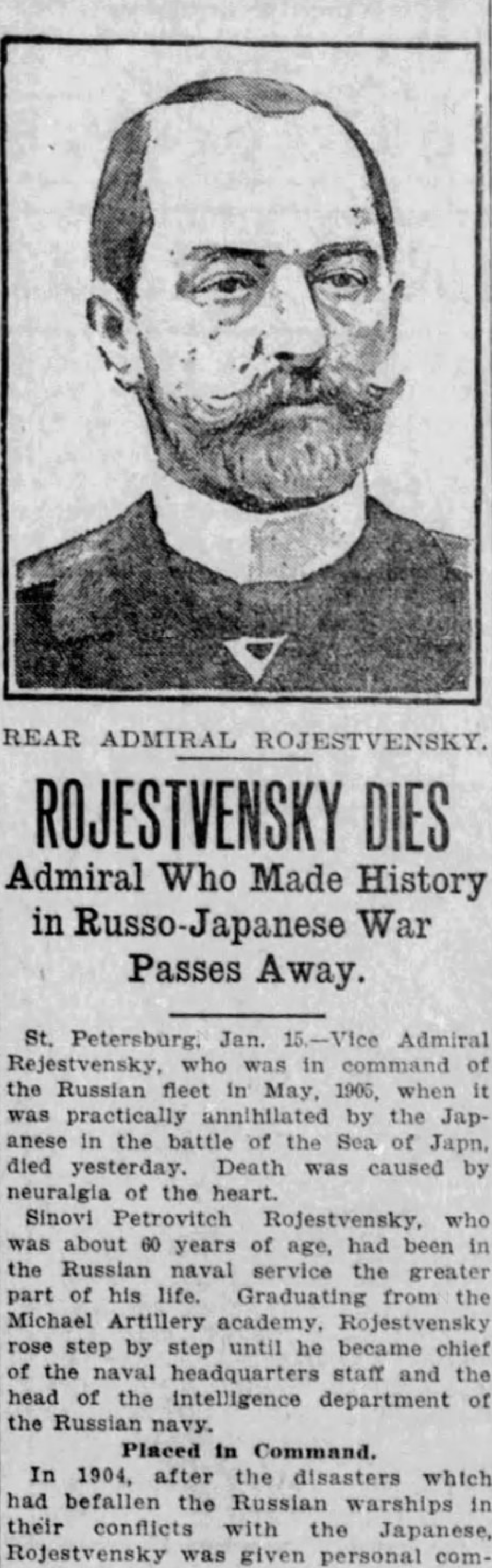
CUBA IS FREE AGAIN

New Era Marks Convening of Congress.

Havana, Jan. 13.—The members of the new Cuban congress assembled in this city at noon today, marking the beginning of renewed Cuban independence after more than two years of American intervention. For the first time in their history both the senate and the house met in government buildings, the last session of the house having been held in what was at one time a tobacco factory.

The purpose of the meetings today was merely to pass upon the credentials of members. The work was marked by little ceremony. The oldest member of each branch acted temporarily as presiding officer.

WARRIOR DEAD



REAR ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY.

ROJESTVENSKY DIES

Admiral Who Made History in Russo-Japanese War Passes Away.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 15.—Vice Admiral Rojestvensky, who was in command of the Russian fleet in May, 1905, when it was practically annihilated by the Japanese in the battle of the Sea of Japan, died yesterday. Death was caused by neuralgia of the heart.

Sinovi Petrovitch Rojestvensky, who was about 60 years of age, had been in the Russian naval service the greater part of his life. Graduating from the Michael Artillery academy, Rojestvensky rose step by step until he became chief of the naval headquarters staff and the head of the intelligence department of the Russian navy.

Placed in Command.

In 1904, after the disasters which had befallen the Russian warships in their conflicts with the Japanese, Rojestvensky was given personal command of the Russian Baltic fleet, with orders to take it to Vladivostok.

Rojestvensky with the main division of his fleet, sailed around the Cape of Good Hope and was met off Madagascar by the other vessels which had proceeded through the Mediterranean and the Red sea.

The Japanese during Rojestvensky's voyage had captured Port Arthur and sunk and captured most of the Russian warships, and this caused a change in the plans of Rojestvensky to take his fleet northward to Vladivostok. Advancing into the China sea, Rojestvensky in May, 1905, was joined by Admiral Nebogatoff's division, and the combined fleet started through the Strait of Korea on the way to Vladivostok.

Put to Rout by Togo.

Between Korea and Japan, in the Straits of Tsu-Shima, May 27, the Russians ran into Vice Admiral Togo's naval ambuscade and in the conflict Togo captured or disabled eight battleships, nine cruisers, three coast defense ships, nine destroyers, one auxiliary cruiser, six special service steamers and two hospital ships. The Russians lost 4,000 men killed and 7,800 taken prisoners. The Japanese lost three torpedo boats and 116 killed and 538 wounded. The vice admiral sustained several severe wounds. He then was conveyed to the destroyer Biedovy, which surrendered to a Japanese battleship. Rojestvensky and the officers were taken ashore and the admiral was placed in the hospital. He was held prisoner until the war ended.

Charged With Cowardice.

Returning to Russia after his release, Rojestvensky applied for retirement, saying that his health was shattered. An indictment was found against Rojestvensky and the officers of the Biedovy, charging the admiral with surrendering to an enemy and the officers with cowardice and demoralization. Rojestvensky pleaded guilty in order to save the officers, but he was declared to be not guilty. The officers were condemned to death, but their sentences afterward were commuted.

GERMAN SHIP IS BOMBARDED

Konakry, French Glinea, West Africa, Jan. 15.—News has just been receiced here that the Liberian customs gunboat Lark has bombarded a German steamer of the Woerman line, off the coast of Liberia. The reason for this action is not given. A German guardship from Kamemum has sailed for Liberia.

YOUNG GIRL PROVES SHORTHAND WIZARD.

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—Ruth Ohlson, a 14-year-old San Francisco girl, established the world record for her age for rapid shorthand writing by writing in shorthand before Judge Thomas E. Graham, judge of the superior court, 850 words in five minutes and reading the same back correctly. The statutory requirements of the courts of this state are 750 words in five minutes.

Miss Ohlson's record is phenomenal, as the matter read to and written by her was taken from a transcript of proceedings that the judge produced from the files of his office and was entirely strange to her.

POISON KILLED EMPEPOR

Hongkong Chinese Demand the Slayer of Chinese Ruler Be Put to Death

New York, Jan. 13.—The Chinese Reform association here received a cipher cable dispatch yesterday from Hong Kong, confirming the statement that the late emperor of China met an unnatural death.

The dispatch states that before the late empress dowager's death the question of choosing an heir presumptive was pending.

Yuan-Shi-Kai strongly urged the dowager empress to select the eldest son of Prince Ching, but the empress denied this request. This refusal and the inpending death of the dowager empress led Yuan-Shi-Kai to believe that Emperor Kang Shu would soon regain his power and deal summarily with those who had subordinated him to the empress dowager.

The dispatch states that a Chinese physician, a native of the province of Fukin, was thereupon commissioned to put the emperor out of the way. The plot was carried out, according to the dispatch, and has since been revealed by one of the participants named Ching-Sa-Sen, who has made his escape to Japan.

A dispatch to Prince Chun asserts that the emperor was poisoned through treachery and asks for the summary execution of the responsible parties, warning him that otherwise the people will hold him responsible and will revolt.

HANDS RAW AND SCALY

Itched and Burned Terribly—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep Impossible.

CUTICURA SOON CURED ECZEMA

"An itching humor covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad that I could not move my thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep. I could not bear to touch my hands with water. This went on for three months and I was fairly worn out. At last I got the Cuticura Remedies and in a month I was cured. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

FLOODS CAUSE DEATHS

Half a Dozen Towns Are Inundated as Result of Heavy Rains in California.

San Francisco, Jan. 15.—Half a dozen towns in California are completely or partly under water as a result of recent heavy rainstorms.

Several fatalities have been reported and the property loss will be immense. Among the inundated towns are Visalia, Porterville and Linden.

Levee Breaks.

Fresno, Cal., Jan. 15.—The levee surrounding Visalia broke yesterday afternoon and flood waters swept into the town. The northwestern part of town was being flooded. School children were dismissed.

Porterville also is flooded. Twenty-five families living in the lower part of the town were rescued by citizens with rafts. A woman and child are reported to have been drowned.

Bakersfield Threatened.

Bakersfield, Cal., Jan. 15.—A flood is menacing Bakersfield. The north and south levees, which protect Bakersfield and the surrounding country from the overflow of the Kern river, have given way. More than 200 men are fighting to close the break.

Floods Are Threatened.

San Francisco, Jan. 15.—Floods in the river valleys and landslides in the mountains are threatened as the result of the rain storms now prevailing throughout the state. The Sacramento, American Feather, Yuba, San Joaquin, Kings and Salinas rivers are rising and American will reach the flood stage soon.

At Folsom the American is now up to the danger point. A gold dredger valued at $150,000, which had been working in the bed of the stream, was wrecked by the high water and will be a total loss. Twenty launches of the Sacramento Boat club were torn from their moorings and swept down stream.

Stockton Is Warned.

The weather bureau has warned the people of Stockton that there is grave danger to that city from the San Joaquin river and Mormon slough. The latter, which carries a great quantity of water, broke through the levees above the town of Linden and has spread over a vast extent of territory.

At Kennel, in the northern part of the state, more than six inches of rain has fallen in the last 24 hours and at Blue Canon seven inches have been recorded. Workmen on the western Pacific report that the entire section is a sea of water.

Heavy Snow Fall.

Snow is falling heavily in the Sierras, and the Yosemite valley has been temporarily closed to tourists. Advices from the central San Joaquin valley state that the towns of Visalia and Porterville are under water.

Bridge Washed Out.

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 15.—The bridge on the main line crossing of the Southern Pacific company, between Sacramento and Rossville Junction, where the Shasta route to the north branches off, has ben washed out. By its destruction and washing out of a bridge near Emeryville the company has been cut off from all overland routes tapping this portion of the state with the exception of its southern lines.

JAP CRUISERS COMING

Educational Trip to United States Planned.

Tokio, Jan. 14.—There has been no decision reached here concerning the visit of any Japanese naval vessels to America. In any event, only two cruisers of the training squadron will go. The Associated Press is informed that this is under consideration by the navy department. If the trip is made, it will be of a purely educational nature. They will visit Hawaii, San Diego and San Francisco and Seattle, but will not go to Panama.

SMUGGLING FOILED

Montreal, Quebec, Jan. 18.—Ten Chinamen were yesterday found in a baggage car bound for Albany, N. Y. The car was loaded with theatrical scenery. Inspectors found the seal had been broken. It is suspected this means for getting Chinamen into the United States has been used before.

OLD AT TWENTY

Return of Youth with Proper Food.

Many persons who eat plenty never seem to be properly nourished.

That's because the food is not digested and absorbed. Much that is eaten is never taken up by the system as real food, and so the tissues simply starve and the individual may, as in a recent case, look and feel old in what should be the bloom of life, youth.

"At twenty I was prematurely old. All the health and vigor and brightness of youth had been, as it seemed, stolen from me. I went to work in the morning with slow steps and a dull head.

"My work through the day was unsatisfactory for my breakfast lay in my stomach like a hard lump. I was peevish and the gas in my stomach was very annoying. After supper I usually went to bed to toss half the night from sheer nervousness.

"This was all from indigestion—wrong eating.

"Finally I tried Grape-Nuts and I cannot describe the full benefits received from the food. It gave me back my health. It has completely restored good digestion and relieved me of my ailments. I steadily improved and am now strong and in perfect health."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

STOPS ATTACK ON T. R.

Takes Unusual Action of Denying Willett Privilege of Continuing Speech Denouncing Roosevelt.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The house of representatives this afternoon took the unusual action of denying a congressman the privilege of continuing his speech after he had been talking for a while.

The member against whom this move was made is William Willett, Democrat, of the Fourteenth district of New York. Mr. Willett had prepared an address scoring President Roosevelt and it was one of the most bitter attacks heard on the floor of the house.

He characterized Mr. Roosevelt as a gargoyle and as "a pigmy descendant of Dutch tradespeople," and charged that he had established a court at the White House which would have delighted the heart of his admired Alexander Hamilton.

As the congressman spoke Republicans tried to stop him by asking the chair to declare him out of order. He was allowed to continue, however, until his address was nearly completed, when by a vote of 126 to 78 the house denied him the privilege of continuing. He received the verdict with a smile. The house was in an uproar nearly all the time he was speaking.

Mr. Willett took for his theme, "The Passing of Roosevelt," and in a speech of great length dealt with numerous of the President's acts since he came into office and scathingly denounced them.

"An Unmixed Nuisance."

After declaring that, in the face of all sorts of conditions, Americans were possessed of a universal sense of humor, Mr. Willett said that to such a people "it must be confessed that a chief magistrate who has himself no sense of humor, moving like a horse-tedder over the hay field of American activities; stirring up every dry blade of once green grass, to let it fall dryer than before; quarreling one day with the practical politicians, then with the part-your-hair-in-the-middle reformers, then with the Socialists, then with the great industrial corporations; wrestling in agony of spirit with Noah Webster and our glorious English tongue; taking a fall out of nature fakirs; exhorting our women to avoid race suicide, cannot be an unmixed nuisance.

"He tries our patience, but he is always good to laugh at. Thank heaven for the things that make us laugh."

Sketches His Career.

Mr. Willett gave a brief biography of Mr. Roosevelt's life, beginning with his experience as a cowboy down to the present time and accused him of having won the governorship of New York by a mere fluke "when the false halo of San Juan hill was above his head; of being the beneficiary of assassination; and last and crowning piece of luck, the nominee for president when all the aggressive elements of the opposition wanted to see their own candidate defeated, the mammoth jocularity has got to laugh with every appearance; the gargoyle has been funny from the hour it left its native quarry."

Continuing, Mr. Willett said: "And, Mr. Chairman, should the gentlemen who view this curious figure with feigned admiration ask me how any son of Adam can be at the same time a hay-tedder, a jocularity and a gargoyle I can only answer that this particular hero is an eccentric exception to all rules—a solecism sui generis, a mixed-metaphor vivant, an impossibility, a comet that roves at will regardless of the limitations of ordered law that apply to earth and moon, to star and planets.

Some Other Boasts.

"He boasts of Irish blood, but no historic Irishman would have treated an ally as he treated Mr. Harriman.

"He exults in a strain of the old Huguenot, but the French gentleman doesn't fly into a passion and lash the horse of a timid young girl whose only offense is inadvertently passing the royal party in a public highway. Even Louis XIV was not that sort of a tyrant, and Henry IV, Henry of Navarre, the great Huguenot king, wore the white plume of noblesse oblige.

"He tells us that southern aristocrats were among his polyglot ancestors, but I can inform him that if the wife of a Robert Toombs or of a Jefferson Davis had been treated by him as Mrs. Minor Morris was he would have been called out or branded as a coward if he had been a thousand times a President.

Called Ananias Roll.

"I have a king and a court as good an imitation of a real thing known to the nobility of monarchial countries as the scion of a family of trading Dutchmen can concoct.'

Mr. Willett called the roll of the so-called Ananias club, and said: "The earth is intoxicated and reels around our jocularity. He alone is the personification of sobriety, temperateness of statement, calmness of speech and action The ever-moving hay-tedder hurries over the field, throwing upward the clover of politics, the timothy of zoology, the blue grass of history and letting each blade fall a little dryer than it was before.

"Jealousy you can read in the gargoyle's distorted featues.

"You look on those twisted lines and it is easy; oh, so easy, to understand the insolence toward Dewey, the one great figure of the Spanish-American war, the hero who took Manila with the worst ships a rotten bureaucracy could find for him..

"The persistent defamation of Admiral Schley, who really fought the battle of Santiago bay.

"The insults heaped upon General Miles, whose counsel was ignored in the expensive blunders of the land campaign at Santiago."

"The President," Mr. Willett declared. "showed his teeth at all real heroes, because real heroes are gall and wormwood to bogus ones."

Mr. Willett's Charges.

Continuing his denunciation, Mr. Willett charged that the President had bulldobzed President Castro, had seen the Filipinos brutally treated, had marooned Colonel Stewart, whom he did not like; had kept a young woman from earning an honest living by telling the truth; had allowed "scandalous conditions" to exist in the army and navy; had compelled his subordinates "to act as hunting dogs for the czar of Russia in trailing down men who have fought for liberty;" had practically re-established the John Adams' alien and sedition laws; had forced desertions from the navy by allowing intolerable treatment of sailors "at the hands of the aristocracy of Annapolis officers;" had permitted the degrading of soldiers at West Point who had been put to menial work, and had given a Scotch verdict in connection with the alleged Panama canal scandal.

MOYER LOSES CASE

The Supreme Court Decides Against Labor Leader.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The supreme court of the United States today decided against former President Moyer of the Western Federation of Miners the damage suit brought by him against former Governor Peabody of Colorado on account of Moyer's imprisonment on the governor's orders because of his alleged connection with riots at Telluride, Colo., in 1904.

FORCED BY GRATITUDE OF HUNDREDS.

To Repeat His Offer

Of November 26th in The Toledo Blade.

I have been so moved the past few weeks by the gratitude of Toledo Blade readers that I have decided to make again the offer which I made in the Nov. 26th issue. This is what I said, "I am going to Give Away a Free Treatment for Deafness, to every sufferer who asks for it."

The letters of request have poured in; letters of grateful thanks have also poured in. From every part of the continent, the people whom I have cured of that terrible affliction — Deafness—are thanking me.

A letter from the Far West says, "Allow me to thank you a thousand times for the good hearing you have restored to me." A letter from New England says, "I bless the day I saw your offer for you have cured me of Deafness."

DEAFNESS TREATMENT FREE

These many letters of gratitude have touched my heart, and so I say again to the readers of The Toledo Blade. "I will give away a Free Treatment for Deafness to every sufferer who writes for it."

This offer can only be made for a very short time. If you are Deaf, or have any trouble with your ears, write for a Free Treatment.

This treatment is entirely free. I want to help you. I know what you suffer in the approach of Deafness, and the intolerable agony of complete Deafness. I know that I have cured many, many people who were Deaf. I want you to have the same opportunity to hear again. *Write today, for my treatment for Deafness.*

Send off now, a post card or letter request. Don't delay, or it may be too late. If you have even the slightest feeling that something is wrong with your ears, be on the safe side and send for treatment. It won't cost you anything. If you are growing Deaf, and have become discouraged and tired of experimenting, profit by the example of those who have been cured by my treatment. Many of these people thought that they never could be cured, they had tried so many different things which never did them any good. MY treatment restored their hearing.

Write today, for a Free Deafness Treatment to Deafness Specialist Sproule, 43 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

World's Record for hatching, and 648 first prizes won by the **Reliable Incubator** Perfect ventilating, double heating system, inside heater, and automatic regulator—a great fuel saver Send today for FREE Poultry Book—valuable information on poultry raising and incubators. Reliable Incubator & Brooder Co., Box D 50, Quincy, Ill.

Men Wanted Quickly By Big Chicago Mail Order House to distribute catalogues, advertise, etc. $25.00 a week. $60.00 expense allowance first month. No experience required. MANAGER, Dept. 28 385 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

LEARN VETERINARY DENTISTRY and make $2000 a year. We teach you at home in three months of your spare time by illustrated lectures and grant diploma with degree. Particulars Free. Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Mich.

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FITS I wish every person in the U. S. suffering with FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS to send for one of my large-sized 16-ounce bottles FREE DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 267, Kansas City, Mo.

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MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

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ASTHMA AND CATARRH CURED TO STAY CURED No relapse. No return of symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. **FREE TEST TREATMENT** including medicines, prepared for anyone giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. Dept. S, American Express Building, Chicago.

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FENCE STRONGEST MADE. Bull-strong chicken-tight Sold to the user at Wholesale Prices. We Pay Freight. Catalogue free COILED SPRING FENCE CO., Box 216 Winchester, Indiana.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—31 W. Adams St., Chicago.

SELL Tobacco and Cigars locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Good pay; promotion; experience unnecessary. Address Morotock Tobacco Works, Box S-24, Danville, Va.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTRY and Almanac for 1909 contains 220 pages, with many fine colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's really an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Price only 15cts. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 695, FREEPORT, ILL.

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FITS CURED NO CURE NO PAY—in other words you do not pay our small professional fee until cured and satisfied. German-American Institute, 292 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

PERFECTION POLISHING CLOTH Sent by mail for 10 cts. MRS. M. PETERSON, 69 James street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WANTED—Agents to sell household specialty; entirely new; sells at sight; big profits. The Toledo Cooker Co., 1336 W. Bancroft st., Toledo, O.

WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know; information for 2c stamp. Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.

BE A MOTORMAN Our complete Electric Railway Course by mail will make you a competent Motorman or Conductor in short time at small cost. Hundreds of positions open at good salaries. Instruction endorsed by Electric Railway managers. Write today for free catalog—state age and weight. The Wenthe Railway Cor. School, Dept. E.8-207. Freeport, Ill.

$36 A WEEK and expenses to men with rig to introduce poultry and stock remedies. Grant Co., Dept. 90, Springfield, Illinois.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DISASTER—The complete, authentic story in pictures and vivid narration of the awful Italian Earthquake horror. Big thrilling book of nearly 500 pages; price $1.50; great money-maker for agents; big terms; no capital required; outfit free. Send 15 cents postage. Be quick! C. W. Stanton Co., 320 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—Dairy Farm, near Toledo, O.; 160 acres. Box 97, R. F. D. No. 7, Toledo, O.

One full quart, bottled in bond, with U. S. Government stamp, best Kentucky **WHISKEY FREE** Write today for full particulars. MARCUS MARCUS & CO. 424 Cambridge Bldg. Chicago, Illinois.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

JENNINGS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Our Father, turn our thoughts toward the love and joy that this day holds for us. Let the morning light dispel the shadows on our faces and the fears in our hearts.

MONDAY

In this new day, may we speak some word and do some work which shall make another glad and give us joy as we lie down to sleep.

TUESDAY

May we think how important are these lives we are going to live today; that no matter how small we are, this universe in all its majesty can never be complete without our effort.

WEDNESDAY

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

THURSDAY

There is no summit you may not attain,
No purpose which you may not achieve,
If you will wait serenely, and believe
Each seeming loss is but a step toward gain.

FRIDAY

Let it be our business less to fight or even to expose error, or to criticise fault, than to disclose and manifest truth and right.

SATURDAY

I scoffed at the "silver lining;"
I sneered at Hope. The care
That fell about my every hour
Cast shadow everywhere.
My little daughter listened
And, smiling, made reply,
"I thought that shadows never fell
Unless the sun were nigh!"

AN EXCELLENT ART

Elizabeth Ayres.

There is one thing which all may have who will. It cannot be purchased with money. None can take it away if you want to keep it, and nothing will make you better liked or will make you like yourself better than to have it. Thought and self-training are necessary in acquiring it, and by exercising these, the good you do yourself is the reward of merit.

This may seem like an old-time riddle, but the answer is simple. The "one thing" referred to in this instance is the art of being agreeable. The beauty of this is, that all may have it. It is not confined to any age or condition. Neither talent nor genius is necessary to bring this art to perfection. It is a thing of universal extension and it is a thing which should be universally extended. Whether it comes easily or not, is largely a matter of disposition, but it is possible to do almost anything we wish with ourselves if we are thoroughly in earnest.

It is human nature to fall into habits, and, we would better fall into the habit of being pleasant rather than to cultivate our disagreeable qualities by keeping them in practice. It is impossible to possess the art of being agreeable without harboring kindly thoughts, and of these one cannot have too many. To be always pleasant, no matter what disturbing circumstances may arise, to believe in the good intentions of others toward ourselves, to meet rudeness with courtesy instead of with retaliation, to turn away anger with a gentle answer, are but a few of the lessons to be learned in perfecting the art of being agreeable, and, as it grows toward perfection, the less often the rasping things of life arise to create mental disturbance.

The best place to begin the practice of being agreeable is at home, or among those with whom we come in daily contact. We are too much given to thinking that those with whom we are brought into intimate association "don't count." They must bear with us and our moods, whether they are pleasant or not, and it is for outsiders we are inclined to practice the manners that make a good impression. There is little merit in this, except that it is better to be agreeable once in a while than never to be agreeable at all.

The mind is a fractious thing, and it is difficult to always hold it in subjection, but once trained to a habit it is not in so much danger of going astray as when it is permitted to shift with every wind that blows. Serenity of mind is invited by being agreeable, and it certainly contributes to the serenity of others if we are always able to treat them with kindness and courtesy.

Everyone knows the feeling of irritation that an encounter with rudeness creates, and knowing this, take the lesson home and avoid awakening a like irritation. The sharp answer, the caustic remark, the cold manner, do not belong to agreeableness; they are the characteristics which mark the disagreeable person for whose society none has any fondness.

We often make our personal discomfort an excuse for being unpleasant. We say, when the disturbance has passed and we regret something we have said or done while it was present, "I am sorry I spoke so unkindly," or, "I am sorry I acted so rudely, but I was worried to death about something."

It is all very well to make apologies, and usually they are accepted, but not to be guilty of conduct which brings the necessity for apology, is far better, since we have no right to inflict our ill-tempers on those who are not in fault.

One of life's unending tasks is the learning and correcting of our failings, but of one thing we may be sure, if we are agreeable in thought, speech and manner, we shall have less damage to repair.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage, and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

KEEP HOME BRIGHT

The best trained children are in some ways like all other young creatures. They want fun, and will try to get it. Establish that truth in your mind. It is as natural for them to seek an outlet for their overflowing and superabundant animal spirits as it is for the kitten to chase your spool and the puppy to chew everything that comes within his reach. As nature abhors a vacuum, so does the healthy, normal child abhor enforced idleness. He will study hard, work hard, and play hard. It is the duty of parents to furnish opportunity for this legitimate instinct.

Is any other work in all the world as important as this God-given occupation of keeping in touch with your children? All too soon they will be men and women, and then you will have time to cultivate other things in which you are interested. Until then, make their interests yours. Do you not see that in doing this you make it impossible for the children to leave you behind, to feel that you are a "back number?" You will broaden and grow as they grow, and you will never lose them.

Meanwhile, keep home bright for them. Lay aside the latest novel you had planned to read tonight, and play the games the children love. If you must mend or darn in the evenings, do this work where you can listen to the children's talk, and where you can join in the songs the schoolboys thump out at the piano. Your house may not be as neat as is that of your childless neighbor, but it will be more than a mere house, for it will be the Home where the Heart is.—Virginia Terhune Van de Water in the January Circle Magazine.

HELP THE POOR

I am living in a humble home on a farm in the state of Nebraska. I love the quiet of the country, and enjoy the beauties of nature. I do not like to go where there is much excitement, but prefer to study out the good things hidden in our surroundings, and in the people with whom I mingle. I think so much of our Household page and have received many benefits from it. It really has made a better woman and mother of me. I thank you all for the good counsel I have received.

I have children around me and find them a great comfort. Life would be dreary, indeed, without the children. I believe in raising children by example. It is my purpose in life to set a Godly example before my children.

Like the writer who signed the name Jonathan, I have been thinking of something that is more or less neglected by those who could do much good, and that is in giving to the poor. Those who can afford to have new things every year or two, do not wear out the old. If they would look around they could find many that would accept such things gladly, especially where there are children for whom they could be made into smaller garments.

To be sure, there are a few who are more nice than wise, that might be offended by such gifts, but they are few compared to the many who would willingly accept. Try it, sisters, and see how much good may be done in this way. I always thought if I had plenty of money I would make better use of it than some do who have it. It makes me feel so sad when I see anyone in distress and cannot help them for lack of means.

In common with many others, I am a hard working woman and am not used to the easy things in life. If there is anything disagreeable, unpleasant, or inconvenient, it seems to be for me, but I do not mind, so long as I can make others happy. Again I thank all the contributors for the good I have received through The Blade.—Clattie Jenet.

A HOME LETTER

I have been an eager reader of The Blade for several years. I live on a farm, near a cross road, and my nearest neighbors are from two to four miles away. However, there is seldom a day that someone is not here; often half-a-dozen "happen" in for dinner. I seldom go from home, for five children, cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, etc., keep me "hustling."

I shrink most all goods before making, then I don't need to allow for shrinkage, nor fear for washing. Do not scare the children. Teach them the dark can harm no one. I was once taken dangerously ill and compelled to send my wee man, then less than six years old, to our neighbors for help. The night was dark and stormy, but he took a lantern and soon brought assistance.

My parents died when I was small, and my two sisters and three brothers are scattered from Northern New York to Southern California. We have not been together for sixteen years. With best wishes to all.—Sister Sallie.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

All good natured people are good looking people. Did you ever think of that?

If any sister can tell from experience or observation how women living in small towns or in the country may earn money we shall be glad to be instructed. We have many inquiries regarding this matter and we should like to have some suggestion or stories of experience in this line to "help along."

Since our last meeting we have received letters from An Idaho Mother, Bunk, Aunt May, Aunt Louis, A Tennessee Farmer's Wife, A Humble Mother, Grace and Druscilla,

Do not forget to sign your real name to your letters, in addition to the one you wish used for publication. This rule applies to all the departments of the Household page.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

INQUIRIES

One of our readers would like to have the "best" recipe for making soft soap. She would like to know also how to take ink-stains out of a carpet and a whitewashed wall.

Druscilla asks how to take iron rust out of white goods.

Mrs. P. J. W. wants a recipe for making milk crackers.

Prompt answers to inquiries are much appreciated. If you know the answer, don't wait, thinking someone else will send it in, but come to the rescue yourself.

THEY GROW

"Where do you get eggs?" inquired small Jimmy.

"You don't get 'em—hens lay 'em," replied his sister, a year and a half older.

"They don't neither; they grow, 'cause the seed catalog says egg-plant, so now!"—The January Delineator.

BEAUTIFUL BUST

50c Package FREE to Any Woman Who Lacks Full Development.

The great physical charm of woman is a firm, full, well-developed bosom and nothing is so humiliating and makes her so self-conscious as a thin, flat, undeveloped figure.

One of the leading women physicians in New York State, trying to overcome the defects of her own figure, fortunately found a new principle, or rather a happy combination of tissue-building elements, that increased her bust some four inches, made her arms round and shapely, and her neck and shoulders plump and symmetrical. This prescription was a real discovery, on far different lines from the ordinary figure-developing treatment, and this explains its great success.

Dr. Catherine Kelly not only gained a beautiful form by her own prescription, but used it successfully with many of her patients. To show you why Dr. Kelly's Form Developer succeeds where the ordinary treatment fails, we want to send you a 50-cent package free of charge, feeling sure that it will prove that the Developer does all that is claimed for it. Women, this is a personal message from a physician of your own sex, and all we ask is the opportunity to show you without any expense on your part, that her Developer will give you a perfect figure, beautiful complexion, and improve the general health.

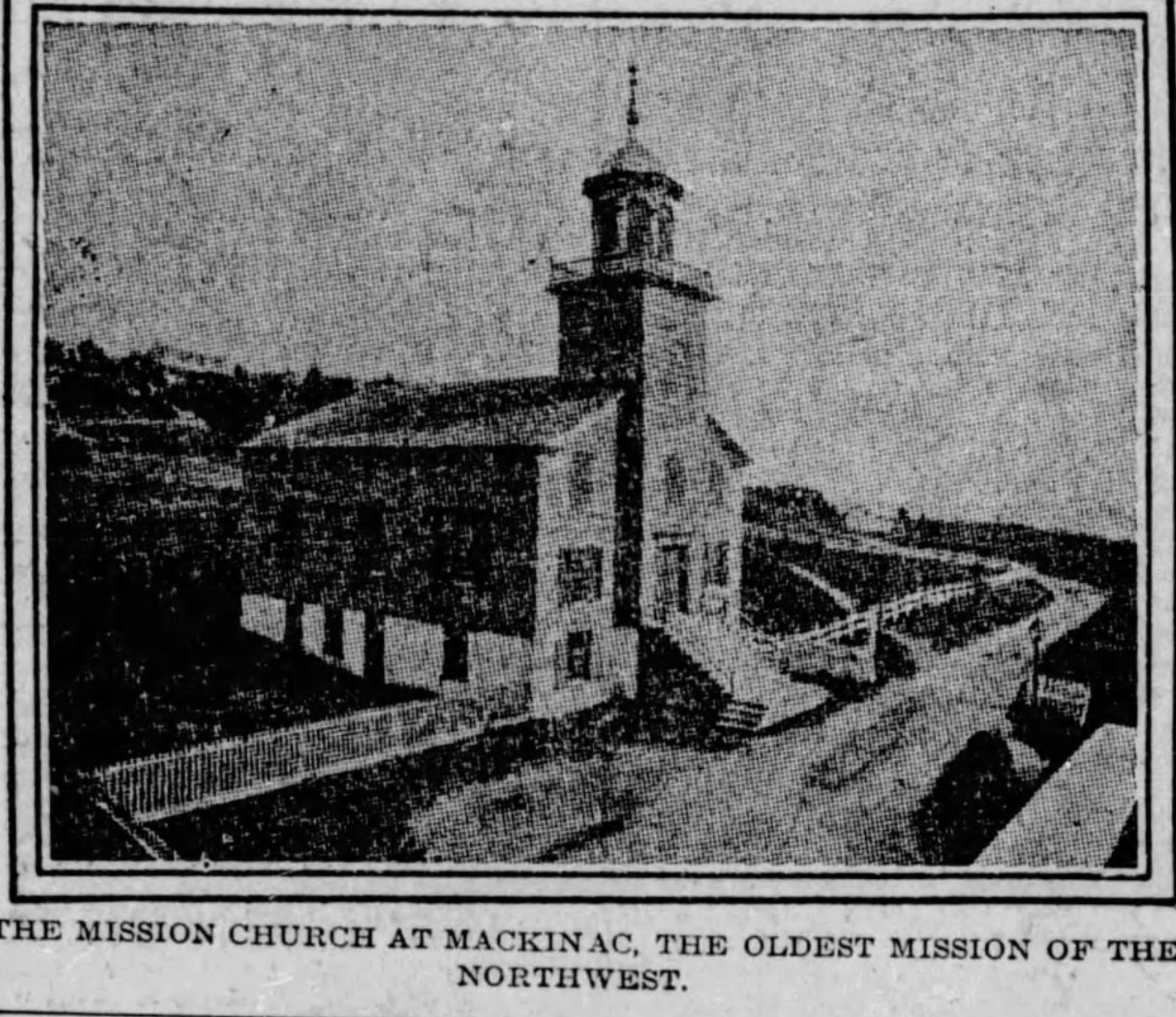
COUPON FREE 50c Treatment DR. KELLY'S FORM DEVELOPER 44-B

Send the little coupon above and 10c for mailing expenses, and a 50c treatment will be mailed at once in plain sealed Package. Write us today. DR. KELLY MEDICAL CO., No. 44-B, Exchange Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

EARLY DAYS AT OLD MACKINAC

Life at Old Mackinac had its compensations. It would be hard to find a place in America where children had a better time than our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers when they were boys and girls at this old gateway of the upper lakes. Every spring came the gala event of the year—the sugaring off—when officers and traders moved out with their families from Mackinac to Bois Blanc Island, five miles down the ice of the Straits, to a white city of tents in a sugar-maple grove.

Some time about March 1st, the sap began to rise in the forests of northern Michigan. Sunny days—and frosty nights to prevent the flow when no one was there to take away the sap—were the ideal weather for sugaring off; but soon as the warm sun set the sap running, Mackinac prepared to go camping for some three weeks. Sleighs were brought out, carrioles, backs and sides painted gorgeous crimson, runners black, inside cream, crammed with fur robes against the cold, and hitched tandem behind dogs keen to be off as the children muffled in furs to their eyes, wriggling restlessly to set out. The officers were usually accompanied by their families. Grand dames—wives of the big fur traders, Astor's magnates from New York, or pompous northwest partners from Montreal—went along garbed as for a fete, in sables and martens with huge beaver hats topped by plumes gay as ever nodded in eastern fashion. Abreast each tandem team as driver stood a French-Canadian wood runner, blanket coat, sash, toque, beaded moccasins shining new as squaws could make. A crack of the leading officer's whip! Away all raced, dogs and sleighs and drivers, the dogs barking and jingling their bells, drivers yelling, as out swept the runners from the snow-walled roads of Mackinac to the glare ice of the Straits. In less than an hour all sleighs are at the sugar grove of Bois Blanc Island, where forerunners have kindled a roaring fire, and all camp kit has been left from the preceding year.



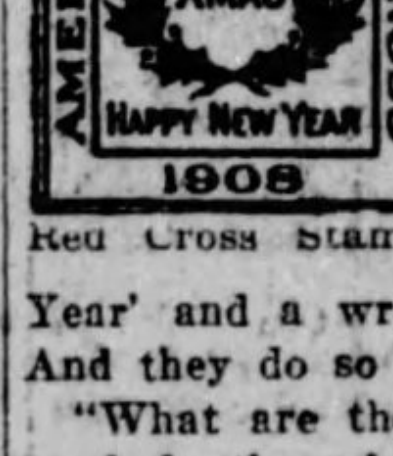
THE MISSION CHURCH AT MACKINAC, THE OLDEST MISSION OF THE NORTHWEST.

While the half-breed servants and black slaves move rugs into the big main tepee—fifty by two hundreed feet—and erect the smaller tents of canvas and deerskin, it falls to the ladies of the fort to prepare supper. A kettle is slung to a chain between four corner timbers. Partridge and duck and wild goose kept frozen from the fall hunt, bears' paws and beaver tails and stuffed rabbit are roasted whole at the end of long sticks; and one can guess whether youngsters at the end of a five-mile rough-and-tumble drive through frosty air thought the simmering, smelly things took long to cook; but the real fun only began when the ladies of Mackinac set to frying the flapjacks. What dire portent it was to let a pancake fall in the fire when you flipped it—I don't know; and it took a deft hand to toss the browned side up from a flat, rimless frying pan and catch it on the toss to brown the other side. If the thing tossed down in a man's cap, that ended peace of mind for him; and a good many Mackinac officers must have wanted to lose their peace of mind; for when pancakes began there was a wild scramble of men with hats. Later, when the sugaring off proper took place, that is, the last night of boiling the syrup into sugar, the whole evening was spent flapjacking, the pancakes served, of course, with maple syrup. Supper was eaten in the camp firelight above the crusted snow, with a crisscrossing of shadows like ghosts from the wind among the branches of the melancholy pines and leafless maples.

The big wigwam was given up to the use of the women and children. It was a long slope-roofed cedar-bark affair, like the sidetent of a circus, with platforms of huge logs down each side, an enormous fireplace in the middle with the usual posts at the four corners, and a big hole in the roof to let the smoke out. On the logs were spread the fur rugs for beds, though some of the grand dames brought out their down mattresses. Along the walls to keep out drafts, that make you mighty sad if you sleep next to a good brisk one in the small of your back in the small of the night, was tacked heavy gunsacking. Sticks driven in the bark supplied hooks to hang clothing. The fireplace was built big enough to admit whole logs, and though the tents outside were assigned to the men, one can guess how long everybody lingered round the main fireplace of the big wigwam, lounging on rugs listening to hunters' yarns.

Night time was fun. Morning, the real work began. Birds sounded the reveille at that hole in the roof above the dead fire. Soon as the stars began to fade and daylight to come through that hole like a sheeted ghost, the blue jays began to scream, the whisky jacks to twitter, the swamp pigeons to whistle and coo. A tame old owl nested near, and he used occasionally to peer from the ragged edge of the hole with a hoot that startled the wigwam. When the whip-poor-wills began to lash from nearby trees, the campers knew it was time to go home; for the ice would break up. But the day's work really began with the call of the birds.—From Agnes C. Lauts, Pioneer Women of the West in January Outing.

STORY OF THE RED CROSS STAMPS



Red Cross Stamp.

"All my Christmas gifts by mail, had Red Cross stamps on them," said Laura Winn to a group of girls and boys at recess. "The stamps have 'Merry Christmas' and 'Happy New Year' and a wreath of holly on them. And they do so much good."

"What are they, anyway? And what good do they do?" asked Charley Severns.

"They help raise money for the Red Cross work," answered Laura. "They cost a cent apiece; but all who know about the work are glad to pay that."

"We've all heard about the wonderful Miss Clara Barton and the Red Cross," said Charley, "and how, when people are starving in some great famine and she comes around, they say, 'Here's Miss Barton! Now we shall have food!' But what is the Red Cross, and did Miss Barton start it all?"

"I've been looking it up, and my father helped me," said Will Arnold. "Monsier Henri Dunant started it. It was in 1859 that the French and Sardinians won a great battle over the Austrians at Solferino, in Lombardy, Italy. The battle spread over many miles, and lasted sixteen hours; and thousands of men of both armies were left dead or wounded on the battlefield with nobody to take care of them, doctors and nurses were so few. Monsieur Dunant, a Swiss gentleman, visited the battlefield, and was so shocked at all the terrible suffering he saw there that he lectured and talked it up at public meetings, and said it was wicked to let wounded men suffer so, and that nations ought to unite and do something to have wounded soldiers cared for.

"So, in 1864," went on Will, "a convention from different nations was held at Geneva, Switzerland, to see what could be done; and the Geneva treaty, or Red Cross treaty as it is sometimes called, was drawn up. Eleven European powers signed it at once. There is not one great Red Cross society, but each country has its own national society, and carries on the work in its own way. These societies though are associated under the International Committee of Geneva. And there is one emblem, the Red Cross, the same for all countries and meaning the same thing, that it may be recognized wherever it goes. It is all over Europe; and in Japan, China and Turkestan in Asia; in Egypt and Algeria in Africa; and in Oceanica."

"The Red Cross is a little spot of peace in the midst of war," said Jimmy Reid. "It has no enemies, for it cares for wounded soldiers without thinking which side they belong to. The little tents of the Red Cross can be put up in the midst of a battlefield, and no army can capture or interfere with them—that is a part of the Geneva treaty. And now forty-three nations have signed the Red Cross treaty, and have surgeons and nurses and tents and hospitals and clothing and stores of all kinds ready when war comes."

"I suppose our country is away ahead—as it always is in everything?" said little Dora Reid.

"It's about at the tail end this time," retorted her brother. "And if it had not been for that wonderful Miss Barton working hard for five years, talking things up and getting friends to help her, there's no knowing whether our government would have signed the treaty of the Red Cross by this time; it was years behind some of the other countries. There was a little society of the Red Cross here, formed by Miss Barton in 1869, and she was president; but it was only a private society of about three hundred members, not a national affair like ours today. The present American National Red Cross was incorporated by act of congress in 1905, and its president now is Hon. Wm. H. Taft, president-elect of the United States."

"The French Red Cross has about the most money of all," said Arthur Keene; "and the Russian does well; the Italian has more than five hundred different branches; the German Red Cross has three hundred thousand members; Austria and Hungary have nearly one hundred thousand; and Japan has a million members. The Red Cross is in Persia, Siam, Mexico, and several South American states. At King Edward's special request, England has lately organized the British National Red Cross, and Queen Alexandra is president. But in America we haven't waked up. Our rich country has only twenty-one thousand dollars in its Red Cross fund, against little Japan's two and a half millions—and very few members for such a large country."

"Perhaps it's because we don't have any wars here," suggested Nellie Wilson.

"Wars aren't everything! Didn't you hear of the Red Cross at the great Chelsea fire?" cried Will Arnold. "And at the San Francisco earthquake and fire? And down in Louisiana, and in Florida, where yellow fever raged? And out on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers when great floods swept away people's houses and covered their farms with water and spoiled their crops and swept off their stock, so that the poor people had no homes, or food, or anything to get food with? Then came Miss Barton and members of the Red Cross, and gave food and clothing to these people, and started them again with stock and seed! Floods and fires and earthquakes and famines and fevers come when there is no war; and the Red Cross helps in these troubles. Now it is fighting 'the Great White Plague'—consumption, or tuberculosis; and camps are being formed all over the country to try to cure those who have the disease."

"The Red Cross is like 'all hands around' in the old dance I've heard about," said Arthur Keene. "First, it's in this country; then, it's across the water. My father was telling me how Miss Barton went with the Red Cross to Russia in the famine there; and to Japan in its famine; and helped the Chinese in their need; and carried help to Armenia when all the world wondered what could be done for the starving people there."

"And my father says," added Will Arnold, "that the Red Cross stands for all men who are suffering, wherever they are."

"I'd like to be a member of the American National Red Cross," said Charley Severns.

"Any man, woman or child may join it," said Jimmy Reid, "by sending one dollar a year to the Secretary, care of the War Department at Washington. Each member gets a Red Cross Badge and the Red Cross Bulletin."

"I had a gold dollar among my Christmas gifts," said Laura Winn; "I'm going to join."

"I'll earn a dollar and join," said Jimmy Reid.

"So will I!" "And I!" "And I!" cried the others.—Frances Campbell Sparhawk in January Little Folks.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—I am not dead, neither am I sleeping, although I have been silent a long time. I heard Miss Prudence call the roll for a reunion, and I thought I had better answer "present" for fear she would scratch off my name.

I am still interested in the M. G. R. and shall expect to see many familiar faces at our reunion. I shall be very much disappointed if I fail to see the faces of Cor Cordum, Isabel, Mt. Sister, Green Mt. Boy, Irma, Em T. Head, Oregon Bach, Buckeye School Ma'am and all the rest of the old-time members.

Mrs. Sunflower Kid and two junior Sunflowers join me in wishing all of you many happy returns of the year.—Sunflower Kid.

The following letter was written in the early part of December. However, it is as good as new, even at this late date, and I am sure it will be of interest to the circle.—Miss Prudence.

I live in the prairie state of North Dakota, in Bowman county. We had quite a snow storm recently. The storm began at 11 o'clock at night, and stormed for nearly two days. The wind blew a gale, and the snow was so fine that it sifted into the house quite badly. The snow packs as hard as a stone and you can drive across a drift and not break through. My father has a claim and I teach school. The school house is built on our land, just a short distance from the house.

We raised 38 bushels of flax and some corn and vegetables in the past summer. We have a shack built of boards. It has a sod part, which is 16 by 32 feet. It is very nice and warm. It is plastered on the inside and around the windows and doors on the outside. Next summer we are going to plaster it all over on the outside. The walls are nearly a yard thick, so you see we are comfortable. We put on a gable roof and now we have two nice bedrooms upstairs.

The country here is gently rolling, and in the distance we can see the buttes, or the beginning of the mountains. There are no roads or bridges yet. We expect to have roads laid out next summer and bridges built. When we wish to go any place now we just start out across the country in the direction we wish to take. There is very little danger of coming to fences, and all one has to look for is a good place to cross the creeks.—Helen Jane from N. Dakota.

May I come in and join your happy band? I hear some one say "yes," so I will take a seat over here by Cherokee Girl. M. Elizabeth was asking why there were not more letters from Penn., so I decided to let her know I am living and able to read The Blade. M. Elizabeth, let me tell you that I am heartily with you in your love for nature, and enjoy a walk through the woods and over the hills, or along the river, more than many would guess. It is not real living unless you enjoy nature. What is pleasanter than a walk in the woods in early spring?

I live on a farm of 118 acres with my father, two brothers and two sisters, my mother having died when I was twelve years old, and my youngest brother not a year old. We all work hard, make money and have many a good time. Perhaps you will hear from me in the future. Best wishes to all the M. G. R.'s.—Red Wing.

Dear Brothers and Sisters of the M. G. R. Family:—It has been a long time since I have written to the circle, but I have been reading letters from others and pondering over them. And now comes the question of success. Be patient and I will give my definition.

A wise man was once asked: "Who is the successful man?" and he replied: "He who lessens waste!"

That was a very simple answer, but what a broad meaning it has. First, there is the waste of time. The saying, "Time and tide wait for no man," is to be considered. How true it is, whether improved or wasted, time flies on incessantly, regardless of how it is used. Waste of time means failure. He who wastes time, probably wastes energy. Some folks have none to waste. Others have too much energy. There is a too-willing class of people, as well as an unwilling class. The man who succeeds is the one who strikes the happy medium. So much for the waste of time and energy.

Then there is the waste of land, of money, and last, but not least, opportunity; but, than Providence, there is a way to improve all these things, and to improve is to succeed. Wishing success to everyone, I remain—Silver Gray.

After an absence of a year I am back again with a short story of some sights seen at Jacksonville, Florida, the home of Florida Old Man. I was one of a party that took a boat and crossed the St. John's river to Dixie Park, a small representation of the St. Louis World's Fair. While there, we ate our dinner under the shade of the oldest and largest oak tree in the state of Florida. The spread of its branches is 160 feet, and densely shades at noonday a circle of 190 feet in diameter. Authorities place the age of the tree as more than 400 years. Osceola, the famous Seminole chief, camped here under this oak while negotiating in Jacksonville before the Seminole war several important treaties. It is a well known landmark at one end of the trail between St. Augustine and the north. When the sun shines low in the west the big old oak casts a shadow of almost an acre in extent. Its magnificent trunk, fourteen feet around, and its boughs, awaken interest and admiration on the part of all who see it, especially the northern tourists.

With best wishes for all the M. G. R.'s.—Georgia Cracker.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Good day to you, and may there be many good days to you.—Miss Prudence.

Do not forget to sign your real name to your letters, in addition to the one you wish used for publication. This rule applies to all the departments of the Household page.

If we are to have an M. G. R. reunion the 11th of February, you should be sending your letters this way. Time flies, you know, and it takes time to get ready for a reunion.

Mildred Roberson—You are a little too young to join us yet. Your birthday clock must strike sixteen before you can be an M. G. R.

Blue Eyes from Tennessee—You must be "sweet sixteen" before you can be a real, live M. G. R.

Felix A. Jones—Your letter came a little too late to enter the success discussion. Try again with something else.

F. J. B.—Thank you for your letter. The reading matter you mention is familiar to me so you need not send it, but I am just as much obliged for your good intentions.

Letters recently received are from Pansy of N. C., Yankee Soldier, Dana Welch, West Virginia Sunbeam, Dark-Eyed Virginia Girl, Tennesee Bach., Jr., Red Wing from Ohio, Easterner and Adell.

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LIFTING THE LIGHT

"I suppose," said a returning American on board an ocean steamer, looking at the great statue of Liberty lifting high her light, as the ocean liner entered the busy, crowded harbor of New York, "that a foreigner, when he first sees that, is struck by it as the symbol of American opportunity and hope. That's what Bartholdi meant it for I know. But he builded better than he knew to my mind. I see all that in it, of course; but to me it always stands for a great deal more. It stands to me for all the American women I know who lift the light for others to live by.

"There was my mother. She brought up eight of us children in a little, bare western town, and was the elder's wife in the church, and sang in the choir, and got up the town reading circle, and nursed every sick neighbor in the place. They say Americans are idealists and optimists. How anybody could have helped being an idealist and an optimist that was brought up by my mother, I can't see; and she was only one of thousands of her day and generation. I believe America is full of just such mothers this very minute, lifting the light wherever they are.

"Then my school teacher—what she didn't do to us tow-headed boys and girls in that little school isn't worth doing. She mothered all the backward and the sensitive ones, and made us all sit up and study and want to be valedictorians before we got through. I never would have worked my way through college if she hadn't fixed it in my infant mind that I must have all the education an American boy is entitled to. America is full of teachers like that, and that's why it is the land of hope. Then, since I've grown up and traveled about, and lived in the east and the west, and read the papers, I've come across women who are the strength of all our charities, who work in the darkness of our cities, who lift the light for whole communties in numberless ways. As you look across America you san see them. Every American man takes off his hat to such women as Jane Addams or Helen Gould. Never mind the women who aren't any use, who are vain and shallow and selfish. Of course there are plenty of them. But the woman who lifts the light is the representative American woman—I haven't lived forty years without finding that out. That's why Bartholdi's statue looks more homelike to me every time I get back from a trip abroad;" and he bared his head with a loyal flourish as the big vessel swept by the steadfast figure with its uplifted light.—From The Gentlewoman.

THE POETS' CORNER

BETSY AND I ARE OUT

Will Carleton.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are crossways, and Betsy and I are out—
We who have work'd together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan! it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've pass'd by very well;
I have no other woman,—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talk'd with Betsy, and Betsy has talk'd with me;
And we've agreed together that we can never agree;
Not that we've catch'd each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start:
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing, I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concernin Heaven,—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast,—we arg'ed the thing at tea,—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She kick'd the bucket, for certain,—the question was only—How?
I held to my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for full a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke;
And the next was when I fretted because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to ar'ge, and something sharp to say,—
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary week—
When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole summer and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't live at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me;
And we have agreed together that we can never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer,—the very first paragraph,—
Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half;
For she has help'd to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
But women are wretched critters, unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never fail'd to say,
That Betsy should never want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin' tol'rable pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mitten'd a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever,—I won't forget it soon,—
I was as hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon,—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrel'd, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home tonight,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know;
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarrel'd so.

And, when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree;
And, if ever we meet in Heaven, I wouldn't think it queer,
If we loved each other the better because we've quarrel'd here.

TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE

By Charles H. Fillmore.

When I was but a little child, how well I recollect
How I would grieve my mother with my folly and neglect;
And now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her tender care,
O Saviour, tell my mother I'll be there!

CHORUS.

Tell Mother I'll be there in answer to her prayer,
This message, blessed Saviour, to her bear!
Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's joys with her to share,
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

Though I was often wayward, she was always kind and good,
So patient, gentle, loving, when I acted rough and rude;
My childhood griefs and trials she would gladly with me share;
O Saviour, tell my mother I'll be there!

When I became a prodigal, and left the old roof-tree,
She almost broke her loving heart in mourning after me,
And day and night she pray'd to God to keep me in His care;
O Saviour, tell my mother I'll be there!

One day a message came to me, it bade me quickly come
If I would see my mother ere the Saviour took her home;
I promised her, before she died, for heaven to prepare;
O Saviour, tell my mother I'll be there!

THE SUN AND LITTLE CHILD

Good morning, merry sunshine,
How did you wake so soon?
You've scared the little stars away,
And shined away the moon.

I saw you go to sleep last night,
Before I ceased my play,
How did you get way over there,
And where have you been staying?

I never go to sleep, dear child,
I just go 'round to see,
The little children of the east,
Who rise and watch for me.

I waken all the birds and bees,
And flowers on my way,
And last of all the little child,
Who stayed out late to play.

MY BABY

Such a little break in the sod;
So tiny to be a grave,
Oh, how can I render so soon to God,
The beautiful gift he gave?

Must I put away my pet—
My tender bud unblown—
With the dew of the morn upon you yet,
And your blossoms all unshorn?

How shall I know my own,
Where the air is white with wings;
My babe so soon from my bosom flown,
To the angels' ministerings?

Oh, baby my heart is sore
For the love that was to be;
For the untried dream of love now o'er
Twixt my child and me.

Yet over this little head,
Lying so still on my knee,
I thank my God for the bliss of the dead,
For the joy of a soul set free.

'Tis a weary world, at best,
This world that he will not know;
Would I waken him out of such perfect rest,
For its sorrow and strife? Ah, no.

Escaped are its thorns and pains;
The only path he hath trod,
Is that which leads from his mother's arms,
Safe into the arms of God.

KANSAS LAND

Sung to the tune of Beulah Land.

I've reached the land of corn and wheat,
Of pumpkin pie and taters sweet;
I got my land from Uncle Sam,
And I'm as happy as a clam.

CHORUS.

Oh Kansas land, sweet Kansas land,
As on the dugout roof I stand;
I look away across the plain,
And wonder if it's going to rain,
But when I stand and view my corn
I think I'll never sell the farm.

When first I came to make my stay,
The neighbors they were miles apart,
But now there's one for every claim,
And sometimes three all want the same.

My hours is Clydesdale norman stock,
My chickens they are Plymouth Rock,
My cattle, Jersey very fine,
And Poland China are my swine.

POEMS WANTED

An old song entitled The River Raisin or the Frenchtown Massacre is asked for.

Can some one send the song School Days? These are part of the words:

Nothing to do, Nellie darling,
Nothing to do you say,
Let's take a trip on memory's ship,
Back to the bygone days.

The song, Kathleen Mavourneen, is asked for.

The poem entitled Old Ace is requested.

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Camden, N.J.—"It is with pleasure that I add my testimonial to your already long list—hoping that it may induce others to avail themselves of this valuable medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from terrible headaches, pain in my back and right side, was tired and nervous, and so weak I could hardly stand. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health and made me feel like a new person, and it shall always have my praise."—Mrs. W. P. Valentine, 902 Lincoln Avenue, Camden, N. J.

Gardiner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner Me.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

I GIVE FREE TREATMENT TO VICTIMS OF KIDNEY, BLADDER AND RHEUMATIC TROUBLE

Send me your address and describe how you feel and free treatment with full instructions will be sent you prepaid by me—Write me today and and know that you can cure yourself at home, free.

MRS. WALKER.

DR. LYNOTT.

MR. MERRICK.

Dr. Lynott's great medical book, describing these diseases, as well as the addresses of several hundred of his cured patients, are also sent free to all who write him.

So that all who suffer from kidney trouble, bladder trouble or rheumatism may know without expense that at last a genuine and reliable cure for these diseases has been found, I will send to any victim of these ailments a free treatment and such simple instructions that anyone can cure himself at home, free. I say free and I mean free. I will make no charge; you have only to write me a letter, giving me your symptoms and telling me how you feel and I will do as I promise.

To give free treatment is the best way to prove my claims. I bear the expense. You have simply to take my treatment as directed and you will know I can cure you. You will owe me nothing now or later when cured. It is my free gift to the thousands of uric acid sufferers, and I want all to take advantage of it. I have devoted my life to the cure of these diseases. I am in a position to help you, and my help will cost you nothing.

Write me a letter today, describing your condition in your own words, and I will send you a free treatment for it. Some of the leading symptoms of kidney, bladder or rheumatic diseases are:

1. Pain in the back.
2. Too frequent desire to urinate.
3. Burning or obstruction of urine.
4. Pain or soreness in the bladder.
5. Prostatic trouble.
6. Gas or pain in the stomach.
7. General debility, weakness, dizziness.
8. Pain or soreness under right ribs.
9. Swelling in any part of the body.
10. Constipation or liver trouble.
11. Palpitation or pain under the heart.
12. Pain in the hip joint.
13. Pain in the neck or head.
14. Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
15. Pain or swelling of the joints.
16. Pain and swelling of the muscles.
17. Pain and soreness in nerves.
18. Acute or chronic rheumatism.

You can describe your condition in your own way or you can give the numbers of the symptoms in the coupon and send the coupon to me, and the free treatment and instructions will be sent you just the same. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 2383 Occidental Building, Chicago, Ill.

I am asking you for no money. All I ask is the privilege of proving to the afflicted that I can and will cure kidney, bladder and rheumatic trouble in a simple, scientific, painless way; that I can stop the painful backache, the swelling flesh, the inflamed bladder, the torturing rheumatism. I am successful with old and young, those who have just become sick and those who have suffered for years.

Since I ask for no money, write me today and you will be surprised to see how easy it is to cure you when the right remedies, whose purity I have vouched for to the U. S. Government, are sent you, and when a doctor gives you the right advice. I will give you the right remedies and right advice, and charge you nothing, so correspond with me today.

Write a letter or send the coupon, or do both.

Dr. T. Frank Lynott,
2383 Occidental Bldg., Chicago.

I notice symptoms number.......................

....
(Here put down the numbers)

I will be obliged to you for a free treatment and any instructions and advice you think necessary for the cure of my case. My age is.......................

Kindly address me

....

....

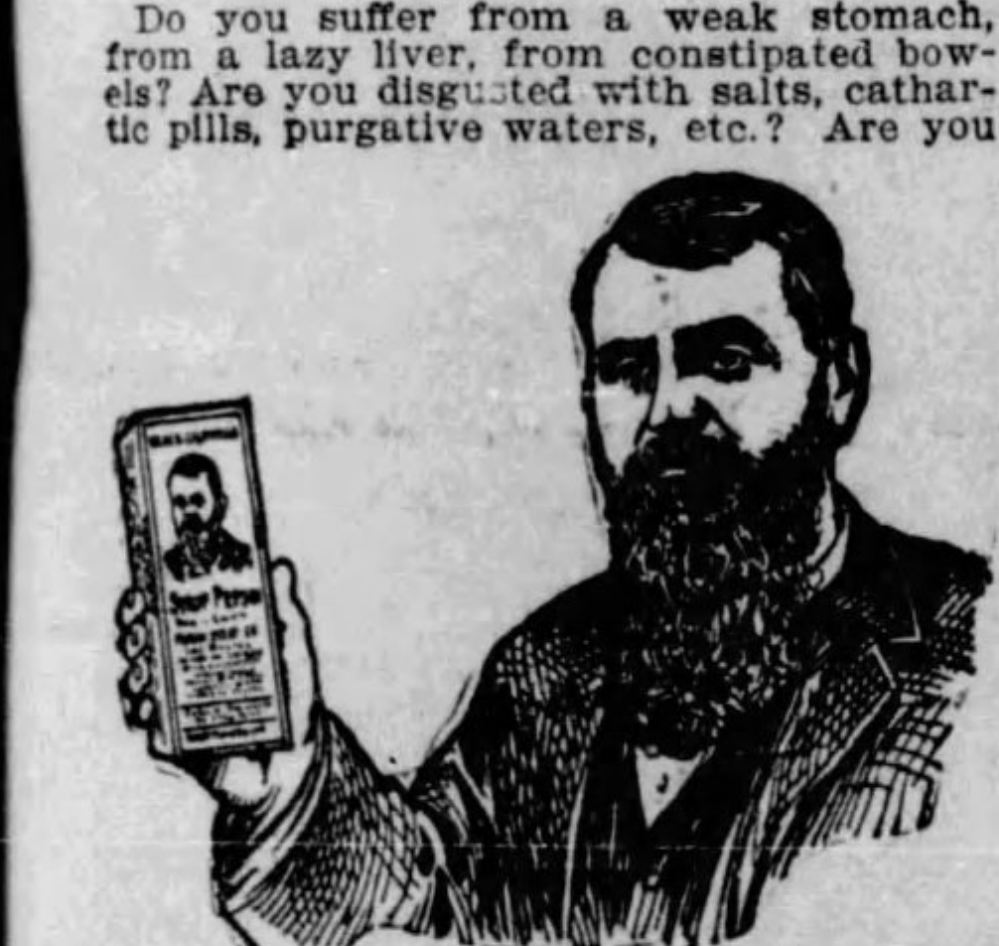
....

(Please write your address plainly; or write your address on a separate piece of paper and pin the coupon on.)

Free Help for Weak Stomachs

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin Sent Free To Any Sufferer—Nature's Wonderful Cure for Stomach, Liver and Bowel Troubles—Try It Free Yourself.

Do you suffer from a weak stomach, from a lazy liver, from constipated bowels? Are you disgusted with salts, cathartic pills, purgative waters, etc.? Are you



ready to try nature's own cure, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin? Thousands are curing themselves with this wonderful remedy. A free trial bottle sent to your home will prove to you that you, too, can be cured. You need it if you suffer from any of the following symptoms of stomach, liver or bowel trouble:

Constipation.	Sick Headache.
Indigestion and Dyspepsia.	Torpid Liver.
Sour Stomach.	Loss of Appetite.
Gas or Wind on the Stomach.	Laziness.
Distress after eating.	Flatulency.
Biliousness.	Disturbed Sleep.
	Catarrh of the Stomach.

Send your address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 624 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill., and a free trial bottle will be sent to your home. This will prove to you stronger than any words that Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a remarkable laxative tonic and will cure you. Druggists in all parts of the country have sold it for twenty years. Thousands of families keep it regularly in the house. It cures old, chronic cases of lifelong standing. It acts gently but effectively and never gripes. Its tonic ingredients train the stomach muscles to do their work naturally. In this way thousands have been cured and now need medicine no more. Its pleasant taste recommends it to women and children. Its purity is vouched for to the government. Results are guaranteed or money is refunded.

Send the doctor your address today for a free trial bottle, and, also, if there is any medical advice you want he will be glad to give it to you without charge. Write today and see for yourself that a cure is possible when the right remedy is used.

240 MINERS ENTOMBED

184 Taken Out Alive and 56 Killed.

Veszprim, Hungary, Jan. 15.—In an explosion of fire damp in the Auka coal mine, which was followed later by a dust explosion and fire, 240 men were entomber yesterday. Of these 184 were taken out alive, leaving 56 dead.

The fire has been held to one locality, and it is hoped that the remainder of the entombed miners will be rescued alive.

The town of Veszprim is sixty miles southwest of Buda Pest and has a population of some 15,000, composed mostly of Magyrs.

DEAD NOW NUMBER 65

Twelve Bodies Still in Lick Branch Mine.

Bluefield, W. Va., Jan. 15.—Beside the fifty-three miners already taken from the Lick Branch colliery, twelve bodies are still in the pit, making the total loss of life sixty-five. The day was spent in increasing the area into which fresh air could be pumped.

The rescue crews went into the mine and are expected to bring out four bodies which were discovered by the bratticing crews yesterday afternoon.

The financial loss is estimated at $80,000.

WEALTHY SOCIETY WOMAN MISSES BEST OF LIFE

Cleveland, Jan. 18.—"The average woman of social position is not human enough to get the greatest good out of life," declares Mrs. Eli Shelby Hammond, the Washington society woman who has been giving lectures to Cleveland women during the last week on the care of their health and the cultivation of beauty and grace of carriage.

"Many society women have so much money they can't be happy; they don't know what they want," she says. "The average woman of means wanders from one thing to another, never finding, what she wants and needs. She isn't human enough.

"Not a few give themselves intellectual indigestion by reading and studying on everything that happens to become a fad and learn nothing at the last. Properly balanced and with the necessary human side to her nature, the society woman is a power for good, for whether for good or evil, she has many followers."

Rhythm and harmony with nature as the key note, form the foundation on which Mrs. Hammond has built her plan for keeping physically, mentally and morally well. She was herself an invalid and is today in perfect health. Her plea is that there must be no schism. All parts must work rhythmically, making a perfect habitation for the real self, which is pure spirit, a spark of the divine fire.

Under the direction of Miss Edith Bingham, Mrs. Hammond has given lectures at the home of Mrs. James H. Hoyt, Mrs. Frank Billings, Mrs. Jacob Perkins and in the gymnasium of Laurel school.

Mrs. Hammond's exercises included the imaginary spinning of a spider's web, children playing on a beach and tossing pebbles, a Hindoo prayer and many graceful dances. With small toy balloons she demonstrated correct breathing methods.

ACADEMY BURNS; GIRLS HAVE NARROW ESCAPES

Beulah, Mich., Jan. 18.—A score of young women students and teachers narrowly escaped being burned to death Sunday morning, when East hall, the dormitory of Benzonia academy, at Benzonia, Mich., burned to the ground. Inmates who slept on the third floor were rescued with great difficulty by means of ladders and reached the ground scantily clothed. The property loss was $5,000, partially covered by insurance.

The building, a large three-story frame structure built 50 years ago, was heated by steam, and the fire started in the furnace room. The flames rapidly spread to all parts of the building, so the occupants had no time to save their cloting or other belongings. Those on the first and second floors got out easily, but those on the third were cut off by smoke and fire and were rescued by means of ladders. Principal Catton is a heavy loser, having had all his belongings in the building.

No Fire Protection.

The village is without fire protection with the exception of the usual inadequate bucket brigade and only the promptness of the brigade and citizens averted a holocaust.

Superintendent Catton slept on the lower floor and was among the first to be aroused. Rushing his wife and children out of the building he hurried to alarm the other inmates and assist the janitors in getting them out. While the bucket brigade fought the flames, others obtained ladders and raised them to the upper windows, where blanched faces appeared and tremulous voices appealed for help. With fiery tongues licking the sides of the building and leaping into their faces the brave band of rescuers scaled the ladders and, one by one, the imperiled girl students were aided down the ladders and carried over the snowy ground to neighboring houses where they were given temporary refuge. No one was injured but all suffered from exposure to cold weather.

The college proper is located about 100 yards away from the dormitory and was not damaged, care being taken to extinguish sparks and blazing fagots which showered upon and about it.

While the fire is a very great loss at this time, the school will continue and steps have already been taken to rebuild of cement during the coming summer.

The academy is a Congregational institution.

EQUITABLE TOO LAVISH

J. W. Brown's Suit on Behalf of 60,000 Policyholders in Supreme Court.

Washington, Jan. 14.—The question whether the Equitable Life Assurance Society has been extravagantly managed was under consideration yesterday in the supreme court of the United States, in connection with the suit of J. Wilcox Brown on behalf of himself and 60,000 other policyholders asking for a general accounting and the appointment of a receiver.

It was contended on behalf of Mr. Brown that as the Society is conducted on the mutual plan he and all other policyholders are entitled to participate in the surplus profits. Among other charges was one to the effect that $10,000,000 more than was there had been retained in the treasury, and it was argued that this resulted in extravagant salaries and other wasteful expenditures.

WILL TRY STANDARD

Judge Anderson, of Indiana, Assigned to Case.

Chicago, Jan. 13.—Federal Judge Albert B. Anderson, of Indianapolis, will preside at the re-trial of the case against the Standard Oil company in which Judge K. M. Landis imposed a fine of $29,240,000.

This was fixed yesterday, when Judge Landis, to whom the case was remanded by the circuit court of appeals, received a letter from Judge Anderson, accepting the assignment of the case. Judge Anderson said he would be in Chicago next Monday to convene court and set the case for trial.

Both sides announced their satisfaction over the selection of Judge Anderson and their readiness to begin work as soon as possible. Four weeks, as against six weeks before, it is thought, will be all the time necessary to reach a decision.

JOHN D. JR. WINS SUIT

Hearst Editors Guilty of Libeling Him.

New York, Jan. 13.—On the ground that the publication of their names as the responsible heads of the Star Publishing company, which publishes William R. Hearst's New York American, made them personally liable for matter appearing in that newspaper, Magistrate Moss yesterday found S. S. Carvalho, Bradford Merrill and Edward S. Clark guilty of criminally libeling John D. Rockefeller, jr., and technically committed them to the Tombs prison. Their counsel went before Justice Davis in the supreme court and obtained a writ of habeas corpus.

The offense was the publication in the American of an article charging Mr. Rockefeller with having been instrumental in the instituting of a system of peonage by a breakfast food company in Illinois.

BOAT AND CREW LOST

Vessel Goes Down in Storm Off Long Island.

New York, Jan. 18.—In the biting, driving snow storm of early Sunday morning off the Long Island shore, another vessel, the schooner Swallow, of St. Johns, N. F., and her crew paid the toll so often demanded of those who go to sea in ships.

The story of the wreck, or so much as is known of it, was told by the sea itself, for it strewed the beach east of Fire Island for several miles with bits of wreckage from the ship inself and from her cargo. On some of this flotsam appeared the name "Swallow, St. Johns, N. F.," and this told the beach men who found the wreckage what vessel it was that had pounded itself to pieces in a few short hours in the howling gale.

Of the crew, probably five or six men judging from the schooner's size, there was no trace. But looking out at the wildly tossing seas, the thick, driving snow with its attending bitter cold, the beach men knew their fate. No human power could have aided them.

SEED CORN **Diamond Joe's Big White.** Earliest Maturing Big Eared Corn in the world. Made 153 bushels per acre. It costs but 25 cents per acre for seed. Big illustrated catalog of seed corn and all kinds of Farm and Garden Seeds mailed **FREE** if you mention this paper. **RATEKIN'S SEED HOUSE, Shenandoah, Iowa.** (LARGEST SEED CORN GROWERS IN THE WORLD)

JURY FREES HAINS

Had Been Deliberating on the Evidence Since 5 O'Clock Yesterday Afternoon.

Flushing, Jan. 15.—Thornton Jenkins Hains is acquitted.

The verdict acquitting the author of complicity in the murder of William J. Annis was brought in by the jury at 1 this afternoon.

Many requests were made by jurors for reading of portions of the testimony and the charge of Justice Crane.

"I would like to hear that part of your honor's charge," said Juror McLean, "that had to do with manslaughter in the first degree."

Thornton Hains appeared startled by the request.

Justice Crane read that part of his charge referring to manslaughter.

Wants Memory Refreshed.

Juror Boenig wished to have his recollection refreshed on that portion of the judge's charge that had reference to Thornton Hains walking away from his brother on the dock just before the shooting.

"I think I can make that clear," said Justice Crane. "If Thornton Hains merely walked away while the shooting was going on, he is not guilty, but if he went down on that float, though with no design to kill, but to stop others from preventing the killing, he is guilty of manslaughter in the first degree."

Shortly after 3 o'clock this morning the jury sent word that they desired to have the maps and diagrams of the Bayside Yacht club float house, which were sent them by Justice Crane.

Juror's Heart Weak.

Justice Crane waited in his chamber all night ready to receive a verdict, and Dr. Hicks also was in constant attendance, ready to minister to John Walsh, the injured juryman, whose heart action, the physician states, has been affected by shock of the accident. Patrick Ahearn, another juror, is suffering from a severe cold.

Thornton Hains slept through the early hours of the morning on a table in the sheriff's office, while his brother, Major John Hains, wrapped his army coat about him and stretched out on a court room bench.

During the night General Hains and his wife, who went to New York at a late hour, called up frequently on the telephone to learn if a verdict had been reached.

Justice Crane's Charge.

Justice Crane began his charge at 3:20 yesterday afternon, and, in speaking of the people's case, said, with much emphasis:

"If this defendant aided and abetted his brother he is guilty of a crime. I do not say the crime.

"If the defendant intentionally aided and assisted in killing Annis you need not consider or decide Peter's sanity or insanity; you may dismiss the question, for the defendant would even then be guilty of crime.

"Thus, gentlemen, the question, and the only question for you to decide is, did Thornton Hains intentionally aid, abet and assist Peter Hains to kill Annis? All the evidence given in this case, including that of insanity, is simply to help you decide this one question.

Asks Cool Judgment.

"Gentlemen, not only is Thornton Jenkins Hains on trial for a crime, but you also, each and every one of you, are put to the test as to whether or not men like you can fearlessly perform your duty and do that which the law of this state and your fellow men call upon you to do at this time, namely, to judge this defendant on the evidence and according to the law of this land as I have just declared it to you, arriving at your conclusions by cool, calm judgment, uninfluenced by passion or by prejudice, by sympathy or compassion, fearless of consequences."

MAKING WAR ON OPIUM

Said to Cause Half Million Suicides a Year.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 18.—"Opium causes half a million suicides a year," Rev. A. S. Gregg, of the International Reform Bureay, declared yesterday with reference to the opium conference called by President Roosevelt which begins its session Feb. 1st. The statement is based on letters and reports from Dr. E. W. Thwing, secretary of the reform bureau who has been sent to China by the bureau to attend the opium conference.

As an expert Dr. Thwing will ask the conference to take action that will hasten the destruction of the opium traffic throuhgout the world. Dr. Thwing states that he has obtained statistics from the provinces of Kueichau, Yunnan, Chuan and Anhwei with a total population of 580,000 in which he says the proportion of population using opium is from twenty to eighty per cent and the amount of money spent for the drug is $200,000,000 a year.

President Roosevelt called the opium conference at the suggestion of Bishop Brent, of Manila, and delegates have been appointed by China, Japan, Sim, Persi, Russia, Germany, France Great Britain Italy, Holland and the United States.

"This conference," said Mr. Gregg, "will have a most important bearing on morals, markets and missions in the orient. About one-fourth of the human race will be affected."

FLOOD LOSS IS HEAVY

Thousands of Acres Are Inundated.

San Francisco, Jan. 18.—Although railroad traffic is still demoralized, owing to the breaking of the western levee between Webster and Kobe, two miles west of Sacramento, and the washing out of two miles of track, rivers in the flooded region of California are falling rapidly.

Many thousands of acres of grain land have been inundated on the Sacramento and Yolo counties and the newly sown crop destroyed.

Overland traffic is still routed from Salt Lake via Mojave and Daggett.

OHIO GETS STAR PART

Will Be Conspicuous at Taft's Inaugural.

Washington, Jan. 16.—Ohio will take a conspicuous part in the inauguration of William H. Taft. Party lines will be, for the time being, thrown aside, and Judson Harmon, Democratic governor, with his entire staff, will head the Ohio division of 3,000 troops.

In addition, the Miami military institute will send its full corps of cadets to participate in the grand pageant. Thus far quarters have been provided for the governors of Ohio, Massachusetts, Mississippi and Maryland.

EMBASSY IS BURNED

Flames Destroy the Italian Building in Tokio.

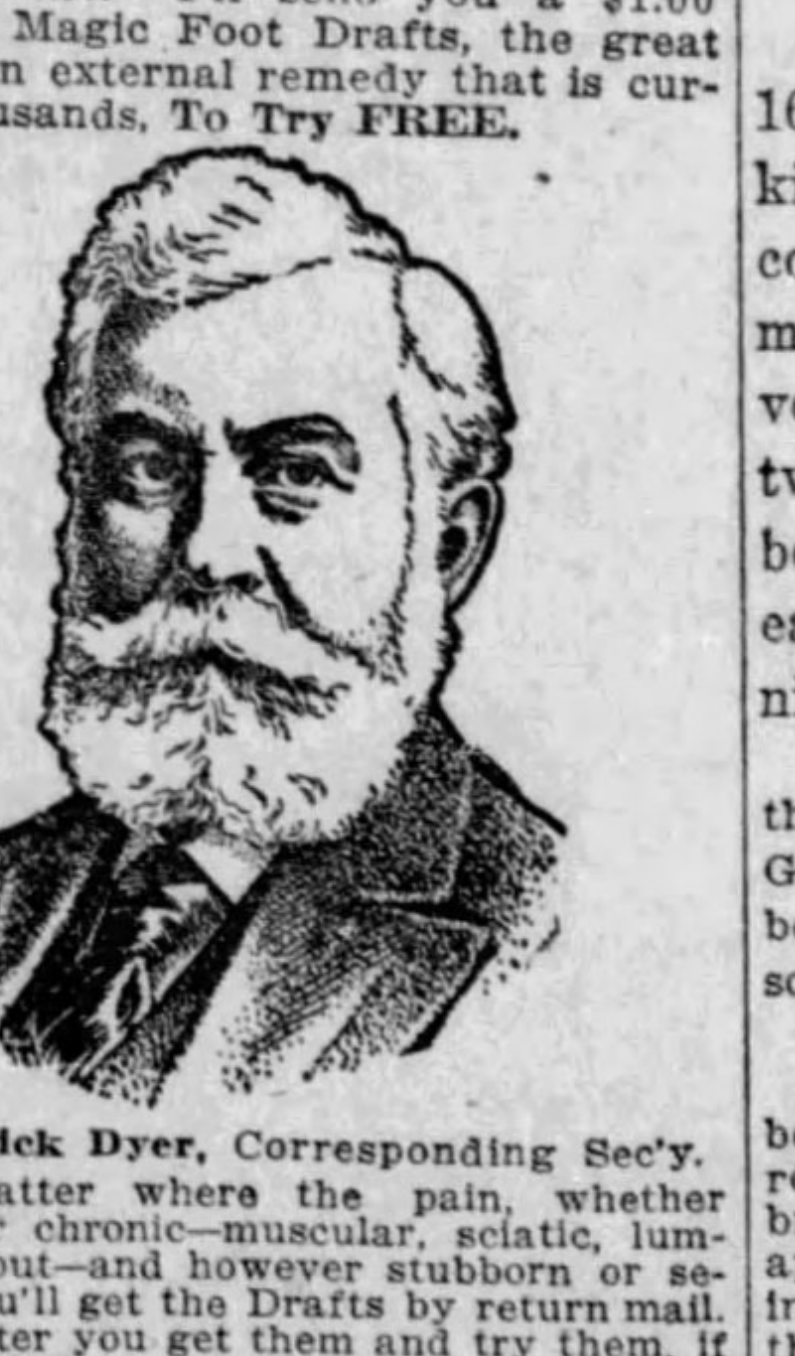
Tokio, Jan. 16.—The building occupied by the Italian embassy in this city has been destroyed by fire which started at 9:30 o'clock tonight.

RHEUMATISM

I Want to Send Every Sufferer Who Reads This Paper a Pair of Magic Foot Drafts TO TRY FREE.

SEND ME YOUR ADDRESS TODAY

Write me. I'll send you a $1.00 Pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan external remedy that is curing thousands, To Try FREE.



Frederick Dyer, Corresponding Sec'y.

No matter where the pain, whether acute or chronic—muscular, sciatic, lumbago, gout—and however stubborn or severe, you'll get the Drafts by return mail. Then after you get them and try them, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send me One Dollar. If not, keep your money. **I take your word.**

I make this unequalled offer because I know what remarkable cures the Drafts are performing—**cures after 30 and 40 years** of suffering—cures after doctors and baths and medicines had utterly failed. Won't you try them? I am sure you'll be glad if you do, and you cannot lose a penny. Address **Magic Foot Draft Co., W. B. 4, Oliver Bldg., Jackson Mich.** Send no money. **Write today.**

THAW MAY GET FREEDOM

Will Be Given Trial in New York to Determine if He Is Sane or Insane.

Nyack, N. Y., Jan. 16.—Harry K. Thaw will be given a trial in New York city to determine whether he is sane or insane.

An order to that effect was issued today by Justice A. S. Tompkins, to whom an appeal asking for a trial was made by Mrs. William Thaw, Harry's mother.

Jury Trial Denied.

Under Justice Tompkins' decision, Thaw will not be given a trial by jury. Mrs. Thaw's petition requested such a hearing, but Justice Tompkins ordered the case be heard before a court or judge of New York city with or without the assistance of a referee, as the trial judge may decide.

The questions presented to Justice Tomkins for his decision included the validity of the commitment, the present mental conditions of the prisoner, and whether it is now safe for him to be at large.

Ignores Validity.

Justice Tompkins decided that he will not consider the question of validity, as that has already been passed upon adversely by Justices Morschauser and Mills and is now on appeal ot the appellate division.

The question of Thaw's present sanity, Justice Tompkins says, is entitled to be fairly tried and determined.

15 YEARS FOR RINEHART

Found Guilty of Wrecking Bank That Failed for $2,000,000.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 15.—J. B. F. Rinehart, former cashier and vice president of the Farmers' and Drovers' national bank of Waynesburg, Pa., which institution failed over two years ago for $2,000,000, was found guilty at noon today of wrecking the bank, and was immediately sentenced to serve fifteen years in the penitentiary by United States Judge James S. Young.

Guilty on All Counts.

The jury found Rinehart guilty of all the eleven counts charging him with making false reports to the comptroller of the currency and upon all of the nineteen counts charging him with making false entries and with abstraction in transactions connected with the Greene county political campaign of 1905.

Rinehart was not present when the verdict was read, but entered a few minutes later. Judge Young then caused a sensation among all concerned by immediately calling Rinehart before him and imposing sentence.

On the first indictment Rinehart was sentenced to serve 10 years and was given five years on the second indictment.

He will be taken to the western penitentiary in this city this afternoon to begin his sentence. It is reported he will not appeal the case.

Two Held in Bail.

What developed at the meeting between the district attorney and jurors is not known, but a short time later George W. Worley, a brother-in-law of Rinehart, and James L. Smith, who were arrested last night, charged with attempting to corrupt the jury, were held in $2,500 bail each by United States Commissioner Lindsey for a hearing tomorrow afternoon. Both men furnished bail.

TAMPERED WITH JURY

A Third Man May Be Arrested in Rinehart Case.

Pittsburg, Jan. 15.—The arrest of a third person for attempting to corrupt the Rinehart jury is momentarily expected.

In the mean time George W. Worley and James L. Smith, arrested last night on this charge, are being held at the Federal building. They will be given a hearing when the third man is arrested.

At 10:30 this morning United States District Attorney Dunkle said:

"There will be another man arrested for attempting to corrupt the Rinehart jury. We expect to apprehend this man in an hour. Information has been made against him and we are not waiting for his arrest."

It is rumored the man to be arrested is prominent.

HOUSE FIGHTS T. R.

Committee Would Return Marines to Ships.

Washington, Jan. 15.—By unanimous vote, the house committee on naval affairs today agreed to recommend placing the marines back on the ships in the navy, contrary to the action of the President.

This action was taken at a meeting of the committee following the taking of testimony for several days. Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans was the last witness heard. He approved of the recent order of the President, removing the marines from the ships, and urged their organization into battalions, but still to be a part of the navy.

SEVENTY-ONE KILLED

Fifty Persons Are Injured, Some Probably Fatally, When Trains Crash Together.

Glenwood Springs, Colo., Jan. 16.—Seventy-one persons were killed and fifty were injured in a collision at Dotsero siding, 20 miles east of this city, on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, between passenger train No. 5 westbound and freight train No. 66 eastbound, at about 10:30 last night.

To add to the horror of the wreck the second relief train on its way to Glenwood loaded with injured has been tied up by the derailment of some of the freight cars.

One of the Worst.

The first relief train bearing a number of the more slightly injured, reached Glenwood this morning, bringing reports of the wreck, which appears to have been one of the worst in the history of railroading. Most of the slaughter was done in the chair car.

Of 69 passengers in that coach, 68 are said to have been killed. The human being to escape was a six-year-old girl who was found under the dead body of her mother, and who is too near dead even to remember her name farther than that it is "Alice."

The passenger train was flying down the grade, making for a siding, five miles west of Dotsero, where it expected to meet the freight, and the freight was also trying to make the siding.

Victims Mangled.

The result was a head-on collision in which the engines were smashed, the baggage car of the passenger train left standing on end, one of the day coaches telescoped by the chair car immediately behind it, and the people in the day coach and chair car mangled almost beyond recognition.

All the sleeping cars remained on the track and none of the passengers in them was injured.

The passenger train is said to have been going at a high rate of speed when it reached the siding at Dotsero. It is supposed that the engineer of the passenger thought that the freight had passed the siding, and was going too rapidly to stop his train when he saw the danger.

Pinned Under Wreck.

With the arrival of the relief train from Glenwood Springs it was possible to start the work of rescue of the bodies. The injured were pinned under the wreckage and the heroic work of the passengers of the rear cars saved many lives.

When the relief train reached the scene it was found that a long string of freight cars were in the way, and the only way they could be disposed of was to back them to Shoshone, eight miles from the accident. The physicians and nurses, however, left the relief train as soon as they reached there, and ministered as best they could to the dead and dying.

MANY DEATHS DUE TO STORMS

Snowfall Causes Several Fatal Accidents and Hinders Traffic.

Peoria, Ill., Jan. 16.—Two extra freight trains on the Chicago & Northwestern collided head-on last night near Limestone and three trainmen were killed. A brakeman is missing and believed to be dead in the wreckage. Two other men were injured and may die. Owing to the darkness and a fitful fall of snow, the engineers could not see each other's trains until too close to stop. The two locomotives and half a dozen loaded freight cars in each train were piled into a splintered mass.

2 Killed, 33 Injured.

Vancouver, B. C., Jan. 16.—A delayed westbound Canadian Pacific passenger train, hauled by two locomotives, struck a snowslide yesterday while in the Frazer canyon, 110 miles east of here, and leaped into the Frazer river. The engineers, J. Foster and A. Kincaden, were the only persons killed, but 33 were injured, some of them seriously. The two firemen jumped and fell safely into a snow bank. The locomotives and four cars fell eighty feet into the river.

Many Trains Blocked.

Reno, Nev., Jan. 16.—Because of broken bridges, due to flooded rivers, snowslides in the Sierras and the collapsing of 150 feet of snowsheds in the mountains, eight overland passenger trains on the Southern Pacific railroad, are blocked between here and Sacramento. Railroad officers say it will be three days before transcontinental trains will be running from the west.

Hundreds Snow-Bound.

Portland, Ore., Jan. 16.—Several hundred passengers who were stalled in Oregon Railroad and Navigation trains at Hood River and The Dallas crossed the Columbia river on the ice and are en route to Portland over the north bank road.

Town Is Threatened.

San Francisco, Jan. 16.—A report received at the offices of the Southern Pacific company states that the big dam at the Oroville Power & Water company, in Fall River valley, and the dam of the Stanley Power & Water company, in the same region, have given way and released a great quantity of water, which is threatening the town of Oroville.

INSANITY IS PROVED

Doctors Hold Autopsy on Brain of Carmichael.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 15.—The brain of John H. Carmichael, who killed Gideon Browning in the Rattle Run church and committed suicide at Carthage, Ill., was examined by four physicians here last night. At the conclusion of the autopsy the physicians stated that they had found unmistakable evidences of insanity. The doctors who held the post mortem examination were County Physician William J. Stapleton, E. B. Smith, C. B. Ray and Arthur W. Kipp.

"We find that Rev. Mr. Carmichael had been a sufferer from acute mania," said the physicians. "The blood vessels of the brain were all congested. There was an adhesion of the coverings of the brain to the cranium, which showed an anaemia of the right side of the brain, and we found granulations of the superior posterior surface of the cerebrum. It is evident that Rev. Mr. Carmichael had suffered several attacks of acute inflammation of the brain."

The doctors agreed that the marks found upon the body, which had given rise to the report that the dead minister had been addicted to the use of a hypodermic syringe for administering drugs had all been made after the minister's death.

Carmichael's funeral was held this morning at Romulus, Mich., in the Methodist church, Rev. C. B. Steel, presiding elder of the Port Huron district officiating.

FREE TREATMENT FOR HEART DISEASE

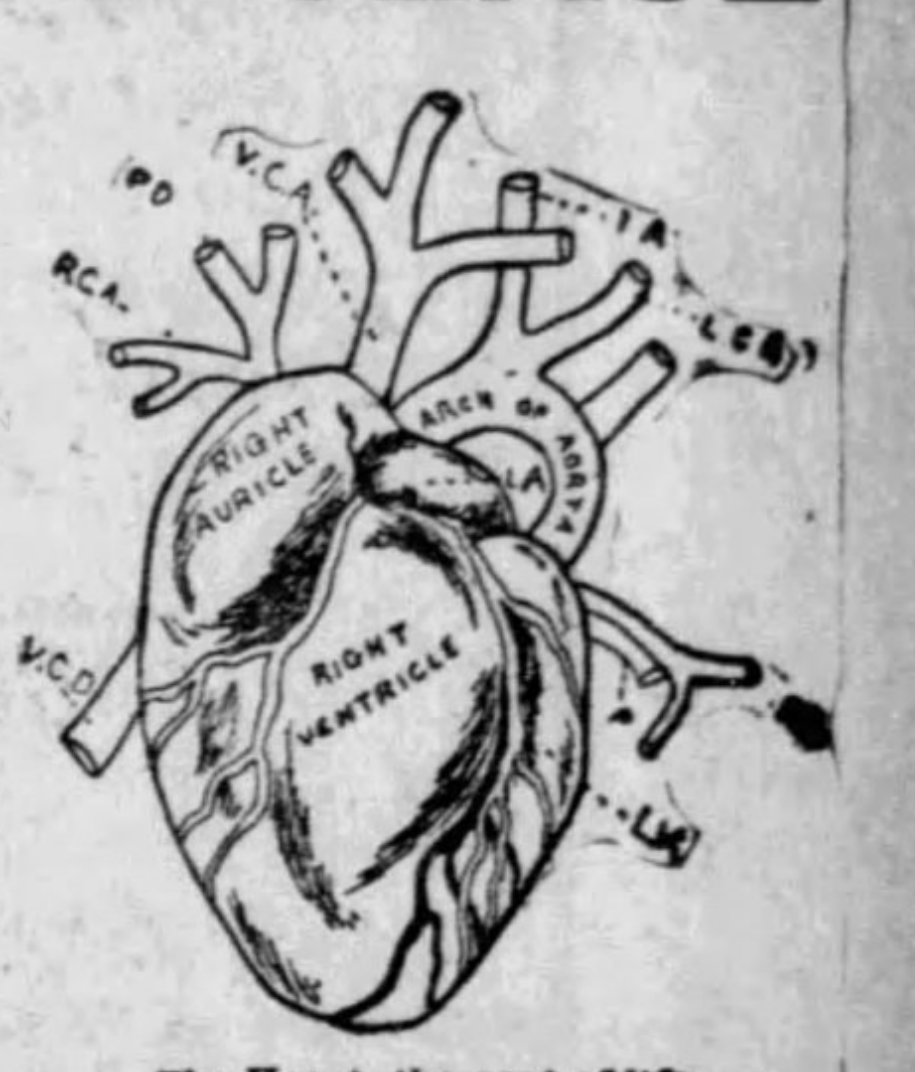
We are giving away ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE a regular full size package of our world famous treatment for the Heart and Nerves, also our fine, illustrated book telling all about the causes of these diseases and how they can be permanently cured, with which you'll know your own case as well as any doctor—BOTH FREE—to all who are troubled with Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Headache, Short Breath, Asthma, Stomach Trouble (often caused by weak Heart), Constipation, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Numbness, Sinking Spells, Pain in Heart, Side, or Shoulder-Blade, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching, Nightmare or a general weak, run-down condition.

If you have any of these sure symptoms, **something's wrong with your Heart, and this fine treatment is just what you need.**

Don't make the mistake of thinking it's only your Stomach, Kidneys or Bowels that are troubling you. Lots of people make that mistake. They say "It don't amount to anything—it will go away of itself,"—and some day, all of a sudden they drop dead of Heart Disease—just as you read about and hear of all around you every day.

Six out of every ten persons have Heart Disease! Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, or Female Organs **when it's really the Heart that's causing all the trouble,** and that's getting worse every day though they don't even suspect it.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is, but if you have the slightest symptom of Heart Trouble, **write us today for this full free treatment and book.** We will send both by mail in plain package, securely sealed, post paid and there will be



The Heart, the seat of life

L. V.—Left Ventricle.
L. C. A.—Left Coronary Artery.
I. A.—Innominate Artery.
V. C.—Vena Cava.
P. D. & P. S.—Arteries to the Lungs.
A.—Aorta.

NO CHARGE WHATEVER

for it in any way. Remember, this isn't just a little "sample" or trial but a **generous, genuine, regular full-size treatment.** And it's yours gladly and freely just for the asking—because we want to show you **without cost what this grand treatment will do.**

No matter how bad off you are—no matter if you think Heart Disease incurable—no matter if some common doctor has said that you can't be cured, be fair to yourself give us a chance,—don't fail to test this grand treatment!

It has cured—we don't mean just helped, but **cured**—thousands of cases of Heart Disease—many of which had been pronounced hopeless.

It will set your stomach right, remove constipation, clear your blood, steady your nerves and build up your whole system, besides strengthening and curing the Heart.

Don't let this chance go by—accept our offer NOW! It's made in all sincerity and frendliness from our true desire to send this free help to every sufferer who needs it. **Our offer is absolutely, completely HONEST,** *as the publisher of this paper will gladly tell you.*

Read our questions carefully, write your name and address plainly in the Free Treatment Coupon, cut it out and mail to us TODAY. We will send you the **full free Treatment and illustrated book** *at once.* Address

HEART CURE CO.,
HEART SPECIALISTS
332 Masonic Bldg., Hallowell, Maine.

Read these questions carefully. If you can answer "Yes" to *any one of* them you need this Heart and Nerve Treatment that we are giving away FREE.

What is your age?
Do you lack energy?
Does your Heart flutter?
Does it ever skip beats?
Does your Heart palpitate?
Do you start in your sleep?
Are you short of breath?
Do you feel "weak and run down"?
Do you have numb spells?
Do you have dizzy spells?
Do you have weak, sinking spells?
Are you nervous and irritable?
Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
Does your Stomach have an "all gone" feeling?
Do you have pain in your Heart, side or shoulder-blade?

Free Treatment Coupon
Heart Cure Co., Heart Specialists,
332 Masonic Bldg., Hallowell, Maine.
Please send me entirely free of charge your regular full size Heart and Nerve Treatment and your free book.
MY AGE IS.......................................
NAME.......................................
ADDRESS.......................................
....

ROOSEVELT RIDES 98 MILES TO PROVE ARMY TEST FAIR

Washington, Jan. 14.—President Roosevelt rode ninety-eight miles on horseback yesterday, and when he dismounted at the White House door, more than seventeen hours after having departed therefrom, he did not show any marked signs of weariness.

The object of his long day in the saddle, he explained after his return, was to "prove to the critics who had found fault with the recent order requiring all army and navy officers to take physical tests, that if a President who is not in training can ride ninety miles plus in one day without being laid up in bed thereby, it should not be too much to ask the men who are supposed to be in the best of physical training all the time, to ride ninety miles in three days."

Mounting his faithful rider and jumper "Roswell," in front of the White House door at 3:30 o'clock yesterday morning he dismounted at the same place at 8:40 last night. The journey was to Warrenton, Va., and back.

"And Virginia roads in the winter time," said the President, "are not usually in the best condition."

With the President were Dr. Rixey, Dr. Carey Grayson and Captain Archibald Butt, one of the President's aides.

On the return trip the last thirty miles of the journey were made in sleet and rain, while the last fifteen were in almost pitch darkness.

Both the outward and the return trip lay through Fairfax Court House to Warrenton.

Arriving at the latter place about 12 o'clock, where the President's coming had been heralded an hour or so before his arrival, he was greeted by a gathering of citizens and school children, to whom he spoke a few words of greeting.

CASE COST $10,000,000

Suit Against the Standard Greatest Civil Action Ever Before an American Tribunal.

SOME FEATURES OF STANDARD HEARING.	
Cost of hearing	$10,000,000
Printed record	22 volumes
Time of hearings	2 years
Companies sued	70
Individuals	7
Exhibits	73,500
Lawyers engaged	14

New York, Jan. 16.—The greatest civil action ever brought before an American tribunal practically closed here yesterday, when an adjournment was taken in the government prosecution of the Standard Oil Company.

The hearings in this case already represent a cost of $10,000,000 to the litigants. The printed record so far fills twenty-two large volumes, and the hearings before the circuit and supreme courts will increase the number.

Arguments In April.

Arguments of both sides next April before the full bench of the United States circuit court, sitting in St. Louis, will further enlarge the record, and, as the case is to be taken to the supreme court of the United States, no matter what the decision of the circuit court is, the final bulk of the record in the case promises to be appalling.

The suit to dissolve the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was begun on December 6, 1906, with the filing of a complaint in the federal lcourt of St. Louis. Besides the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, sixty-nine subsidiary companies and seven individuals were named as defendants. The latter were John D. Rockefeller, John D. Archbold, William Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers, H. M. Flagler, O. H. Payne and Charles M. Pratt.

In all, 192 witnesses were called by the government and 140 by the defense. The record of the testimony proper totals up 4,500,000 words. The printing office at Washington has been kept busy night and day for months completing the record which when bound will make twenty-two printed volumes.

Array of Counsel.

The aray of counsel in the case has been unusually notable. The defense's talent was headed by Moritz Rosenthal, of Chicago.

The government's counsel was headed by Frank B. Kellogg, and with him were Charles B. Morrison, of Chicago; J. Harwood Graves, D. P. Dyer, the United States district attorney of St. Louis, and E. Dana Durand, assistant chief of the bureau of corporations.

DRY BILL WINS AGAIN

Passed by Lower House of Tennessee Assembly.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 14.—The bill to prohibit the sale of all intoxicating liquor in Tennessee passed the lower house of the general assembly last night by a vote of 62 to 36. Twenty-two Republicans voted for and one against the measure. The measure passed is the one favorably acted on yetserday by the senate and now goes to Governor Patterson, who, it is expected, will veto it. This veto only operates as a suggestion, not as a stay, and a bare majority may pass a bill over the executive's unfavorable action. The governor is allowed to hold a bill five days. If at the expiration of this time it has not been returned to the assembly it becomes a law without his signature.

The bill provides that prohibition become effective July 1, 1909.

TREACHERY, SAYS KERN

Claims His Defeat for Senator Resulted From Corrupt Practices.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 15.—John W. Kern, late Democratic candidate for vice president, and defeated by Benjamin F. Shively Wednesday night in the Democratic caucus for the selection of United States senator, last night issued a statement that his defeat in the caucus was brought about by not only the betrayal of constituents by their representatives, but "all sorts of treachery, double dealing and corrupt practices." The statement in part follows:

"It is a matter of great regret that under the cloak of the secret ballot so many representatives were able to defy the will of their constituents. I have in mind several counties, where the sentiment for my nomination was practically unanimous, and that sentiment was well known to the representatives, and yet those representatives deliberately betrayed their people and voted for men who, in a primary, would not have received a handful of votes in those counties.

"The secret ballot made possible not only these betrayals, but all sorts of treachery, double dealing and corrupt practices. I believe that thoughtful people will find in the scenes of the last two days additional strong argument in favor of the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people.

"I shall have something to say about the interests which was back of the opposition to me and as to the stories of double dealing and double crossing which are afloat. I have not been deceived as to the attitude of those interests and men.

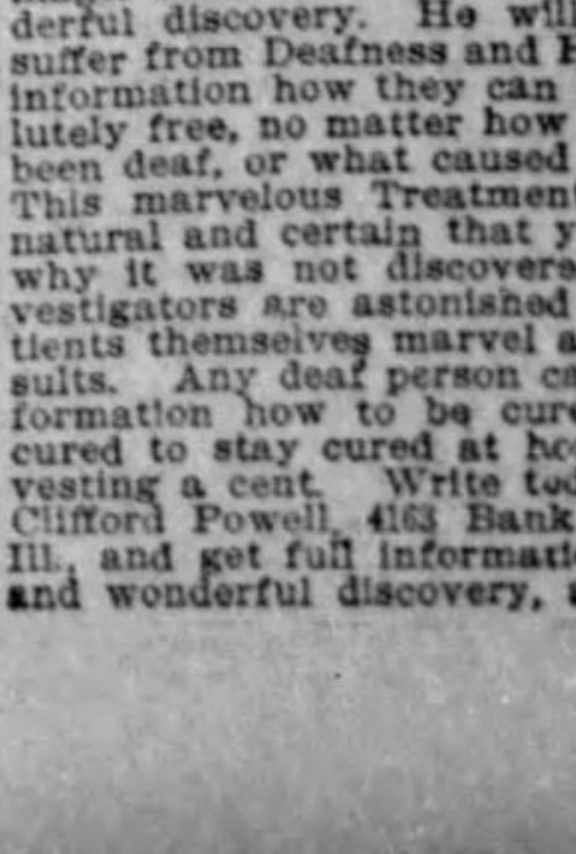
"The Democratic party in Indiana ought to maintain itself in power for many years. This will be possible only by cutting itself loose from the obnoxious interests which seek to control it and following the councils and advice of brave, true and patriotic men like Governor Thomas R. Marshall, who has only at heart the welfare of the party and the institutions of the state."

Thomas Taggart declared that he took absolutely no part in the senatorial contest. The Kern people are not denying this, but they declare there was no effort to stop some things that were being done with Taggart's knowledge.

When shown a copy of the Kern charges Mr. Shively refused to make any comments.

Mr. Shively was in conference with Governor Marshall at the state house, following a call from the governor yesterday. Mr. Shively will return to his home at South Bend today, but will be here January 19, when the legislature formally elects him to the senate.

DEAFNESS CURED By New Discovery



"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured." — Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 4163 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

To Dispel
Colds and Headaches;
To Cleanse the
System Effectually;
To assist in Overcoming
Habitual Constipation
Permanently;
Use the
Pleasant and Refreshing
Laxative Remedy

Syrup of Figs and
ELIXIR OF SENNA
MANUFACTURED BY THE
California Fig Syrup Co.

Acts gently yet promptly without disturbing the natural functions and without any unpleasant after effects and therefore it is the best for the mother and the infant, for the invalid sick-abed and the strong, robust man when bilious or constipated.

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS, ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE,
MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.
ONE SIZE ONLY, REGULAR PRICE 50cts PER BOTTLE.

BLOOD is NATURE'S BUILDING MATERIAL Supply any undeveloped, wasted or weak part with ABUNDANT BLOOD, and it will soon attain its NATURAL PROPORTION, STRENGTH, and VIGOR. Our SCIENTIFIC VACUUM APPARTUS does what no drug, medicine or ointment can do; it brings plenty of RICH BLOOD TO THE PARTS to be BUILT UP and STRENGTHENED. Our booklet: "THE GREATEST TRIUMPH OF MODERN SCIENCE," sent **FREE TO MEN ONLY.** Lest you forget, write us at once.
Address Wm. A. Miller, 336 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. The editor of the leading Physical Culture Magazine GUARANTEES this Apparatus to give satisfaction.

GOMEZ AND U. S. AGREE

Protocol for Settlement Is Agreed Upon.

Caracas, Venezuela, Jan. 19.—A protocol for the settlement of the disputes between the United States and Venezuela has been practically agreed upon by W. I. Buchanan, the special commissioner of the United States, who came to Caracas several weeks ago for the purpose of composing the difficulties of the two governments.

The protocol, in its present form, provides for abitration after a stipulater time in case previous agreement by the individual claimants and the Venezuelan government fail.

RELIEF FUND $900,000

Collections for Italy Near Million Mark.

Washington, Jan. 19.—The Italian relief fund of the American Red Cross society yesterday passed the $900,000 mark. $52,000 being the total of the $20,000 came from the New York state branch, $12,000 from the Missouri branch, and California branch sent its regular daily $10,000 remittance. The Red Cross received from the Christian Herald $5,000.

BILL WILL HIT UNWRITTEN LAW.

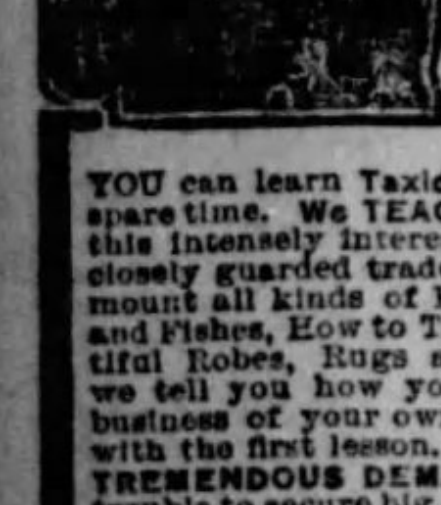
New York, Jan. 19.—State Senator Dennis J. Harte, of Long Island city, representing Queens county at Albany, announced his intention yesterday of introducing a measure that he believes will go a long way toward stopping such tragedies as the Hains-Annis and Thaw-White killings.

It would provide that a man and a woman guilty of marital infidelity be punished by 20 years each at hard labor.

2 KILLED, 60 INJURED

Riots Break Out Again in Rio Janeiro.

Rio Janeiro, Jan. 13.—Riots resulting from increased street car fares were renewed last evening. A number of fights occurred between the rioters and police, two persons being killed and sixty wounded. Police reserves saved the street railway system from destruction.



Make $25 to $50 a Week Mounting Birds and Animals

YOU can learn Taxidermy right at home in your spare time. We TEACH BY MAIL all the details of this intensely interesting profession, with all its closely guarded trade secrets. You learn how to mount all kinds of Birds, Animals, Game Heads and Fishes, How to Tan Skins, How to Make Beautiful Robes, Rugs and Fur Garments. Besides, we tell you how you can establish a profitable business of your own and begin making money with the first lesson. Almost no competition. TREMENDOUS DEMAND for complete work. No trouble to secure big orders at high prices.

IF YOU HUNT, FISH OR TRAP you can make your home beautiful with the skins and heads that you throw away. Work is pleasant and interesting.

We Guarantee Success or Refund All Tuition

Our charges are extremely low, and we refund every penny you have paid if you are not absolutely satisfied after completing the course. Equally adapted for men, women or boys. This is the only institution in the world teaching Taxidermy which has been a secret profession for hundreds of years. Thousands of successful graduates and 13 Gold Medals awarded us prove the value of our methods. FREE—For a limited time only, we will send free, our Beautiful Illustrated Book on Taxidermy, Sample Copy of the Taxidermy Magazine, Sample Diploma and full particulars of our wonderful course. Post Yourself! If you live in the country, if you want to make more money than you have ever made in your life before, if you want to be independent, write for these free books today. Your name and address on a postal will do, but send it today.

N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY, Box K-273, OMAHA, NEB.

FIRE ON QUEEN'S BOAT

Chinese Bombard a British Steamer.

Hong Kong, Jan. 19.—The Chinese harbor guard boat Samstui yesterday fired two shots at the British steamer Chenpo for fouling a wood craft. This angered Captain Lewington, of the Chenpo, who, arming himself with a revolver, boarded the Samstui in a small boat, arrested the commanding officer, and turned him over to the captain of the British gunboat Robin. The occurrence is now being investigated by the captain of the Robin and the British consul.

MANY MAKE ESCAPE

Prisoners Beat Warden's Wife Before Leaving.

Pittsburg, Jan. 19.—Late last night and early today four prisoners escaped from the jail at Weston, W. Va., two from the jail at Moundsville, W. Va., and two from the jail at Charleston. The Weston prisoners beat the warden's wife and she is in a serious condition.

MESSINA RUINS FALL

Unchecked Fire Makes Remaining Palaces Tumble to Ground.

Messina, Jan. 19.—A serious fire broke out here today among the ruins of the earthquake wrecked city. The remains of the Pennesi palace fell in and added to the conflagration. The flames are spreading in spite of the work of the soldiers to control them, and the situation is serious.

The odor of burning flesh is mingled with the smoke, and it is feared that persons still alive are being consumed.

The flames had their center in the Pennesi palace, but they spread over the ruins of the city hall and the Bank of Italy. Tongues of fire leaped upward, while sparks fell in a heavy shower for a considerable distance. The heat was very great. The alarm was sounded on bugles, while the warships in the harbor blew their foghorns, and soldiers and sailors were hurried to the scene in large numbers.

No victims of the flames have yet been reported.

A strong vibratory shock yesterday afternoon caused much alarm here and resulted in the fall of the remnants of a number of shattered walls. So far as is known, no one was killed.

Earthquake in Turkey.

Smyrna, Turkey, Jan. 19.—A sharp earthquake was experienced here this morning, but there was no local damage. Reports received here from Phocaes, twenty-five miles to the northwest, say a number of houses fell and that three persons were killed. Buildings were damaged in other towns.

The battleships Louisiana and Virginia are at present in this harbor.

CAN'T REFORM, SO DIES

Joseph Cross Ends Life in Joliet Cell.

Joliet, Ill., Jan. 13.—Joseph Cross, alias Rogers, 38 years old, who has been in prison most of the time since he was 14 years old, committed suicide by hanging in his cell yesterday.

Cross was sentenced in Chicago for robbery in 1897. He escaped from the jailer and was found in 1905 in the Colorado state prison, serving time for blowing a safe. He was arrested on his discharge from the Colorado prison and brought to Joliet in 1907. He had served time in Sing Sing and other prisons.

CLOSE JOINTS

Lid on Carousals in Deadwood, S. D.

Deadwood, S. D., Jan. 19.—Sheriff Plunkett and several deputies closed the twenty-three saloons of Deadwood at 11 last night, while citizens followed the officers from saloon to saloon. The roulette wheels were stopped, while members of the ministerial alliance stood on the sidewalk and watched the habitues of the saloons turned out in the street. There was no disorder.

The saloons evinced a willingness to comply with the order to close at 11 at night and all day Sunday. Slot machines have been removed and officials declared that no form of gambling will be allowed. All screens and chairs have been removed from saloons and side doors have been nailed up.

TO REGULATE BROKERS

Michigan Solon Introduces Bill in Legislature.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 19.—Representative Ogg of Detroit, has introduced in the lower house of the Michigan legislature a bill to place stock brokerage establishments under the supervision of the state banking department.

Senator Dickinson introduced a primary election bill making the primary election system of nomination apply to United States senators, governor, lieutenant governor, congressmen, state legislators and county officers. The Dickinson bill omits the clause of the present law requiring the successful candidate for nomination to receive forty per cent of the vote cast.

Senator Fox introduced a concurrent resolution asking congress to submit a constitutional amendment providing for direct election of United States senators.

MORE ANTI-JAP BILLS

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 14.—Three anti-Japanese bills introduced in the state assembly by Grove L. Johnson, of Sacramento, and one introduced by A. M. Drew, of Fresno, prohibiting aliens from holding land in the state, have attracted wide interest.

The Johnson bills are designed to prevent Japanese being directors of corporations, segregates their children in the schools and segregates all Japanese by defining the limits within which they must live. They were introduced at the last session, by Mr. Johnson, and action upon them was suspended at the telegraphic request of President Roosevelt, pending diplomatic negotiations between the United States and Japan.

The bill relating to directors or corporations prohibits all aliens from being members of such boards, and its purpose is to prevent competition of powerful Japanese concerns with American.

The third Johnson bill gives municipalities power to prescribe the limits within which "undesirable, improper and unhealthy persons whose practices are dangerous to the public morals and health of a community" shall live.

PUBLIC LAND STOLEN

Information of Gigantic Frauds Placed in Hands of Secretary Garfield.

Washington, Jan. 19.—Information of a startling character of alleged wholesale and astounding frauds upon the public lands has come into the possession of Secretary of Interior Garfield through special agents in the field.

The serious allegation is made that approximately $110,000,000 worth of lands in states principally west of the Mississippi river have been fraudulently acquired within the past two years by corporations and individuals.

With a view of recovering these lands, Secretary Garfield has sent letters to Chairmen Hale and Tawney, of the senate and house appropriation committees, respectively, asking for an additional appropriation of $500,000, which, if granted, with that already asked for, will give the department $1,000,000, for that purpose. The specific purpose of the appropriation requested is for preventing "depredations upon public timber, protecting public lands, examining swamp lands, etc."

It is stated that there is reasonable prospect of recovering much of these alleged fraudulently acquired land if the appropriation is promptly made. It is also pointed out that while a million dollars may seem large, it is not 1 per cent of the commercial value of the land which the government may hope to recover.

C. P. TAFT IN SUIT

Roosevelt's Brother-in-Law Also May Testify for Government.

Washington, Jan. 19.—When the federal grand jury which is investigating the alleged libel case against the New York World and the Indianapolis News met today, Charles P. Taft, brother of President-elect Taft was ready to appear as a witness in answer to a subpoena served on him in Augusta.

Douglas Robinson, brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, is here, presumably in answer to a summons to appear before the grand jury. Delevan Smith, publisher of the Indianapolis News, was in the city yesterday, but went to New York.

A Criminal Offense.

Libel, where malicious intent to injure is supposed to exist, is a criminal offense in the District of Columbia. District Attorney Baker is basing this case on the ground that an alleged crime against citizens of the United States has been brought to his attention, and that it is his duty to investigate and bring to trial the person or persons supposed to be guilty.

Delevan Smith, of the Indianapolis News, a cousin of Vice President Fairbanks, is to appear Wednesday. R. L. Farnham, member of the law firm of William Nelson Cromwell, who was Mr. Cromwell's right hand man in the negotiations which resulted in the purchase of the Panama canal by this government arrived here, but he refused to discuss the matter. Mr. Taft also declined to make any statement.

Briefs Are Filed.

New York, Jan. 19.—With both the complainant and the defendant in the main issue involved still undecided, Judge Ward in the United States circuit court today received briefs from the attorneys who are in a preliminary skirmish.

The fight began in the federal courts when attorneys for the New York World asked Judge Ward to quash subpoenas which had been served upon two of its employes. Witnesses who have not attempted to question the regularity of the methods used to secure their presence were in federal court today. Only two such witnesses were examined yesterday. Four others who were present then but did not testify were on hand again this morning.

Newspaper Men Called.

They were, John E. Weir, a New York newspaper man; A. C. Rousey, a newspaper man of Boston; Harris M. Crist, Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle, and E. N. Engleman, employed by a news association.

All efforts to ascertain the exact nature of the proceedings in the federal courts here have so far been unavailing.

In his argument Federal District Attorney Stimson never once intimated who or what was back of the proceedings.

T. R. CHAMPION OF ART

Wants Council to Set Standard for Buildings.

Washington, Jan. 18.—President Roosevelt has taken the first step looking to governmental consideration of the fine arts.

Under his supervision a national council of fine arts is to be appointed. The council is to have powers conferred upon it by act of congress, if the President's plan carries.

While its jurisdiction is to be confined to public buildings and other public works, its most important effect is expected to be a better appreciation of art on the part of the people.

Many millions of dollars are appropriated annually for public buildings, the money being expended upon no fixed plan as regards artistic effect. The board is to act as adviser and censor and raise the standard above that which now obtains.

Even more important, it is expected, will be the stimulus given to art throughout the country. The board will give aid and advice, when requested, to state and municipal governments in their public improvements.

IN MEMORY OF POE

Exercises at University of Virginia.

Charlottesville, Va., Jan. 18.—Edgar Allen Poe's genius was praised yesterday in the centenary exercises at the university of Virginia, Rev. Dr. Wm. A. Barr, of Lynchburg, in his sermon in the university chapel, paying a beautiful tribute to the poet's memory. The chapel was crowded. The prinicapl part of the centenary exercises will be held Tuesday. A host of visitors already have arrived.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3933 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

ROOSEVELT ACTS

Writes California Governor in Effort to Prevent Hostile Legislation.

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 19.—The Sacramento Union today says: President Roosevelt has taken a hand in the anti-Japanese legislation now before the California legislature and has asked the governor to take steps to have all legislation held up until the President can be heard in the matter. A letter is enroute to Sacramento which will give the chief executive's views in the matter. President Roosevelt's telegram follows:

Roosevelt's Telegram.

"Washington, Jan. 16, 1909.

"Hon. James N. Gillet, Governor of California, Sacramento, Cal.

"We are greatly concerned at newspaper reports on anti-Japanese legislation in Californiar's legislature. Have written you at length on the subject. Earnestly hope that no progress will be made on bills until you have had a chance to receive my letter, and if necessary to discuss its contents with leaders of two houses. My knowledge of the international situation, particularly with reference to emigration of Japanese laborers from United States satisfies me that passage of proposed legislation would be of incalculable damage to state of California as well as to the whole nation.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Governor's Reply.

Governor Gillett sent the following reply:

"Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 18.

"Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.

"Telegram received. Have caused bills to be held up until I can hear from you. Copies of bills introduced affecting Japanese, together with briefs on same, mailed to you.

"J. N. GILLETT."

The Drew measure prevents ownership of property for more than seven years by aliens and this measure was reported out of committee favorably and was to have passed through the assembly. It was held up until Wednesday, when it was made a special order of business, and, according to Governor Gillett, will probably be postponed still further when that time arrives. Governor Gillett said:

Looks to Washington.

"Japan does not look to any state in settlement of differences, but to the head of the government at Washington. In this way there is much known thereof of which the different communities and states of the union are ignorant. For this reason, as stated by the President, he knows so much more relative to existing conditions that his wishes are to be respected."

Previous to receiving the telegram from President Roosevelt, Governor Gillett received another from Senator Frank P. Flint, saying the President wanted action upon the Japanese legislation withheld until he could send a communication to the governor, and this had been forwarded last Saturday. This telegram was followed in the evening by that from the President and the proposed Japanese legislation will remain where it is until word is received from the governor along lines outlined by President Roosevelt.

SHIVELY FOR SENATOR

Indiana Democrats End the Caucus Contest on 12th Ballot.

Indianapolis, Jan. 14.—The Democratic caucus of the Indiana legislature early this morning after twenty ballots, chose former Congressman Benjamin F. Shively, of South Bend, for the United States senate. The last ballot stood as follows: Shively, 42; Kern, 35; Lamb, 4; Menzies, 1; Charles Maas, 1.

Mr. Shively was escorted into the hall where he made a brief speech. He was loudly applauded. From the first ballot Shively developed more strength than was generally conceded to him and on the 20th ballot he received exactly enough votes to win.

The nomination of Mr. Shively was brought about by the transfer of the votes of L. E. Slack for Shively, in spite of the fact that such a change had not been expected. Shively had the support of Crawford Fairbanks and other brewers, and Slack was supposed to represent the temperance forces. Yet, when the time came to change their votes Slack's supporters went to Shively.

John W. Kern, who had a good lead on the first ballot was unable to muster enough strength to win the prize. At 1:30 this morning his followers tried to force an adjournment of the caucus, but were defeated by one vote. None of the other candidates developed sufficient strength to be a strong contender in the caucus.

The first ballot resulted as follows: Kern, 25; Shively, 14; Slack, 12; Lamb, 12; Hoffman, 11; Menzies, 5; Niblack, 3; Miers, 1.

Mr. Shively is a native of the county where he resided and is 52 years old He has been prominent in Indiana politics for many years. He was a member of the 48th, 50th, 51st and 52nd congresses, each time being chosen from a Republican district. He was the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1896, and received the Democratic vote of the legislature for United States senator in 1903. He is president of the board of trustees of Indiana University.

NO STATEHOOD BILL

Will Be Passed This Session, Say Leaders.

Washington, Jan. 16.—Numerous delegations from New Mexico and Arizona, which have come here to press the claims of those territories for statehood, have learned that the senate leaders do not intend to permit the statehood bill to pass at the present session.

This decision has been reached at an informal conference of senate leaders. It was said that there is not enoubh time remaining of this congress to enact the necessary legislation. Statehood measures invariably provoke prolonged discussion.

HOUSE SHOWS TEMPER

Secret Service Investigation Recommended.

Washington, Jan. 14.—Another indication of the temper of the house in regard to the secret service and special agents of the government, was manifested when the house committee on the judiciary agreed to the report to the house, with recommendation that it pass, the Clark resolution calling upon the attorney general for information in regard to the number of special agents in the employ of the department of justice.

The resolution also requests the attorney general to furnish information regarding the duties of such special agents, the salaries received, and the law under which the department" has organized a force of special agents."

BIG DROP IN TRADE

Nearly $400,000,000 Cut in Atlantic Coast Trade.

Washington, Jan. 18.—Of the approximately $500,000,000 reduction in our foreign commerce in the calendar year 1908, when compared with that of the preceding year, nearly $400,000,00 was in the trade which usually passes through Atlantic ports. This is the statement made in a report just issued by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Washington, Jan. 12.—Senate.—A spirited speech by Senator Foraker, of Ohio, on the use of private detectives in investigating the Brownsville affair was the feature of interest in the senate today. Mr. Foraker laid aside his manuscript several times during his address to inject remarks that were pointedly aimed at the President. Mr. Lodge replied to Mr. Foraker's remarks. Mr. Foraker endeavored to have a day fixed for voting on his bill for the re-enlistment of the discharged soldiers of the Twenty-fifth regiment, but Mr. Warren, chairman of the committee on military affairs, insisted upon postponing such agreement until a future day.

House.—Working with only a small quota of members, the house of representatives today devoted its entire time to consideration of the District of Columbia appropriation bill. Mr. Mann (Ill.) furnished a little diversion by defending the house rules, and this led him into several sharp brushes with Mr. Gardner (Mass.), one of the so-called insurgents. The district bill was still under discussion when the house adjourned.

Washington, Jan. 13.—Senate.—The authority of congress to direct heads of executive departments to send to the senate or house information in their possession was the subject of a speech by Senator Bacon, of Georgia, who took the broad view that congress has absolute power to demand from heads of departments any information within their possession and even to require them to give reasons for the action or nonaction on any matter. Senator Lodge questioned the power of congress to demand papers on file and insisted upon the right of the President to exercise discretion. Senator Hale declared that he did not believe the President intended to state in this mesage to congress that he would not furnish documents and information, but merely that he declined to permit a cabinet officer to furnish reasons for the action he had taken. Senators Fulton, Teller, Clapp, Money and others joined in the debate, all of them upholding the power of the senate in the matter.

House.—Practically the whole session today was devoted to a discussion of an amendment to the District of Columbia appropriation bill appropriating $15,000 for children's playgrounds. The subject occasioned a lively debate. The supporters of the proposition prevailed and the amendment accordingly was adopted. The bill was still pending when the house adjourned.

Washington, Jan. 14. — Senate. — The Ananias club was discussed in the senate today by Senator Tillman, who declared that statements made by Attorney General Bonaparte and Postmaster General Meyer in answer to his reply to charges made against him by the President in relation to Oregon timber lands made them eligible to membership in that organization. He again defended his action and said in fighting the "unscrupulous men" who are determined "to destroy" him he was "prepared for anything, even assassination." The bill to establish postal savings banks and the omnibus claims bill were under consideration during the day.

House.—For a time today in the house of representatives it looked as if that body would further resent the President's statement affecting members of congress and the secret service by ordering the printing of 2,000,000 copies of the proceedings of last Friday, tabling his remarks. A resolution to that end was presented by Mr. Landis of Indiana, but so strong was the sentiment against it that it was tabled. The District of Columbia appropriation bill was passed, minus the major part of the appropriation of $15,000 for playgrounds.

Washington, Jan. 15. — Senate. — The amendment to the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill increasing the salary of the President to $100,000, of the Vive President and speaker of the house to $20,000, with $5,000 additional allowance for carriages and coachmen for the Vice President and speaker, and increases for the judiciary aggregating $328,500, precipitated a lively discussion in the senate today. Senator Borah, of Idaho, made a point of order against these increases on the ground that they involve general legislation. Without concluding the debate, further consideration of the amendments was postponed until next Monday.

House.—Private bills had their inning in the house of representatives today, almost the whole session being given up to their consideration. Many were passed. Under a resolution offered by Mr. Gaines, of Tennessee, the judiciary committee was directed to report within ten days upon the question of the right of George L. Lilley, governor of Connecticut, to retain his seat as a member of the house. The subject occasioned a good deal of debate, which at times waxed warm.

Washington, Jan. 16.—Senate.—The entire session today was devoted to a memorial service for the late Senator William Pinkney Whyte, of Maryland. After the adoption of suitable resolutions of respect, the senate adjourned.

House.—An elaborate analysis of the Sherman anti-trust law by Mr. Jenkins, of Wisconsin, was the feature of today's session. The pension appropriation bill technically was under consideration, but the time was all given to general debate. Other speakers were Mr. Nye, of Minnesota, who entertained the house with an address on law and lawmaking; Mr. Douglas, of Ohio, who advocated autonomy for the Porto Ricans, and Mr. Burton, of Delaware, who made a plea for postal savings banks.

Washington, Jan. 18.—Senate—By a vote of 37 to 27 the senate today fixed the salary of the speaker of the house of representatives at $15,000, instead of $12,000, as at present, and instead of $20,000, as proposed by the committee on appropriations. Senator Rayner endeavored to have the senate adopt a resolution calling on the attorney general for information as to whether the President had ordered a suit brought against the New York World and the Indianapolis News because of an alleged libel, and under what statute this action had been taken. Mr. Rayner declared that there was no statute authorizing such legal procedure, and that the attemppt to sue the newspapers in the name of the United States, if entered upon, was an attempt to apply the sedition laws long since repealed. Under objection further consideration was postponed until tomorrow.

House—A sensational and bitter attack on President Roosevelt was made in the house today by Mr. Willett, of New York. His remarks were delivered under the license of general debate on the pension appropriation bill. The President was characterized by Mr. Willet as a "gargoyle, tyrant, pigmy descendent of Dutch tradespeople, hay tedder, fountain of billingsgate, a joculartiy, imitation of a king and bogus hero." On a motion by Mr. Candler, of Mississippi, that the New Yorker be allowed to proceed "in order" the house voted him off the floor, 78 to 126. Mr. Willett declared the action "put an end to free speech." Mr. Smith, of Missouri, pleaded for pensions for certain militiamen of Missouri; Mr. Langley, of Kentucky, did likewise for some constituents; Mr. Morris, of Nebraska, attacked the house rules and Messrs. Goulden, of New York, Bowers, of Mississippi, and Keifer, of Ohio, discussed the merits of the pension bill.

BOGUS NOBLE IN PEN

Edmund Burke Gets Three Years in Prison.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 1.—Edmund Burke, who posed as a British nobleman, was sentenced to three years in Leavenworth, Kas., penitentiary, and fined $1,000, by a jury in the United States district court yesterday on a charge of impersonating a United States officer.

Burke recently served a year in the St. Louis workhouse. A Decatur, Ill., girl who was married to him in Denver, obtained a divorce after his arrest in St. Louis.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Jan. 19.—Wheat derived vigor at the outset today from higher cables and staunch support from leading long interests. The decrease in the visible supply, amounting to 1,775,000, was about as expected. Light receipts, including 13 cars at Chicago, two cars in the local market, and 149 in the northwest, favored the holding element. At Chicago, trade was light, but comparatively small purchases made an impression on the market. Love bought at the opening, both in New York and Chicago, and early in the day commission houses appeared to have plenty to let go in Chicago at $1.07. Gains in Toledo values ranged from ⅛c to ¾c. Cash opened ⅜c higher at $1.05⅜, May ⅜c up at $1.05⅝, July ⅜c higher at $1.00⅝, and September ¼c up at 97½c. All options gained ⅛c in the first half hour exceping the far month, which forged ahead ¼c.

Around 1 p. m wheat firmed up slightly on buying by sellers against ups. There was little pressure in the later hours and trade ruled light.

Among the leading sellers on the late bulge was Champlin. Southwest receipts were 126,000 bushels, against 94,000 a week ago, and 173,000 a year ago. Cash closed ½c up at $1.08½. May ½c higher at $1.09¾, July ⅝c up at $1.00⅞, and September ½c up at 97¾c. Liverpool closed ⅜d to ⅝d up.

Corn Firm.

Despite a rather bearish sentiment, cohn values were up a scale. Strength in the cash position appears the key to the situation. Among the Chicago people buying were Patten and McDougal. Against this was scattered selling. At Liverpool the market was stronger, especially during the middle of the day. Toledo May gained ⅛c in opening at 63⅝c, July ¼c in starting at 64c, and September ⅛c in opening at 64⅛c. No further variations were noted up till 10 a. m.

Cash corn closed at 62c, May at 63⅝c, July 63⅞c, September 64¼c.

Oats was higher at the outset, excepting a decline of ⅛c in July and, as with corn, values were held steady during the initial half hour. The Bartlett people and commission houses at Chicago took September and May while Brosseau sold. Local May oats opened ⅜c higher at 53⅜c, July ⅛c off at 47¼c, and September ¼c higher at 39⅞c.

The closes were: Cash 52c, May 53¼c, July 47c, and September 39⅞c.

Save for an advance of 2½c in October, clover seed prices at the start were steady. Receipts were 550 and shipments 945. A year ago, the movement was quite heavy, 300 bags reaching the market and 326 leaving. January at the opening was quoted at $5.55, March at $5.60 and October at $6.10.

Late in the day the market grew weaker, with the short interests aggressive and the longs a trifle discouraged. Cash closed unchanged at $1.55, January 5c off at $5.50. March 7½c lower at $5.52½, and October 2½c lower at $6.05.

TOLEDO

		——Jan. 19——			Close
		Open.		Noon.	Jan. 19.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.08⅝	1.08¾	....	1.08½	1.08
May	1.09⅝	1.10	....	1.09¾	1.09¾
July	1.00⅝	1.01	....	1.00⅞	1.00¼
Sept.	97½	98	....	97¾	97¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62	61½
May	63⅝	63¾	....	63⅝	63½
July	64	....	....	63⅞	63¾
Sept.	64⅛	....	....	64¼	64
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	52	52
May	53⅜	53½	....	53¼	53
July	47¼	....	....	47	47⅜
Sept.	39⅞	....	....	39⅞	39⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.52½	5.55
Jan	5.55	....	....	5.50	5.55
March	5.60	....	....	5.52½	5.60
Oct	6.10	....	....	6.05	6.07½
No. 2	....	....	....	5.40	5.40
No. 3	....	....	....	5.27½	5.30
Rejected	....	....	....	5.15	5.20
Neg.	....	....	....	5.02½	5.02½
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	79	79
No. 2	....	....	....	78½	78½
No. 3	....	....	....	76½	76½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.85	8.90
March	....	....	....	8.85	8.90

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.06⅞	1.07¼	1.06⅜	1.07	1.06½
July	97½	98	....	97⅝	97⅜
Sept.	94⅝	95	....	94⅝	94¼
Corn—					
May	61⅜	61½	....	61½	61⅛
July	61⅝	61⅞	....	61⅞	61½
Sept.	61⅞	62	....	62	61⅝
Oats—					
May	51⅝	51⅝	51½	51⅝	51⅜
July	46¼	46¼	46⅛	46¼	45⅞
Sept.	38⅝	39⅛	....	39⅛	38⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.10⅝	1.11	....	1.10⅞	1.10¼
Corn—					
May	68	....	....	68¼	68

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.06⅝	1.06⅝	....	1.06⅝	1.06⅝
July	95⅝	96	....	95⅞	1.08¼

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.08
July	....	....	....	....	1.08¼

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	....	1.08
July	....	....	....	....	1.08¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan	17.05	....	....	17.00	17.07
May	17.12	....	17.02	17.07	17.17
Lard—					
Jan	9.77	....	....	9.67	9.80
May	9.97	....	9.85	9.87	9.97
July	10.07	....	9.95	9.97	10.05
Ribs—					
Jan	8.87	....	8.82	8.85	8.87
May	9.07	9.10	9.00	9.02	9.07
July	9.17	....	9.12	9.15	9.20

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Jan. 19.—Hog receipts were again light and prices 5c higher thon yesterday. The supply at the local yards was not equal to the demand, which was strong from packers and other buyers. The close was active and firm at the advance.

Receipts of 2 cars and a steady market were features of cattle trading. Sheep and lambs were 25c lower and veal calves steady.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 30 0lbs., $6.50; mediums, $6.50; Yorkers, $6.30; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $5.75@6.00; good pigs, $5.60@5.75; stags and roughs, $3.50@5.75; mixed, $6.35@6.45; bulk of sales, $6.30@6.50.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $6.00@6.50; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $5.00@5.75; fair to good, $4.50@5.$$; plain light steers, $3.50@4.25; extra heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to medium, $4.00@4.75; light, $2.50@3.00; fat cows, $4.50@5.00; good butcher cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $1.50@2.00; milkers and springers, $25.00@55.00; choice butchers' bulls, $4.50@4.75; common to good bulls, $3.00@4.25; stockers and feeders, $3.00@4.85.

Sheep and lambs—Good to choice lambs, $7.00; fair to good, $5.75@6.50; common and light, $3.75@5.00; sheep, good to choice yearlings, $5.75@6.50; good to choice wethers, $4.75@5.25; good to choice ewes, $4.25@4.75; mixed, $4.00@4.75; bucks, $2.75@3.75; culls and common, $2.25@3.25.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.50@9.00; fair to good, $6.50@7.50; common, $4.50@6.50; heavy and pail fed, $12.5@6.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Stock Yards, Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 19.—(By Pittsburg Daily Live Stock Journal.) Hogs, receipts, 1,500; market strong to 5 higher; heavies, $6.60@6.65; mediums, $6.50@6.55; yorkers, $6.45@6.50; lights, $6.00@6.15. Pigs, $5.75@5.90. Sheep, receipts 2,000; market steady but slow; lambs, $5.00@7.40; sheep, $3.00@5.40. Calves, receipts 200 head. Trade steady, top $9.50.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland Jan. 19.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts, 50 cars; mediums, $6.50@6.60; Yorkers, $6.35@6.40; pigs and lights, $5.75@6.10. Best lambs, $7.30: Best calves, $9.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Jan. 19.—Cattle: Receipts, estimated at 4,500; market steady. Beeves, $4.00@7.25; Texans, $4.15@5.25; westerns, $4.00@5.00; stockers and feeders, $3.25@5.00; cows and heifers, $1.75@5.50; calves, $7.75@9.75.

Hogs: Receipts, estimated at 24,000; market 5c higher. Light, $5.65@6.25; mixed, $5.90@6.50; heavy, $5.90@6.60; rough, $5.90@6.05; good to choice heavy, $6.05@6.60; pigs, $4.50@5.40; bulk of sales, $6.10@6.35.

Sheep: Receipts, estimated at 15,000; western, $3.25@5.70; yearlings, $6.00@7.00; lambs, $5.25@7.90; western, $5.25@7.90.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 19.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz and Benstead.) Cattle, 12 cars, slow. Hogs, 30 cars, steady; heavy, $6.65@6.70; yorkers, $6.30@6.60; pigs, $6.00. Sheep, 30 cars, slow; best lambs, $7.50, yearlings, $6.00@6.60; wethers, $5.50@5.65; ewes, $4.75@5.00. Calves, $5.00 to $10.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Jan. 19.—(Wall Street.)—The course of prices was irregular in the opening stock market today, but the more representative stocks were lower. Changes were small in all cases and the dealings were light. Wisconsin Central preferred advanced ¾ and American Smelting declined as much.

Buying Concentrated.

Buying orders were concentrated in the soft coal and Gould groups, but the general market showed some strength and rose to a parity with yesterday's closing. Top prices were, however, not maintained realizing reducing the slight rise in the standard stocks.

Interest Waned.

Interest in the market waned steadily, so that for minutes at a time there were no transactions recorded. What business there was continued to be confined to the relatively unimportant stocks. Kansas City Southern, Kansas & Texas preferred, People's Gas, American Hide & Leather preferred and Virginia-Carolina Chemical improved 1 point, and Iowa Central preferred 1¼. Erie first preferred ran off 1¼ points and Colorado & Southern first and second preferred 1 point.

Scarcely any interest was manifested in the recognized leaders of the stock market during the second hour's trading. The fluctuations were confined to extremely narrow fractions, aside from a handful of usually inactive stocks whose course had little effect on the general sentiment. Bonds were steady.

New York Stocks.

New York, Jan. 19, 1909.

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.	2:30pm
Am. Coton Oil	46¾	....	....	....
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	129	129	129	129
Atchison	99	99¼	98⅞	99¼
Am. Car & F. Co.	48⅛	48¼	48	48⅛
Anaconda	46⅞	47⅛	46⅞	47
Amal Copper	78	78	77½	78⅛
Am. Smelters	84½	85⅛	84⅜	85⅛
Alton com.	67	67	67	67
Am. Tobacco pfd.	92¾	92¾	92¾	92¾
Am. Ice Sec.	23¼	23⅜	23	23
Biscuit com.	106½	106½	106¼	106¼
Balt. & Ohio	111	111⅞	111	111⅞
Brooklyn R. T.	70¾	71⅛	70⅝	70¾
Chicago & G. W.	8⅛	8⅛	8	8
Canadian Pacific	176¼	176¼	176¼	176¼
Clover Leaf pfd.	71⅞	72½	71⅞	72⅛
Colorado Fuel	40½	41	40½	40⅞
Ches. & Ohio	60	61¼	60	60⅞
Central Leather	30⅞	30⅞	30⅝	30⅞
Consolidated Gas	127¼	128¼	127¼	128
Del. & Hudson	178	178	178	178
Distillers' Sec.	36¾	37	36¾	37
Erie com.	30½	30⅝	30⅜	30⅝
Erie 1st pfd.	44½	44⅝	44½	44⅝
Gt. Northern pfd.	143⅜	143⅝	143⅜	143⅝
Ill. Central	144½	145⅛	144½	145⅛
Interborough com.	16½	16⅛	15⅞	15⅞
Interborough pfd.	45½	45⅝	43¾	44
K. C. Sou. com.	42½	43⅛	42	43
K. C. Sou. pfd.	73	74¾	72¾	74
Louis. & Nash.	124	125¼	124⅛	125¼
Mex. Central	23	23⅛	23	23⅛
Missouri Pacific	70⅞	72	70¼	71¾
M., K. & T. com	42⅝	44⅜	42⅛	43⅞
M., K. & T. pfd	74⅜	75	74⅜	74⅞
Nor. Pacific	138⅛	139⅜	138⅛	139
Nat'l Lead	77⅞	78	77⅞	78
N. Y. Air Brake	86½	86½	86½	86½
Northwestern	178⅛	178⅛	178⅛	178⅛
North Am. Co.	74	74	74	74
N. Y. Central	129⅞	131⅛	129⅞	130⅞
N. & W. com	89	91⅛	89	90⅞
Ont. & Western	47	47	47	47
Penn. Ry	133	133⅜	132⅞	133⅛
People's Gas Co.	103½	104	103½	103¾
Reading com	136⅞	137⅛	136⅞	137⅛
Rock Island	24½	24⅝	24½	24⅝
Rock Island pfd	58½	59⅛	58⅞	59⅛
Rep. I. & S. Co.	25	25⅛	25	25
Rep. pfd.	87	87	87	87
Ry. Steel Springs	48	48⅛	48	48⅛
South. Ry.	25⅞	26	25⅞	26
South. Ry. pfd.	62⅜	6 ⅜	62⅜	62⅜
St. Paul	148⅜	149	148⅛	148⅞
South. Pacific	119⅜	119⅝	119⅛	119⅝
Texas Pacific	34⅝	35⅜	34⅝	35⅜
Tenn. Copper	44	44⅛	44	44⅛
Union Pacific	178⅞	179⅛	178⅞	179⅜
U. S. Steel	52	52⅛	51⅞	52
U. S. Steel pfd.	113⅛	113⅛	113⅛	113⅛
Virginia Chem.	45⅞	46⅛	45⅞	45⅞
Wabash com.	19	19	19	19
Wabash pfd.	48½	49⅛	48½	49⅛
Western Union	78⅛	78⅛	78⅛	78⅛
Wis. Central com.	40¼	42	40	41½
Wis. Central pfd.	83	84⅞	82⅝	84½

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb. prints, 33½c; solid pack, 33c; second, 32½c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 26½@27c; dairy butter, 27c; packing stock, 17c.

Butterine—Standard grades, uncolored, 80-lb. tub basis, 12½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 13c; 1-lb. roll basis, 13½c; fancy grade butterine, uncolored, 60-lb. tub basis, 17½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 18c; 1-lb. roll basis, 18½c; low grades, 10½c.

Eggs—Storage, 24c; candled, 26c; fresh country, 31c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 14½c; New York state, 15c; Longhorn, 16c; brick, 15c; Swiss, 16c.

Onions—Home grown, 70c; white, $1.25; Valencia, crate, $2.75; garlic, 7c.

Celery—Boston, 40c; California Jumbo, 80c; mammoth, $1.00.

Lettuce—15@16c; head lettuce, Boston, $1.15 a dozen; Florida, 90c.

Spinach—90c@$1.00.

Potatoes—Bushel, 80c.

New Bermudas—$2.00.

Sweet potatoes—Jersey, bbl., $4.25.

Beans—Hand picked navy beans, bu., $2.50; red kidney, bu., $2.10@2.25.

New Cabbage—Home grown, lb., 2¼c; ton, $40; cauliflower, 2 doz., $3.50@4.00.

Squash—Hubbard, lb., 1¾@2c.

Turnips—Bu., 35@40c.

Pie Plant—Doz. bunches, 75@80c.

Cranberries—Late Howe, bbl., $15@18; home grown, bu., $5.00.

Cucumbers—Boston hothouse, doz., $1.50.

Beets—New, bu., 50c.

Round radishes, 25@30c doz.; parsley, 15c doz. bunches; vegetable oysters, doz., 30c; carrots, bu., 40c; rutabagas, bu., 35@40c; parsnips, bu., 60c; green onions, 15@20c.

Water Cress—Doz. bunches, 40c.

Tomatoes—Florida, 6-basket case, $4.00@4.50.

Florida Strawberries—Quart, 50c.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Apples—Baldwins, $4.50; Greenings, $4.50; Spies and Kings, $5.

Malaga Grapes—$6.50@7.00.

Lemons—$3.50@3.75.

Pineapples—Florida, $2.25@2.50; California navels, $2.25@2.50; grape fruit, case, $3.00@3.50.

Dates—Persian, 30 lbs., $2; Hallowi dates, lb., 6c; Farrd, 8c.

Figs—Pulled, 10-lb. box, $1.20; stick figs, lb., 14c; Turkish, 14c.

Maple Syrup—Gallon, $1.20.

Honey—Strained, 2 doz. cases, $1.75; fancy new comb, lb., 15c.

Maple Sugar—1-lb. bricks, 9c.

Mushrooms—4-lb. basket, $2.25.

Popcorn—Lb., old, 2@3c.

Hickory Nuts—Bu., $1.50; almonds, 15c; cocoanuts, doz., 60c; filberts, 12c; English Walnuts, 15@18c; Brazil nuts, 13c; black walnuts, $1.00; butternuts, $2.00.

Tonawanda Cider—Gal. in cask, 17c.

Dressed fowl, 11@12c; young chickens, 12@13c; ducks, 12@13c; geese, 11c; turkeys, 18@20c.

Poultry—Alive, hens, 10@11c; geese, 9@10c; ducks, 9@10c; turkeys, 16@18c; young chickens, 12c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 7½c; heavy and rough, 6@6½c; calves, prime, 10@11c; fair, 8@9c; spring lambs, 9@10c; yearling sheep, 8@9c.

Sheep—5@7½c.

Cow Beef—4@7c.

Steers—6@9c.

Heifers—6@8c.

New York Produce.

New York, Jan. 19.—Butter, barely steady, unchanged; receipts, 11,135. Cheese, steady, unchanged; receipts, 3,682. Eggs, easy; receipts, 10,743; state, Pennsylvania and nearby fancy, selected, white, 38c; do. fair to choice, 35@37c; brown and mixed fancy, 33@35c; do. fair to choice, 31@32c; western firsts, 31½c; seconds, 30@31c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Jan. 19.—Cheese, firm; daisies, 15c; twins, 14@14½c; young Americas, 15c. Butter, steady; creameries, 22@30c; dairies, 21½@27c. Eggs, weak; firsts, 29½c.

Cotton.

New York, Jan. 19.—The cotton market opened steady at a decline of one to seven points under realizing, with the active months selling about five close during the early sesion. Cables were a little better than due and there seemed nothing of a depressing character in the general news, but bull support was less aggressive, local professionals seemed to be operating for a decline and while prices rallied two or three points from the lowest during the middle of the morning, the undertone was nervous.

After selling off to a net loss of 7@8 points the cotton market was steadier during the late forenoon with prices at midday some 3 or 4 points up from the lowest, on covering and a little more support from spot people.

Spot, quiet; middling uplands, 9.80c; middling gulf, 10.05c. Estimated receipts at the ports today 45,000 bales against 79,477 last week and 46,636 last year. For the week, 235,000 bales, against 242,000 last week and 262,701 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans, 12,017 bales, against 18,574 last year, and at Houston 15,912 bales, against 9,004 last year.

Wool Market.

Boston, Jan. 19.—There is less activity in the local wool market, although a number of fresh contracts for small lots, aggregating several million pounds, are reported. Fleeces are particularly scarce, while the staple territory and scoured wools are in small supply. Local dealers have made some contracts for the new clip on the sheep's back, and it is reported nearly a third of the Utah clip has already been purchased.

Prices held strong, Ohio three-eighths being held at 30c or a trifle under, while the scoured cost of fine territory staple is 62@65c. Pulled wool is also strong at 60@62c for scoured.